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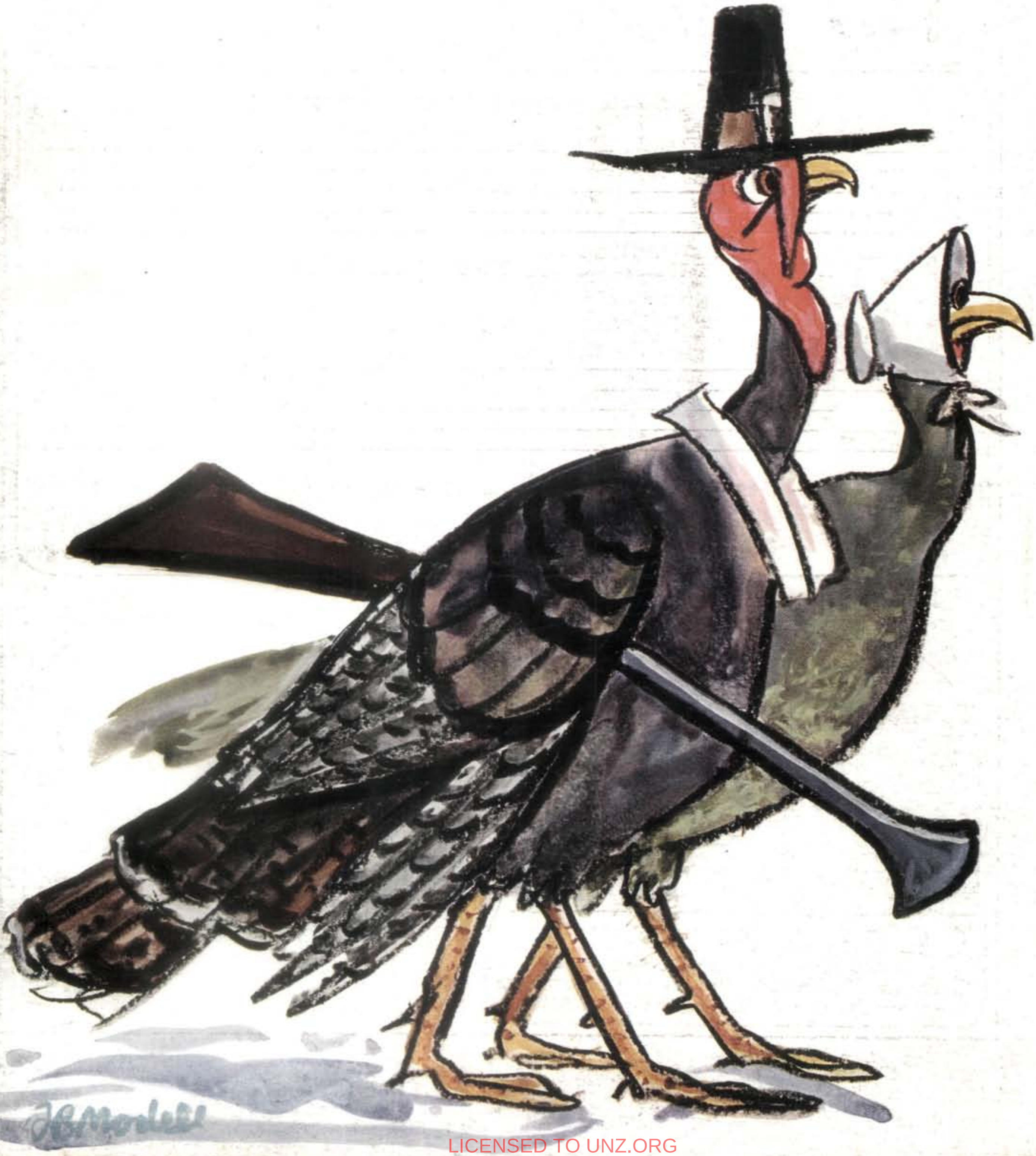

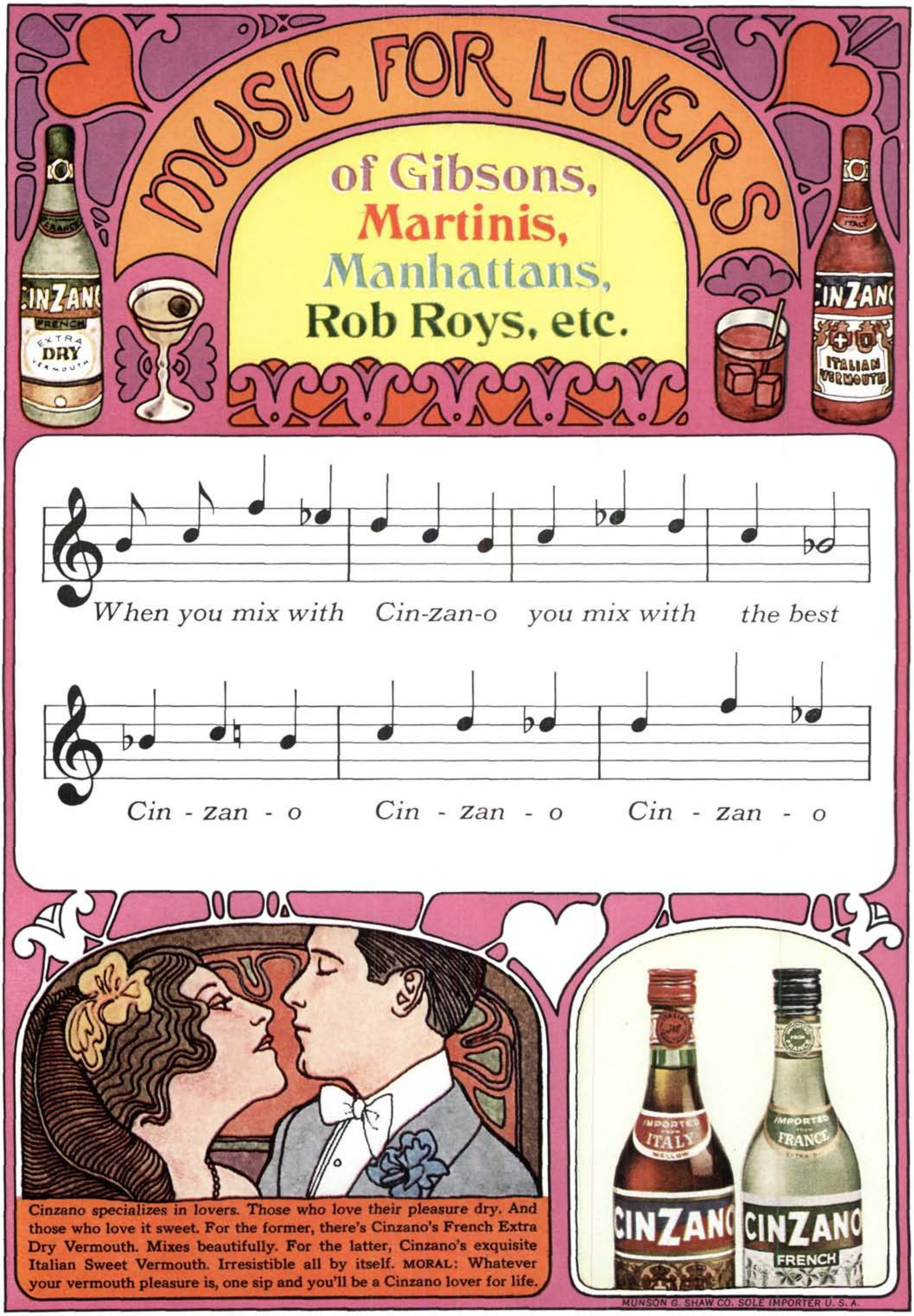
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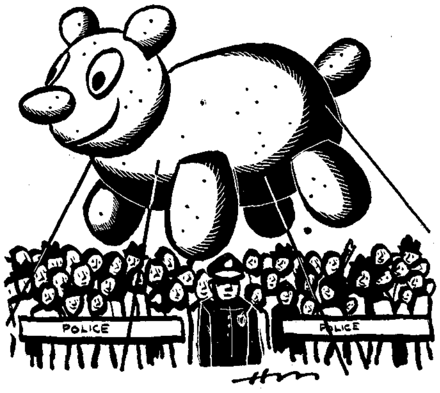
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				25	26	27
28	29	30	1	2	3	4

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

The Devils—The late John Whiting's dramatization of Aldous Huxley's "The Devils of Loudun," a study of demonology in the seventeenth century. Jason Robards appears as a womanizing vicar who is presently undone by a hysterical prioress. As directed by Michael Cacoyannis, the play moves haltingly, and Mr. Whiting's characters are seldom credible. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 2:30.)

Generation—William Goodhart's rather tiresome description of the struggle that takes place in a lower East Side loft between a beatnik and his civilized father-in-law from Chicago. Henry Fonda is excellent as the father-in-law, but Richard Jordan as the beatnik is hard to take. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday evening, Nov. 28.)

The Impossible Years—Alan King functioning to no particular purpose in an empty comedy about a psychiatrist and some brattish adolescents whose customs he finds it difficult to understand. Bob Fisher and Arthur Marx, a couple of television veterans, put the thing together. (Playhouse, 48th St. E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Odd Couple—Neil Simon's comedy concerning a couple of male marital misfits trying to survive without their spouses in the lonely expanses of a West Side apartment is by long odds the funniest thing around. Mike Nichols directed it, and the cast is headed by Jack Klugman and Eddie Bracken. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Right Honourable Gentleman—A play that never raises its voice but holds attention nevertheless. It has to do with some concupiscent capers in governmental circles of Victorian London, and was written by Michael Dyne. Charles D. Gray, Coral Browne, and Sarah Badel are in the competent cast. (Billy Rose, 41st St., W. WI 7-5510. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 3.)

The Royal Hunt of the Sun—A large, colorful, and highly satisfactory account by Peter Shaffer of Pizarro's conquest of Peru. Christopher Plummer is practically faultless as the Pizarro of the affair, and David Carradine is impressive as the Inca sovereign whom Pizarro dethrones. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. CI 6-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Zulu and the Zayda—Menasha Skulnik and Louis Gossett are engaging, respectively, as a Jewish grandfather in South Africa who refuses to abide by the rules of apartheid, and a Zulu servant who has been assigned to keep an eye on him. But the play, by Howard Da Silva and Felix Leon, is rather fragile. Harold Rome has provided incidental music and lyrics. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 2:40.)

Long Runs—**ANY WEDNESDAY:** A comedy by Muriel Resnik that has to do with a girl being kept in style in an executive suite. Barbara Cook is the girl, and the cast also includes Rosemary Murphy and George Gaynes. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)... **BAREFOOT IN THE PARK:** Neil Simon's comedy about a young couple's difficulties in a walkup apartment. Penny Fuller and Anthony Roberts are among those involved. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. JU 2-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **LUV:** Eli Wallach, Anne Jackson, and Gabriel Dell all mixed up in a soufflé by Murray Schisgal. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 2:40.)... **THE OWL AND THE PUSSYCAT:** A pedantic would-be author (Alan Alda) meets up with a distrustful prostitute (Diana Sands). (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly at 8:40. Matinées Thanksgiving Day and Saturday at 2:40. Closes Saturday, Nov. 27.) ... **THE SUBJECT WAS ROSES:** A trio of Irish-Americans—mother, father, and son—resident in the Bronx. With Maureen O'Sullivan, Chester Morris, and Walter McGinn. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 2:40, and no performance that evening.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

You Can't Take It with You—A revival of the 1936 Kaufman-Hart comedy, presented for a limited engagement by the APA Repertory Company. Directed by Ellis Rabb. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées this week on Thanksgiving Day at 2 and Saturday at 2:30; subsequently on Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MUSICALS

Half a Sixpence—Tommy Steele disporting himself happily in an adaptation of H. G. Wells' "Kipps" that is full of pleasant airs and diverting dances. David Heneker wrote the music and lyrics, Onna White did the choreography, and Gene Saks is responsible for the over-all direction. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

On a Clear Day You Can See Forever—Extrasensory perception and reincarnation are mixed in a rather lumpy confection in this musical by Alan Jay Lerner, which has a smooth score by Burton Lane. Barbara Harris is stimulating as an ESP and metempsychic type, and the sets, by Oliver Smith, and the costumes, by Freddy Wittop, are attractive. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Roar of the Greasepaint–The Smell of the Crowd—A completely foolish attempt, with incidental music (the best sung by Gilbert Price), to capture some of the spirit of the theatre of the absurd. Orson Bean and Cyril Ritchard wander aimlessly about in it. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 2:30.)

Skyscraper—A musical version of Elmer Rice's "Dream Girl" that is very large but not very interesting. Julie Harris plays the daydreaming heroine attractively, but the music and lyrics, by James Van Heusen and Sammy Cahn, are hardly memorable, and the book, by Peter Stone, is actively annoying. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. JU 6-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**FIDDLER ON THE ROOF:** Herschel Bernardi in a musical based on Sholom Aleichem's folk tales. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. Special matinée Thursday, Dec. 2, at 2.)... **FUNNY GIRL:** The late Fanny Brice, as portrayed by Barbra Streisand. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) ... **GOLDEN BOY:** All about a pugilist (Sammy Davis) who is interested in the cash he can make in the ring but is reluctant to throw a punch. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 581-4792. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) ... **HELLO, DOLLY!:** Ginger Rogers now has the role of Miss Peachum. (St. James, 44th St., W. OX 5-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

Anya—A musical with a book by George Abbott and Guy Bolton (taken from the play "Anastasia," by Marcelle Maurette and Mr. Bolton). The music and lyrics are by Robert Wright and George Forrest, and the cast includes Constance Towers, Michael Kermoyan, Lillian Gish, and Irra Petina. Staged by Mr. Abbott. Previews through Saturday,

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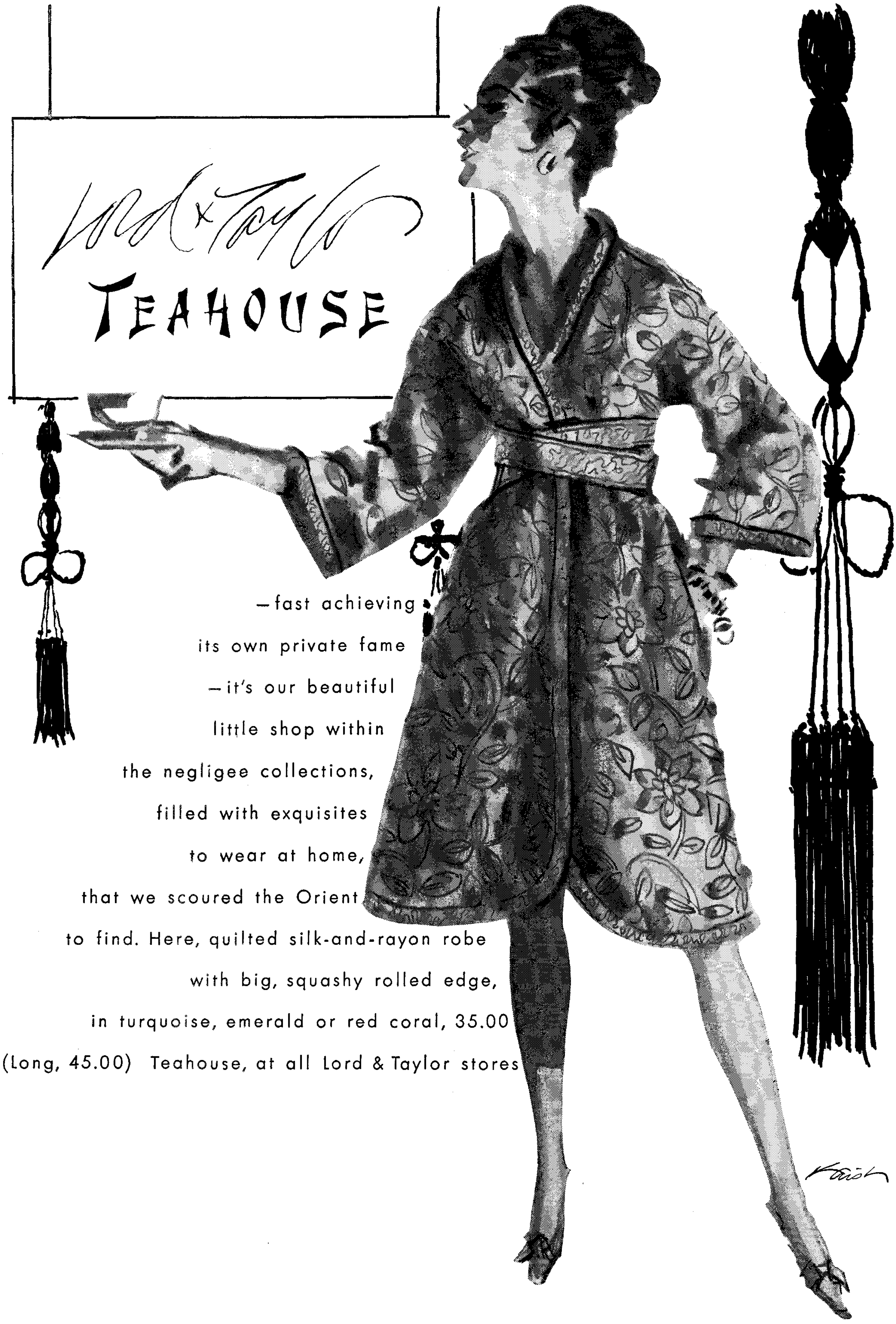

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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Nov. 27; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 2:30. Opens officially on Monday, Nov. 29. (Ziegfeld, Sixth Ave. at 54th St. CI 7-5900. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Inadmissible Evidence—John Osborne's play, imported from London and starring Nicol Williamson. The director is Anthony Page. Opens Tuesday, Nov. 30. (Belasco, 44th St., E. JU 6-7950. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 7:15. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is distinctly advisable.)

City Center—The French pantomimist **MARCEL MARCEAU** in an all-new program. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Final performances Sunday, Dec. 12.)

Repertory Theater of Lincoln Center—The first play in the company's inaugural season in its new home is **DANTON'S DEATH**, by Georg Buechner. (Vivian Beaumont Theater, 150 W. 65th St. EN 2-7616. Thanksgiving Day at 2 and 8; Friday at 8; Saturday at 2 and 8; and Sunday at 2 and 7:30. Closes Sunday, Nov. 28.)

Amato Opera Company—Through Saturday, Nov. 27: **LUCIA DI LAMMERMOOR**. . . . ¶ Starting Friday, Dec. 3: **CARMEN**. (Amato Opera Showcase Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. CA 8-8200. Fridays and Saturdays at 8:15.)

American Savoyards—A season of Gilbert and Sullivan. Thursday and Friday, Nov. 25-26, at 8:40: **THE MIKADO**. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 27, at 4 and 8:40: **IOLANTHE**. . . . ¶ Sunday, Nov. 28, at 4 and 8: **THE YEOMEN OF THE GUARD**. . . . ¶ Tuesday and Wednesday, Nov. 30-Dec. 1, at 8:40: **IOLANTHE**. . . . ¶ Thursday and Friday, Dec. 2-3, at 8:40: **H.M.S. PINAFORE**. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 4, at 4 and 8:40: **RUDDIGORE**. (Jan Hus House, 351 E. 74th St. LE 5-6310.)

Bugs and **Veronica**—Two one-act plays by John White, directed by Anna Sokolow. (Pocket Theatre, 100 Third Ave., at 13th St. YU 2-0115. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

An Evening's Frost—Will Geer is delightful as Robert Frost, but there are some arid stretches in this four-actor recital from Frost's poems and from his letters and conversations. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays, except Nov. 26, at 8:30, and Saturdays and Friday, Nov. 26, at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3. No performance on Thanksgiving Day.)

The Exhaustion of Our Son's Love and **Good Day**—"The Exhaustion of Our Son's Love" is a stylish and highly stylized comedy about a family crisis. Stephen Strimpell is very funny in the leading role, and he gets strong support from Clarice Blackburn and Albert M. Ottenheimer. "Good Day," which precedes it, is a puzzling and rather overwrought affair, in which an odd young man relates a shameful episode in his past to an even more peculiar old woman. With Frank Langella and Nancy Marchand. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Fantasticks—This musical comedy about a lovesick boy and the lovesick girl next door will be chiefly of interest to those with a large tolerance for whimsey. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3. Special performances Thanksgiving Day at 6 and 9.)

Friends and **Enemies**—Eli Mintz in two one-act plays by Arkady Leokum. (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. TE 8-0177. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 5:30.)

Great Scot!—Allan Bruce in a musical with a book by Mark Conradt and Gregory Dawson, score by Don McAfee, and lyrics by Nancy Leeds. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 245-9569. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Nov. 26, at 2:30.)

Happy Ending and **Day of Absence**—Robert Hooks in a pair of plays by Douglas Turner Ward. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Hogan's Goat—A campaign for Mayor is the pivotal event of this good play about Irish politicians in Brooklyn in 1890. The candidates are the tough old incumbent and a much younger saloonkeeper with a disreputable secret or two in his past. The results are tragic, but there is plenty of comedy along the way. (American Place Theatre, 423 W. 46th St. CI 7-0393. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2.)

The Knack—An English farce about seduction, directed with considerable ingenuity by Mike Nichols. Sometimes funny, sometimes just strenuous. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. PL 2-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays—except Nov. 26—and Sundays at 8:40, and Saturdays and Friday, Nov. 26, at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Man of La Mancha—A musical with a book by Dale Wasserman, music by Mitch Leigh, lyrics by Joe Darion, and a cast that includes Richard Kiley, Irving Jacobson, Ray Middleton, Robert Rounseville, and Joan Diener. Directed by Albert Marre. (ANTA Washington Square Theatre, 40 W. 4th St., between Washington Square and Broadway. 674-5600. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

Medea—A revival of the Robinson Jeffers version, starring Gloria Foster. (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Sundays at 3.)

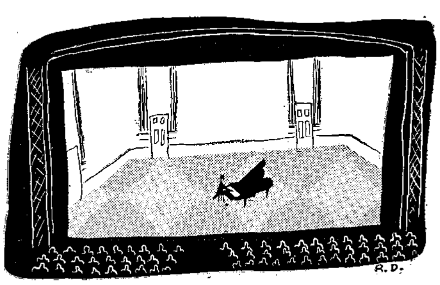
The Bernard Shaw Story—A one-man show arranged and acted by Bramwell Fletcher. (East 74th Street Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2288. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30; special matinée Thanksgiving Day.)

The Trigon—This synthetic British import—part farce, part Pinterish torment—is notable only for the amusing performances of the four members of its cast. They are Jeremy Geidt, Geoffrey Webb, Michael Lipton, and Veronica Castang. (Stage 73, 321 E. 73rd St. BU 8-2500. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

A View from the Bridge—A revival of Arthur Miller's melodrama about the Brooklyn waterfront. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3; special matinée Thanksgiving Day, and no performance that evening.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

Royal Danish Ballet—Thursday and Friday evenings, Nov. 25-26, and Saturday matinée, Nov. 27: "Fanfare," "Carmen," and Act III of "Napoli.". . . ¶ Saturday evening, Nov. 27, and Sunday matinée and evening, Nov. 28: "Romeo and Juliet.". . . ¶ Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, Nov. 30-Dec. 1: "Coppélia" and "Fanfare.". . . ¶ Thursday evening, Dec. 2: "Konservatoriet," "Miss Julie," and Act III of "Napoli.". . . ¶ Friday evening, Dec. 3, and Saturday matinée, Dec. 4: "Romeo and Juliet.". . . ¶ Saturday evening, Dec. 4: "Coppélia" and "Carmen." (New York State Theater, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Evenings at 8:15. Matinées at 2:15. Through Sunday, Dec. 19. Latecomers are officially, and severely, frowned on.)



Jean Erdman—With her company, presenting "The Coach with the Six Insides." (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Sunday, Nov. 28, at 2:30.)

Dance Theatre Workshop—The third in a series of four modern-dance programs, this one performed by the companies of Ruth Currier and Jeff Duncan. (East 74th Street Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2288. Monday, Nov. 29, at 9.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music and/or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—Felicia Sanders, a pillar of fire by night, will be the singer at dinner and supper in the Royal Box when it reopens on Friday, Nov. 26. Myron Cohen, a rather gentle thrower of philosophers' stones, will be the speaker. The dance music will come mostly from the orchestra of Lee Evans, which always knows what it is doing. Closed Sundays.

Delmonico's, Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500)—The Marquis of Queensberry rules govern the dancing that takes place between nine and twelve (or one o'clock Fridays and Saturdays) in the restaurant. George Anaya's troupe, which does walking-around serenading from eight to nine, provides the athletes' instrumentation after that. No music Mondays.

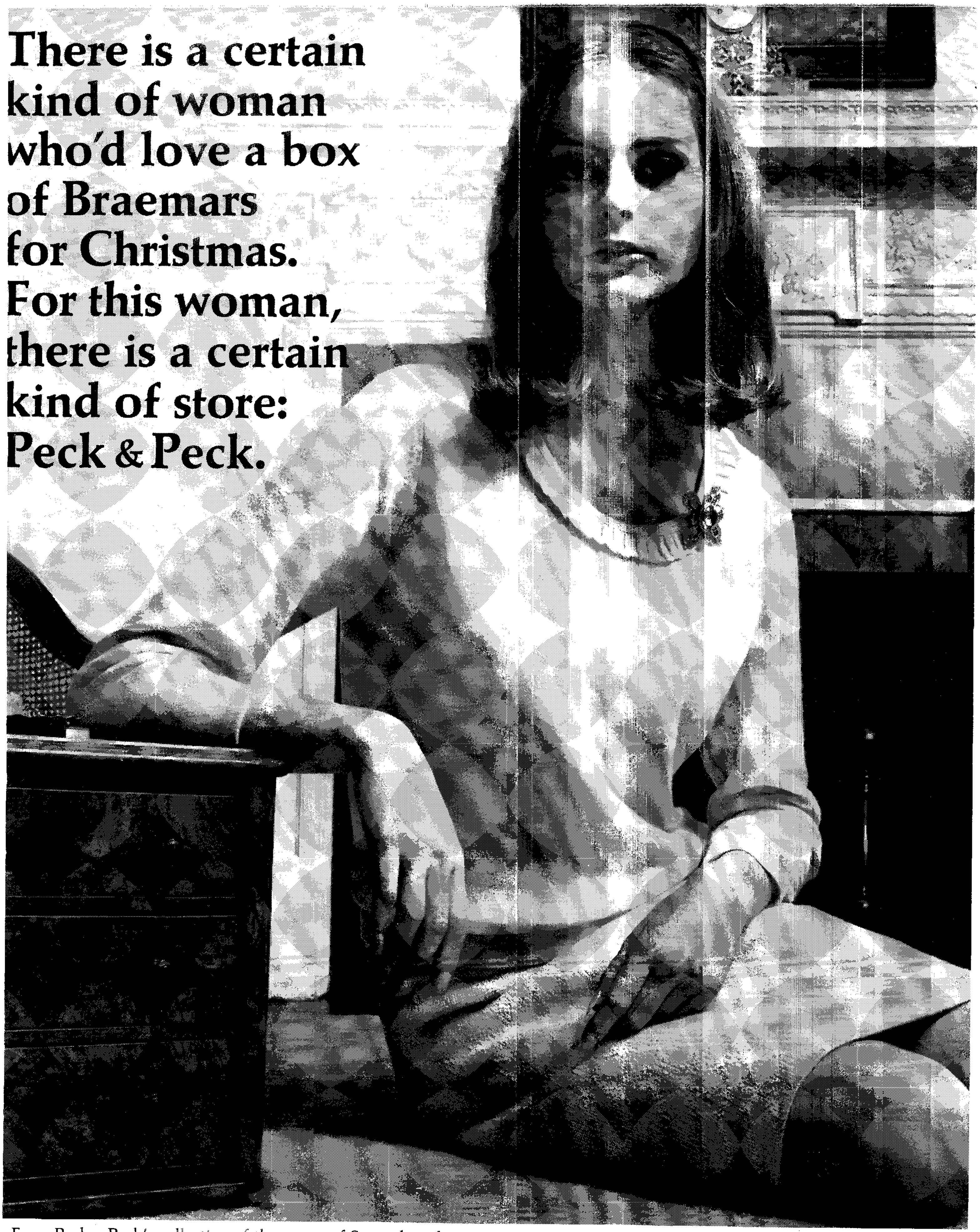
El Morocco, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—The password in this fashionable watering place is Rule Britannia. Dance music is dispensed in the main hall by a brace of bands; in the Champagne Room, the trio (Ernest Schoen's dream of Vienna) is solely for listeners, if such there are in this establishment. Closed Sundays and Thanksgiving Day.

Mark Twain Riverboat, Fifth Ave. at 34th St. (PL 9-2444)—Jazz of various sorts comes up the river on a night boat as Victorian as the Queen herself. On Thursday, Nov. 25, Warren Covington's orchestra will do a stand; Friday through Thursday, Nov. 26-Dec. 2, Tito Puente's orchestra will be striking mighty blows on behalf of Latin music. On Friday, Dec. 3, the big band of Les and Larry Elgart will arrive. The action runs from seven-thirty to one-thirty during the week, from eight to two Fridays and Saturdays. No music Sundays.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—One of Ben Cutler's briskest little posses is doing Yale-prom music night after night in the Café Pierre.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—In the Persian Room at dinner and supper, there is Abbe Lane, who stands with unreluctant feet where Salome and Mae West meet. She sings and prances, too. On Wednesday, Dec. 1, George Maharis takes over, on his trial run as a tenor. That evening, his sole recital begins at ten; thereafter, he'll be on the two-a-night plan. The orchestras of Mark Monte (piquant) and Burt Farber (sonorous) will stay on. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Fiddle and piano whisper away from four-thirty to six-thirty in the Palm Court, the nicest era of the whole nineteenth century, and again from seven to nine in the Edwardian Room. . . . ¶ At eight, the Palm Court is transformed into the leading café in Erewhon, where—to the tune of Gunnar Hansen's eloquent violin—the fine arts of the pastrymaker, the coffee chef, and the vintner are celebrated until one. No celebration Sundays.

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-


There is a certain kind of woman who'd love a box of Braemars for Christmas. For this woman, there is a certain kind of store: Peck & Peck.

From Peck & Peck's collection of the queen of Scottish cashmeres, one with just the slightest hint of a ruff about its dipping neckline. Designed for Peck & Peck alone, this Braemar is tender loving cashmere from pleats to hem. Scottish Rose, Deep Water Aqua, Aberdeen Green. 34 to 40, 35.00 (Dyed-to-match skirts are available).

PECK & PECK, FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, NEW YORK

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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28	29	30	1	2	3	4

9090)—Tall enough to play Gulliver to the millions of Lilliputians—i.e. the sixty-fifth floor and two rooms (cocktail and dining) with a view. The red glare of the trumpet handled by Jonah Jones makes dancing to his quartet imperative. He operates in the second of these cubicles from eight to one every night but Sunday.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The Maisonette, whose new *mise en scène* turns it into the nation's most opulent bookstall, is still the stamping (and stomping) ground of worldlings who are too busy to read as they run to and from the dance floor. Quintero's superb Latinos and Charles Turecamo's cheery orchestra are their guides. Closed Sundays and Thanksgiving Day.

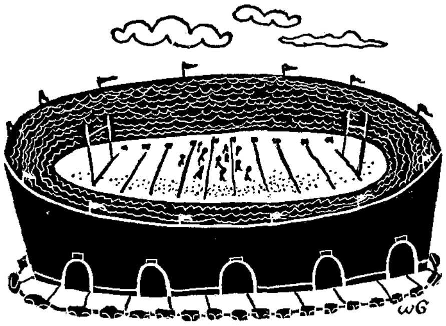
Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Ray Hartley's concise yet convivial piano gets a workout in Peacock Alley from five to nine Fridays and Saturdays, from four to eight the rest of the time. Thanksgiving Day, though, he'll function from noon until nine. Every evening but Thanksgiving, a dance group runs from nine until one. On Thanksgiving Day, too, the Sert Room will be open from twelve to seven, and a drifting-and-dreaming trio will perform.

Note—ROSELAND DANCE CITY, 239 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-0200)—The largest single portion of Inner Space in the whole city, and occupied by serious, non-Twist dancers. They are fringed by two ceaseless bands, one Norte and one Sud, which tee off at about seven-thirty during the week and stay put until around one; Sundays they start off at three-thirty. For insatiables, there are Thursday and Saturday matinées, from one-thirty to six (the Thanksgiving Day one carries on from three-thirty until one), and a floor show at eleven every Tuesday. Closed Mondays.

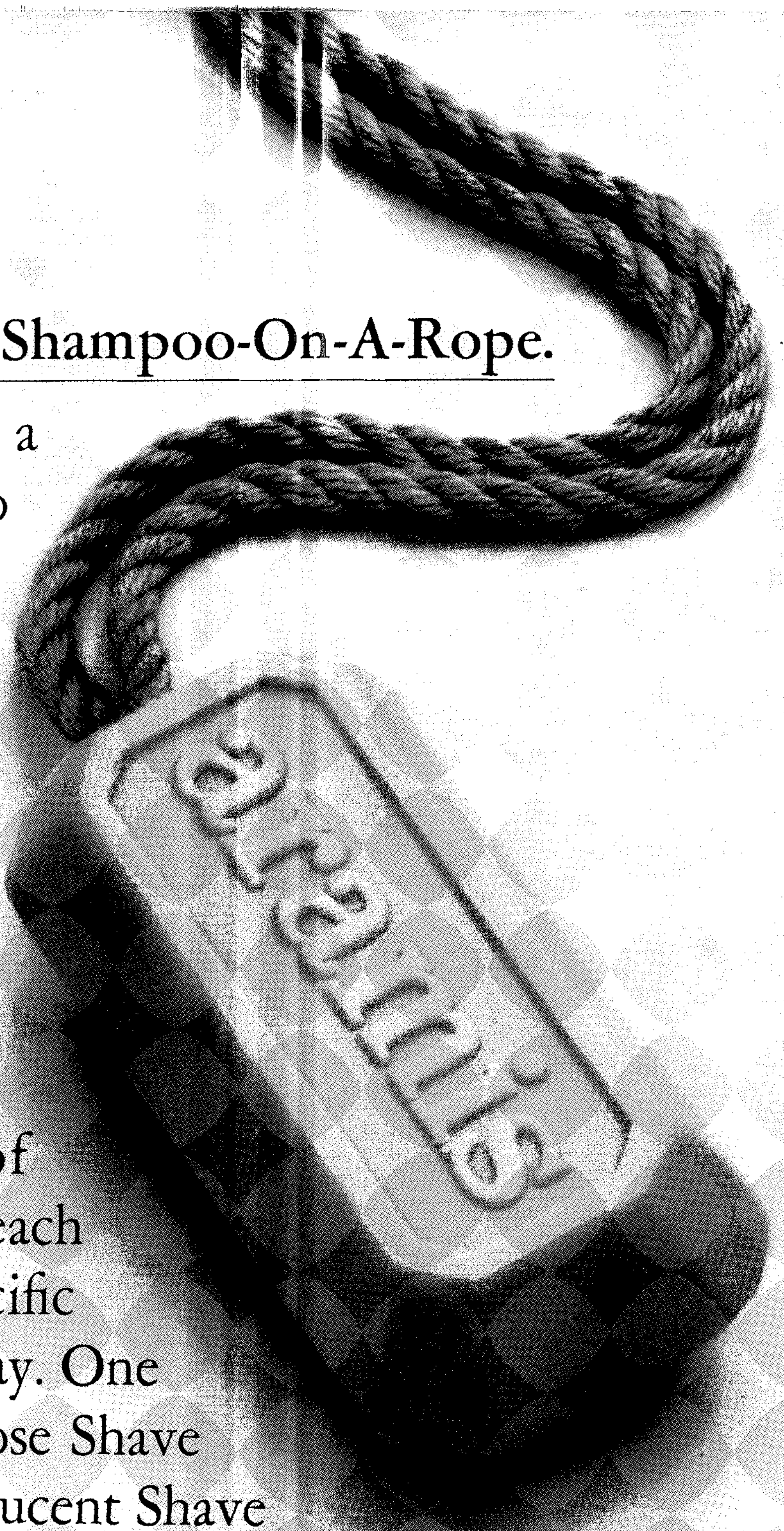
SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(Dining but no dancing, except as noted.)

GOLDIE'S NEW YORK, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): Youth springs eternal, and so do the pianos of Sam Hamilton (who does the cocktail hour) and of Wayne Sanders and Goldie Hawkins himself, who do solo flights during the evening, then up-and-coming tandem music after the theatre. Older fanciers of eat-drink-and-be-merry are also allowed in. Closed Sundays and Thanksgiving Day. . . . **IN BOBOLI**, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): When in Florence, do as the Florentines do, which means bits and pieces of Italianate opera. Thursday through Saturday each week, there is languorous dance music, too. Closed Mondays. . . . **DRAKE ROOM**, 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): One part pomp, one part circumstance, one part Cy Walter, playing piano that is brisk and buoyant and never, never fancy-Dan. He's there during cocktails, dinner, and supper. Closed Sundays. . . . **FREY'S**, 160 E. 64th St. (TE 8-1524): The population of the small bar-and-grill is scions of our times, whose sibling rivalry is concerned solely with who can bring along the neatest young lady. Ralph Strain, for years the court musician for this crew, plays piano in one corner. The hours run late; Sundays are his holidays. . . . **HUGH SHANNON'S**, on the second floor of L'Intrigue, 35 W. 56th St. (CI 7-1990): True-Blue Lou, the Baltimore Oriole, and all the other night-flying characters who populate the songs of Hugh Shannon have their innings from ten until early morning, though not on Sundays. The stalwart Shannon piano is their boon companion. No dining. . . . **SHERATON-EAST**, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000): A panoply of panelling (hearts of oak) makes the Café Ambassador over into a stately home of England. The pianist—a new one, Steve Iles, who wraps his musings in all sorts of scenic effects—is on a tour of duty that runs from seven to one every night but Sunday. . . . ¶ Seven-to-ten dinner would be the children's hour in Vienna, from which this hotel's Le Palais derives, but the restaurant is an excellent replica in other respects. Hans Hansberg's zither goes with it. Closed Sundays and Thanksgiving Day. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV**, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): It is impossible to cast out the moat that is in the eye of the beholder, for it is an integral part of the toy castle that serves as a sounding board for the violin of Norbert Faconi, the president emeritus of all perambulating musicians. No music Sundays. . . . **KING HENRI IV**, 142 E. 53rd St. (PL 2-5566): Another of the King's retreats, likewise a spoof of medieval objective art. George Cardini circumnavigates it with his viva-voce fiddle. No music Sundays. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE**, 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis, who has manned one piano for the past ten years, is the definitely permanent party in the rumbustious corner-saloon lounge of the Hotel Earle, where he devotes his time—after nine-thirty every evening but Monday—to the consideration of the worthiest tunes and lyrics of our day and yesterday. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE**, 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): Romulus and Remus slept here, and gave the chef their favorite recipes. The musicians, whose curriculum runs from seven-thirty until two, are old Romans, too. Closed Sundays and Thanksgiving Day. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE 48**, 15 E. 48th St. (HA 1-3448): Mourners for the lost Spanish Pavilion at the World's Fair should find solace in this array of Iberian décor. A guitar dwells from eight until one upon the delights and the deliriums of Latin passion. Margret Brill, a harpist-composer on the classic side of the fence, has just been added to the menu. Closed Sundays and Thanksgiving Day. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE 49**, 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): The dining room, one of our best antique shops, is a vivacious setting for the Lusitanian laments of a guitar (José Luis Franco) that holds forth from eight to one. No sound effects Sundays. Closed Thanksgiving Day. . . . **JAMAICA ARMS**, 1315 Second Ave., at 69th St. (YU 8-5850): The right little, tight little island at its evening's ease, through which an island wandering minstrel parades from eight until two Thursdays through Saturdays, from seven until eleven Sundays, and from nine to one, Mondays through Wednesdays. . . . **CHUCKS' COMPOSITE**, 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): The junior grades of show business and the neighboring arts have their after-hours here. Sort of cookout are the aura and the diet, and the spirit of relaxation is enhanced six days a week by a tireless jazz trio and on Sundays by a solitary pianist. Closed Thanksgiving Day. . . . **REGENCY**, Park Ave. at 61st St. (PL 9-4100): In the Regency Room, where everything is *supra dig.*, the hours between five-thirty and twelve-thirty every evening but Sunday are assigned to Rack Godwin, whose piano does not believe in clichés. Supper but no dinner. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE**, 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): After the antiquarian's eye has dwelled upon the sturdy delights of this nineteenth-century town house, the owner of the eye may lend an ear to the piano—from five to eight and again from nine-thirty to two—in the bar. No music Saturdays and Sundays. . . . **SPINDLETOP**, 254 W. 47th St. (CI 5-7455): In the best sense, a theatrical boarding house. We civilians are there, too, and so (after nine) is a full-of-beans guitarist and singer (and they are Mexican jumping beans, at that) named Frankie Ray. Closed Sundays. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND**, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): A most urban landscape is the bar-restaurant. Enzio Lembo chortles to his own guitar from nine-thirty to one. No music Sundays. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS**, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): The small empire of Mabel Mercer, whose voice may have grown old in the service of the lovelorn but whose spirit still moves. Her *chansons d'amour* never occur before half-past ten. Sam Hamilton is her permanent pianist. Closed Sundays. . . . **PETROUSHKA**, 23 E. 74th St., just behind the lobby of the Hotel Volney. (BU 8-2300): What is left of the Russian Empire. Marina Fedorovskaya, the keeper of this memory book, sees to it that the citizenry is provided with food, drink, music, and her own soul-searching soprano. Eight until two, except Mondays, is the extent of her reign. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE**, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): George Feyer is doing his Tinker Toy Piano from eight-thirty until around two in this opulent countinghouse parlor. Closed Sundays. . . . **LA CHANSONNETTE**, 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): The operator of this tiny niche, Rita Dimitri, who is Naughty Marietta to the life, does her great-gusto nights-in-Paris arias at dinner weeknights, at both dinner and supper Fridays and Saturdays. Stately dance music begins at eight. Closed Sundays. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE**, 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): In the ample Casino-on-the-Park, Steven Weltner, global traveller, is at the piano, which gives off a mixture of worldly wisdom and pastoral bliss. His hours are six-thirty to midnight every evening but Sunday. . . . **CHARDAS**, 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): Oh, those lovely lost years in Mittel-europa! Among the worshippers are tenors (especially the noble old-school Tibor Rakossy), sopranos, violins, zimbalon, and whatever. Worshippers who wish to dance have Béla Babai's band at their toes. Closed Mondays. . . . **ASTI**, 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): Where everyone but the cashier auditions as he works, on the assumption that Rudolf Bing is in the house. Closed Mondays and Thanksgiving Day. . . . **MONSIGNORE**, 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): There's life in the old Via Veneto yet, and this vignette shows it at its busiest prandial hour. The busiest bees are the prowling musicians. Closed Sundays and Thanksgiving Day. . . . **POLO BAR**, Madison Ave. at 69th St. (LE 5-2000): The old uptown watering and dining place. Beside the bar, Conrad Monjoy sits at a very gentle piano from nine-thirty until one. No music Mondays. . . . **BARBERRY**, 17 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): This comforting old refectory affords George Rudolph, who intermingles the arias of the day with plenty of fugues—and not all of them for horseplayers, either. Six until midnight, except Sundays, is the house rule. . . . **STANHOPE GATE**, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): Gustavo Lopez, carrying a guitar that delights in its native Andalusia, is in this correct little bar-and-sitting-room from nine-thirty until one, except Mondays. No dining on any night.



Note—The discothèque, a phoenix much too frequent, can best be studied by viewers-with-alarm if they frequent these establishments: **SHEPHEARD'S**, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0181): If only the Sphinxes who decorate this Cairo caravansary could talk, what would they say of our Park Avenue folk dances? The music is issued by I.B.M., which runs from seven-thirty to three or four during the week and from seven-thirty until one on Sundays. Dinner and supper. . . . **ARTHUR**, 154 E. 54th St. (688-4420): The art of the ad-lib solo dance (by, naturally, people who don't need people) is brought to fever heat and left there. (*You* will probably be left outside if you haven't a reservation.) The music of distant and unearthly spheres is interspersed with music by mere earthmen. Nine-thirty or ten until four is the running time; a fair number of dinner dishes are in evidence. Closed Mondays. . . . **IL MIO**, in Delmonico's Hotel, 65 E. 59th St. (EL 5-2500): The music is from a speaking tube, the hours are nine until all-fall-down every night but Monday, the menu is minimal, the moving spirit is Tanya Everett (of "Fiddler on the Roof"), who dances like the wind. The costumes run from theatre working clothes to underground movies. . . . **DOWNTOWN**, 1 Sheridan Sq. (AL 5-1950): A den of propinquity, not very ornate but extremely cheerful, where the evolutions of the neatly but amusingly dressed house dancers (especially when Linda Benter is one of them) are little masterpieces of wile



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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and wit. Billy Prophet, a rocker and a roller, does the chanting. A vestigial kitchen exists. *Nine-thirty to three or four is par for this* course; there are one-to-six Saturday and Sunday matinées. Closed Mondays.... **L'INTERDIT,** in the Gotham Hotel, 2 W. 55th St. (CI 7-2200): An erstwhile private enclosure that is now in the public domain. The décor is clubhouse-den, the music (all of it direct from a pipeline) is mercifully less assertive than it is in most such establishments. The sound begins at nine and lasts until four; nothing doing Sundays, Mondays, and Thanksgiving Day. Supper is entirely possible; dinner is not.

BIG AND BRASSY

(Dining, unless otherwise indicated.)

LATIN QUARTER, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): A new world, inhabited largely by young ladies (and a very warm one, considering their garb), is in process of evolution, which will presumably have been completed well before Tuesday, Nov. 30, when Roberta Sherwood checks in as the shoot-from-the-hip singer. Dancing.... **COPACABANA,** 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): Thanksgiving Day brings on Paul Anka, a youth-calling-unto-youth caroller, and Norm Crosby, whose gags have a familiarity that breeds something or other. Dancing.... ¶ In the lounge, rumpus music begins at ten and does not cease until four.... **BASIN STREET EAST,** 137 E. 48th St. (PL 2-4444): A cup that not only cheers but runneth over—the irresistible force of Duke Ellington's band, staffed by such as Harry Carney, Johnny Hodges, Paul Gonsalves, Cootie Williams, and Louis Bellson; the slithery and musicianly singing, and the good humor, of Mel Tormé; and the soul-in-torment wit of Joan Rivers, girl wanderer, girl wonder. Closed Sundays.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

PLAZA 9–, Central Park S., just east of the Plaza Hotel door. (PL 9-3933): The considered opinions of Julius Monk are presented, as always, in revue form ("Pick a Number XV") and, also as always, in parable, paraphrase, parody, and paradox. The cast, exceptional even by Monkish standards, involves Elizabeth Wilson, Lee Beery, Liz Sheridan, Bill Hinnant, Rex Robbins, and John Keatts; the orchestra is the pianos of Robert Colston, Otis Clements, and Frederick Silver. Nine and eleven-thirty are the starting times. Closed Sundays.... **CHÂTEAU MADRID,** 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): Los Chavales de España, Spain's largest standing (and marching) army, has a few unfamiliar voices this year; the vigor of its chanting and the fire power of its brass band do not diminish. The daughter of the regiment is Luisita Sevilla, who kicks up an extremely vivacious and pretty pair of heels. These players give their vast all at dinner and supper through the week, thrice on Saturdays, at dinner on Sundays. The orchestra of Freddy Alonso offers the willing and able customers a chance at rebuttal. Tea dancing of a thunderclap order (to Tito Puente's band) occurs on Sunday afternoons.... ¶ After ten, in the happy alcove just off the bar, there is the Pied Piper guitar of Juan de la Mata, which will have you marching through Andalusia before you know it, as well as the eloquent voice of Domingo Alvarado, who decries the violent vagaries of Spanish love life. The alcove is closed Sundays.... **SQUARE EAST,** 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (AL 4-0480): The revue called "The Decline and Fall of the Entire World as Seen Through the Eyes of Cole Porter" is the Rise and Shine of Kaye Ballard, Queen of the May, who makes the most of the lifework of the great littérateur. (The producers make rather less of it.) She is ably abetted by the voice and feet of sturdy Harold Lang. Miss Ballard and Mr. Lang wind up on Sunday, Nov. 28; the show, however, will go on, with new faces. Tuesdays through Sundays at eight-thirty, and on Saturdays at eleven as well, is the deal.... **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): "Just for Openers," a new portmanteau revue, proves again the rule that nothing's perfect, but a number of good ideas, good words, and good tunes are present. R. G. Brown is the antic principal boy, and he is lent useful support by Richard Blair, Fannie Flagg, and Betty Aberlin. Nine-thirty and midnight, except Sunday, is the curriculum.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Miles Davis, his quoth-the-raven trumpet, and his quintet are on hand. On Tuesday, Nov. 30, they will be replaced by the quartet of Sonny Rollins. Every Sunday, there is a four-thirty matinée as well as an evening session; on Mondays, Alan Grant, a humane disc jockey, gathers a flock of musicians around him.... **VILLAGE GATE,** 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): One-of-a-kind is what the Swingle Singers, on their second visit from Paris, amount to, and sly is what their fun-and-games with music is. On Friday and Saturday, Nov. 26-27, the added starter will be Dick Gregory, a wry newscaster who has been places and seen things. A change of scene occurs on Tuesday, Nov. 30, when John Coltrane's band succeeds the Swingles. Mondays are given over to a couple of Latin bands and Symphony Sid, a commentator who is sure he invented jazz. Dancing, too, on Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays. One floor above the belowstairs showroom, dinner and such are served in a restaurant from five to two every night but Monday.... **BITTER END,** 147 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (GR 5-7804): The best of the Village coffee plantations, assigned largely to folk music, which is currently represented (and nobly) by Mike Settle and the Bitter End Singers. A set of humorists, the Uncalled-For 3, are also around. Tuesdays are, as is the custom, allotted to visitors. On Wednesday, Dec. 1, a new cast comes in—the folkster Rod McKuen and the humorist Marshall Brickman; Mr. Settle, though, will linger on. ... **EDDIE CONDON'S,** 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): Jazz as it used to be, but mellowed a bit, and still as good as ever to dance to, which can be done here. Mr. Condon's accomplices are Peanuts Hucko, Yank Lawson, Cutty Cutshall, Morey Feld, and Dill Jones. Closed Sundays.... **HALF NOTE,** 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): The quintet of Clark Terry and Bobby Brookmeyer are at home on a range full of true music lovers. Closed Mondays.... **FIVE SPOT,** 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (GR 7-9650): The sound is Art Blakey's Jazz Messengers, whose missive is delivered all in capital letters and exclamation points. Mondays, visiting groups do the blowing.... **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Billy Taylor, whose piano divides itself between frolic and slow-tempo fantasy, is at work with his trio behind the oval bar. Eddie Thompson is the intermission keyboard man. Mondays, everybody stays home.... **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505): The spirit of the old 52nd Street lives on here. Zutty Singleton, Tony Parenti, Cliff Jackson, Herman Autrey, and Marshall Brown dwell fondly on the subject of good old days that are certainly not gone beyond *their* recall.

Sundays, Don Frye has the podium and the piano to himself.... **GORDIAN KNOT,** 1584 York Ave., at 83rd St. (RH 4-9041): This youth haven and dance floor is rock when it isn't roll, and on a long-term basis—nine-thirty to four weekdays, eight to one-thirty Sundays. ... **RED ONION,** 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682): Straw hats, blazers, and banjos on the rostrum; beer and peanuts on the table—the new youth-will-be-served formula. From nine to three or four every night, the musicians give the classics of two generations ago a good, sound, nasal twang.... **YOUR FATHER'S MUSTACHE,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (OR 5-4630): Here, as well, the banjo fills the air, aided in this instance by washboard, tuba, and trombone. Likewise, the population is ardent youth reliving a past it is too young to know. Light-brown sawdust, dark-brown peanuts, and nut-brown ale are the concomitants. The place is open every night, and there are Sunday matinées, at four-thirty, by the Southampton Dixie, Racing, and Clambake Society Jazz Band.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6. They will all be closed Thanksgiving Day.)

GALLERIES

Richard Anuszkiewicz—Geometric abstractions; through Saturday, Nov. 27. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.)

Larry Bell—Glass constructions; through Wednesday, Dec. 1. (Pace, 9 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Stanley Bleifeld—Figure sculptures; through Saturday, Nov. 27. (Peridot, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

Bernard Buffet—Landscapes, still-lifes, and figure and flower paintings; through Saturday, Dec. 4. (Wally F. Galleries, 17 E. 57th St.)

Alik Cavaliere—Floral and vegetal bronzes; through Saturday, Nov. 27. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St.)

Edward Corbett—Abstract paintings; through Saturday, Dec. 4. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Alvin Dickstein—Geometric abstractions; through Saturday, Dec. 4. (Stable, 33 E. 74th St. Closed Mondays.)

Lamar Dodd—Abstractions suggesting landscapes and seascapes; through Saturday, Nov. 27. (Grand Central Moderns, 8 W. 56th St.)

Raoul Dufy—A retrospective of oils, gouaches, watercolors, and drawings from the Dufy estate; through Saturday, Dec. 4. (Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Francisco Farreras—Abstract collages by a Spanish artist; through Saturday, Dec. 4. (Bertha Schaefer, 41 E. 57th St.)

Jane Freilicher—Landscapes and still-lifes; through Dec. 11. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Sideo Fromboluti—Figures and landscapes; through Saturday, Nov. 27. (Great Jones Gallery, 645 Madison Ave., at 59th St.)

Edward Giobbi—Abstract paintings and drawings; through Saturday, Dec. 4. (Alan, 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St. Closed Mondays.)

Cleve Gray—Abstract oils and cast aluminum and stone sculptures; through Saturday, Nov. 27. (Saidenberg, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

William Gropper—Figure paintings; through Dec. 11. (ACA, 63 E. 57th St.)

Maurice Grosser—Paintings of Morocco; through Saturday, Dec. 4. (Banfer, 23 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

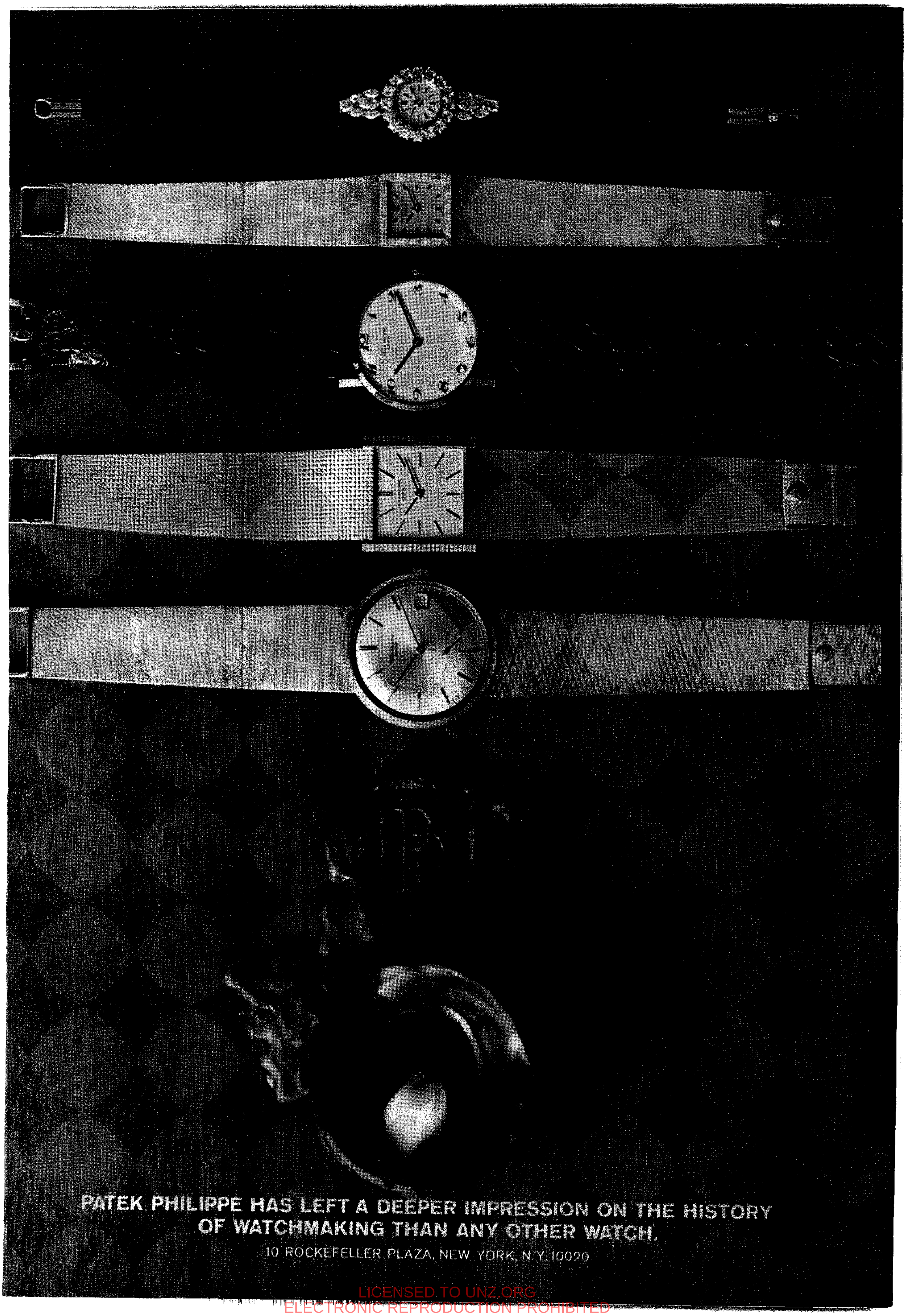
Childe Hassam—An exhibition of paintings (1904-22) that is running concurrently with his show at the Gallery of Modern Art; through Dec. 18. (ACA Heritage, 63 E. 57th St.)

Joseph Hirsch—Realist paintings; through Saturday, Dec. 4. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Karl Knaths—Abstract oils; through Saturday, Dec. 4. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St.)

Yasuhide Kobashi—Sculptures; through Dec. 24. (Stone, 48 E. 86th St.)

John Koch—Interiors with figures and land-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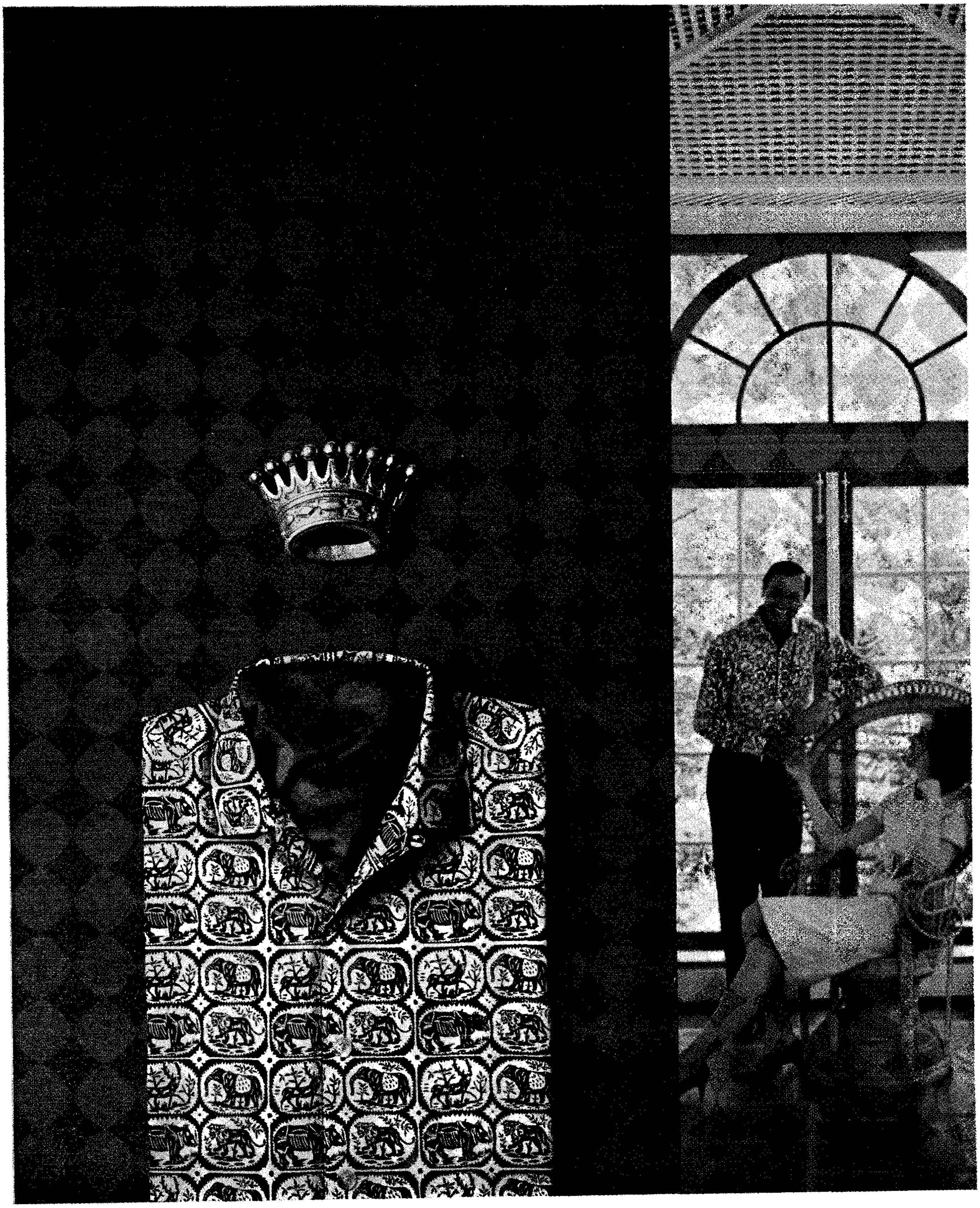

Original Brooke Cadwallader prints from the CM collection

Brooke Cadwallader, of Cuernavaca, Mexico, a master of color and design, has fashioned a series of unusual print fabrics exclusively for Countess Mara casual shirts. Of pure cotton, in vivid colorings and stylized folk patterns, they are truly shirts for "one man in a million." Part of the tasteful Countess Mara shirt collection, priced from $17.50 to $65, all embroidered with the famous CM coronet.

Countess Mara, 110 East 57th Street at Park Avenue, New York

Countess Mara

scapes; through Dec. 11. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

André Lanskoy—Abstract paintings by a School of Paris artist; through Saturday, Nov. 27. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.)

Pietro Lazzari—Paintings, drawings, and sculptures; through Tuesday, Nov. 30. (Galerie Internationale, 1095 Madison Ave., at 83rd St.)

Isadore Levy—Abstract paintings; through Saturday, Dec. 4. (Egan, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Roy Lichtenstein—Semi-abstract paintings and ceramics; through Dec. 11. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Tess Manilla—Landscapes; through Friday, Dec. 3. (Contemporary Arts, 40 W. 56th St. Open Monday evenings, 8:30 to 10:30.)

Etienne Martin—Bronze sculptures. First one-man show in New York; through Saturday, Dec. 4. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Rory McEwen—Watercolor botanical studies on vellum and hard-edge acrylic paintings on canvas by a young Scottish artist; through Saturday, Nov. 27. (Durlacher, 538 Madison Ave., at 54th St.)

Jack Nelson—Constructions and assemblages; through Saturday, Dec. 4. (Krasner, 1061 Madison Ave., at 81st St. Closed Mondays.)

Alfonso Ossorio—Abstract panels; through Saturday, Dec. 4. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 978 Madison Ave., at 76th St. Closed Mondays.)

William Palmer—Paintings of upper New York state; through Dec. 24. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

Bernard Schultze—Objects called "Migofs," by a contemporary German artist; through Dec. 24. (Wise, 50 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Leon Polk Smith—Hard-edge paintings; through Saturday, Nov. 27. (Chalette, 9 E. 88th St.)

Harold Sterner—Realistic paintings; through Saturday, Nov. 27. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.)

George Sugarman—Lithographs; through Saturday, Dec. 4. (Radich, 818 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

Mark Tobey—Recent paintings; through Saturday, Dec. 4. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St. Closed Mondays.)

Alan Tobias—Paintings and drawings, mostly figures; through Dec. 11. (Graham, second floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

Kees Van Dongen—A survey of paintings (1900-25) of Paris life by the Dutch-born artist, who is now eighty-eight; through Dec. 18. (Hutton, 787 Madison Ave., at 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Esteban Vicente—Abstract collages and paintings; through Dec. 11. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Zao Wou-ki—Abstract oils; through Saturday, Dec. 4. (Kootz, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St. Closed Mondays.)

Olympia's Progeny—A benefit loan exhibition of Impressionist and Post-Impressionist paintings by Manet, Renoir, Cézanne, Gauguin, van Gogh, and five other French masters, celebrating the centenary of Manet's "Olympia;" through Saturday, Nov. 27. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.)

Sculptures—A showing entitled "Sculpture from All Directions," with pieces by David Smith, George Rickey, David Weinrib, and others; through Saturday, Dec. 4. (World House, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

African Art—"Style Regions in African Art," an exhibit of statues, masks, and utensils in wood, brass, and ivory, from Sierra Leone, the Ivory Coast, Nigeria, and so on; through Dec. 31. (Segy, 708 Lexington Ave., at 57th St. Saturday hours: 2 to 5:30.)

Americans and Europeans; Group Show—A Christmas show of drawings, paintings, and sculptures by such artists as Archipenko, Raoul Dufy, and Miró; through Dec. 24. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

Europeans; Group Shows—At the **HAHN**, 960 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: Monet, Pissarro, Bonnard, and other nineteenth- and twentieth-century French artists; through Dec. 24. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **MARLBOROUGH-GERSON**, 41 E. 57th St.: Henry Moore, Ben Nicholson, and Barbara Hepworth are three of the artists represented in "The English Eye," a survey of English paintings and sculptures; through Dec. 31. (Closed Mondays.)

Icelandic Art 1900-65—A travelling show of landscapes, figure paintings, and abstractions by (for instance) Thórarinn B. Thorláksson and Jóhannes Jóhannesson; through Dec. 8. (American Federation of Arts, 41 E. 65th St. Closed Saturday mornings.)

Israelis; Group Show—Paintings by Arikha, Lea Nikel, Tamir, and others; through Friday, Nov. 26. (Sheskin, 119 E. 71st St.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Italian Renaissance drawings from public and private New York collections, illustrating the development of Italian draughtsmanship from the early fifteenth through the sixteenth century, with works by, among others, Leonardo, Raphael, and Michelangelo; through Jan. 9. . . . ¶ A travelling loan exhibition of paintings, miniatures, drawings, and engravings by the Colonial portraitist John Singleton Copley (1738-1815); through Jan. 2. (Except on Mondays, an admission charge of fifty cents is being made to support the Museum's special-exhibitions fund.) . . . ¶ "Femme Fatale," an exhibit of about fifty lithographs, woodcuts, etchings, and drawings by Edvard Munch and Henri de Toulouse-Lautrec; through Dec. 12. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Thanksgiving Day, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A selection of paintings and collages, from the forties to the present, by the Abstract Expressionist Robert Motherwell; through Sunday, Nov. 28. . . . ¶ Forty-four School of Paris paintings from the Florene May Schoenborn and Samuel A. Marx collection, ranging from two 1906 Picassos to a 1954 Braque; through Jan. 2. . . . ¶ Paintings, collages, and drawings bequeathed to the Museum by the late Kay Sage Tanguy, and including works by her, Yves Tanguy, Miró, and others; through Sunday, Nov. 28. . . . ¶ A small showing of objects designed by Arp, Ernst, and Picasso, and made in glass in the factories at Murano, Italy; through Jan. 2. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings, except Thanksgiving Day, until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A retrospective of oils, watercolors, drawings, and prints, by Edvard Munch; through Feb. 20. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Thursday evenings, except Thanksgiving Day, until 9; Sundays and Thanksgiving Day, noon to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 22 W. 54th St.—A retrospective of the landscapes, portraits, and figure studies of Edwin Dickinson; through Sunday, Nov. 28. . . . ¶ Paintings by John Quidor (1801-81), including "Ichabod Crane Pursued by the Headless Horseman of Sleepy Hollow;" through Dec. 5. (Daily, except Thanksgiving Day, 1 to 5.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—A hundred and fifty prints and drawings (Dürer and Rembrandt to Josef Albers) given to or purchased by the Museum since 1953; through Dec. 26. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Thanksgiving Day, 1 to 5.)

American Academy of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St.—A memorial exhibition of paintings and drawings by Rico Lebrun (1900-64); through Jan. 9. (Daily, except Mondays and Thanksgiving Day, 2 to 5.)

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—"Gods, Thrones, and Peacocks," a showing of northern-Indian miniatures, demonstrating two traditions—Rajput and Mughal—from the fifteenth to the nineteenth century; through Dec. 12. . . . ¶ Paintings by twenty-one contemporary Pakistani artists; through Thursday, Dec. 2. (Mondays through Fridays, except Thanksgiving Day, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Finch College Museum of Art, 62 E. 78th St.—Corot, Degas, Signac, and other seventeenth- to twentieth-century French landscape painters; through Jan. 9. . . . ¶ Graphics, drawings, and paintings (by, among others, David Siqueiros, Marcel Duchamp, and Richard

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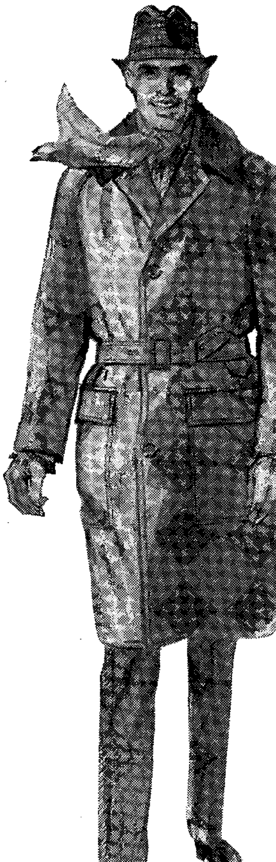

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Anuszkiewicz) from the Josephine and Phillip A. Bruno collection; through Jan 9. (Daily, except Mondays and Thanksgiving Day, 1 to 5.)

GALLERY OF MODERN ART, 2 Columbus Circle—A retrospective of paintings and drawings by the American Impressionist Childe Hassam, and portraits by Earl Hubbard; through Dec. 15. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 7; Sundays and Thanksgiving Day, noon to 6.) A good complement to the Hassam showing is his exhibition at the ACA Heritage Gallery, 63 E. 57th St.

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Fifty-five motion sculptures, along with drawings and architectural projects, by Nicolas Schöffer and Jean Tinguely; through Jan. 2. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—Autograph manuscripts, letters, and books by Rudyard Kipling; through Feb. 5. . . . ¶ Illuminated manuscripts, master drawings, early printed books, and autograph manuscripts, from the Library's collection; through Dec. 11. (Weekdays, except Thanksgiving Day, 9:30 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—The newly opened permanent installation of the Dutch Galleries, covering all phases of life in the settlement of New Amsterdam and including a panoramic view of the skyline and harbor as they appeared in 1660. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Thanksgiving Day, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF CONTEMPORARY CRAFTS, 29 W. 53rd St.—"Cookies and Breads: The Baker's Art," a showing of the uses made of dough, both edible and non-edible, in various European and American countries; through Jan. 9. (Weekdays, except Thanksgiving Day, noon to 6; Sundays, 2 to 6.)

MUSEUM OF EARLY AMERICAN FOLK ARTS, 49 W. 53rd St.—"The Art of the Decoy," a display of bird carvings made as wildfowl decoys, and "The Art of the Carousel," a display of early American carousel figure carvings; both through Jan. 9. (Daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

MUSEUM OF PRIMITIVE ART, 15 W. 54th St.—"The Clark and Frances Stillman Collection of Congolese Sculptures;" through Feb. 5. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

RIVERSIDE MUSEUM, 310 Riverside Dr., at 103rd St.—Paintings and sculptures by fifty sixteen- to twenty-three-year-old American Indian artists representing tribes from Alaska to Florida; through Jan. 16. (Daily, except Mondays and Thanksgiving Day, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Philharmonic Hall is TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, for Town Hall JU 2-4536, and for the Metropolitan Opera House PE 6-1210. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA—Thursday evening, Nov. 25: "Il Trovatore," with Gabriella Tucci, Rita Gorr, Bruno Prevedi, and Robert Merrill. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Nov. 26: "Madame Butterfly," with Licia Albanese, Rosalind Elias, Barry Morell, and John Robert Dunlap. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Nov. 27: "L'Elisir d'Amore," with Mirella Freni, Joy Clements, Nicolai Gedda, Mario Sereni, and Fernando Corena. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Nov. 27: "Faust," with Jean Fenn, Marcia Baldwin, John Alexander, William Walker, and Nicolai Ghiaurov. A non-subscription performance. . . . ¶ Monday evening, Nov. 29: "Don Carlo," with Raina Kabaivanska, Grace Bumbry, Bruno Prevedi, Robert Merrill, Ezio Flagello, and William Dooley. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Nov. 30: "L'Elisir d'Amore," with Mirella Freni, Joy Clements, Nicolai Gedda, Mario Sereni, and Fernando Corena. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Dec. 1: "La Fanciulla del West," with Dorothy Kirsten, Franco Corelli, and Anselmo Colzani. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Dec. 2: "Faust," with Mary Costa, Marcia Baldwin, John Alexander, Mario Sereni, and Justino Díaz. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Dec. 3: "Queen of Spades" (in English), with Teresa Stratas, Rosalind Elias, Blanche Thebom, Jon Vickers, William Walker, and Walter Cassel. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Dec. 4: "Il Trovatore," with Gabriella Tucci, Biserka Cvejic, Bruno Prevedi, Robert Merrill, and Bonaldo Giaiotti. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Dec. 4: "La Bohème," with Renata Tebaldi, Anneliese Rothenberger, Franco Corelli, Frank Guarrera, Clifford Harvuot, and Bonaldo Giaiotti. A benefit performance; for tickets, call GR 7-4720 Mondays through Thursdays, 9 to 5, and Fridays, 9 to 2. (Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC—At Philharmonic Hall, Leonard Bernstein conducting—An Ives-Mahler program on Thursday, Nov. 25, at 8:30; Friday, Nov. 26, at 2:15; Saturday, Nov. 27, at 8:30; and Monday, Nov. 29, at 7:30; and a Webern-Mahler program on Thursday, Dec. 2, at 8:30; Friday, Dec. 3, at 2:15; Saturday, Dec. 4, at 8:30; and Monday, Dec. 6, at 7:30.

LATE, LATE, CONCERTS—Allan Miller conducting a chamber orchestra, with Susan Belink, soprano, and the Concert Choir of the Master Institute. (Philharmonic Hall. Saturday, Nov. 27, at 11:30.)

MUSICA AETERNA ORCHESTRA—Frederic Waldman conducting, with Grant Johannesen, piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Saturday and Sunday, Dec. 4-5, at 8:30. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

NEW YORK CHORAL SOCIETY—Martin Josman directing a program of music by the Bach family. (Philharmonic Hall. Friday, Nov. 26, at 8:30.)

BACH ARIA GROUP—Frank Brieff directing. (Town Hall. Wednesday, Dec. 1, at 8:30.)

MASTERWORK CHORUS AND ORCHESTRA—David Randolph directing the first of two performances of Handel's "Messiah," with soloists. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Dec. 3, at 8.)

AMERICAN CONCERT CHOIR AND ORCHESTRA—Alfred Mann directing, with Helen Boatwright, soprano, and Charles Bressler, tenor. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Friday, Dec. 3, at 8:30.)

COLLEGIATE CHORALE—Abraham Kaplan directing an *a cappella* concert of Christmas and Folk Settings by Great Composers. (Town Hall. Friday, Dec. 3, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

QUARTETTO DI ROMA—Chamber music. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Nov. 27, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

NEW YORK PRO MUSICA—A program of Renaissance music of Spain and Colonial America. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Saturday, Nov. 27, at 8:30.)

YEHUDI MENUHIN, MAURICE GENDRON, AND HEPHZIBAH MENUHIN—Violin, cello, and piano. (Philharmonic Hall. Sunday, Nov. 28, at 3.)

TERESA BERGANZA—Mezzo-soprano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Sunday, Nov. 28, at 8:30. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

JEANNE-MARIE DARRÉ—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Nov. 28, at 8:30.)

IGOR OISTRAKH—Violin. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, Nov. 29, at 8:30.)

MASUKO USHIODA—Violin, in a benefit recital. (Town Hall. Tuesday, Nov. 30, at 8:30.)

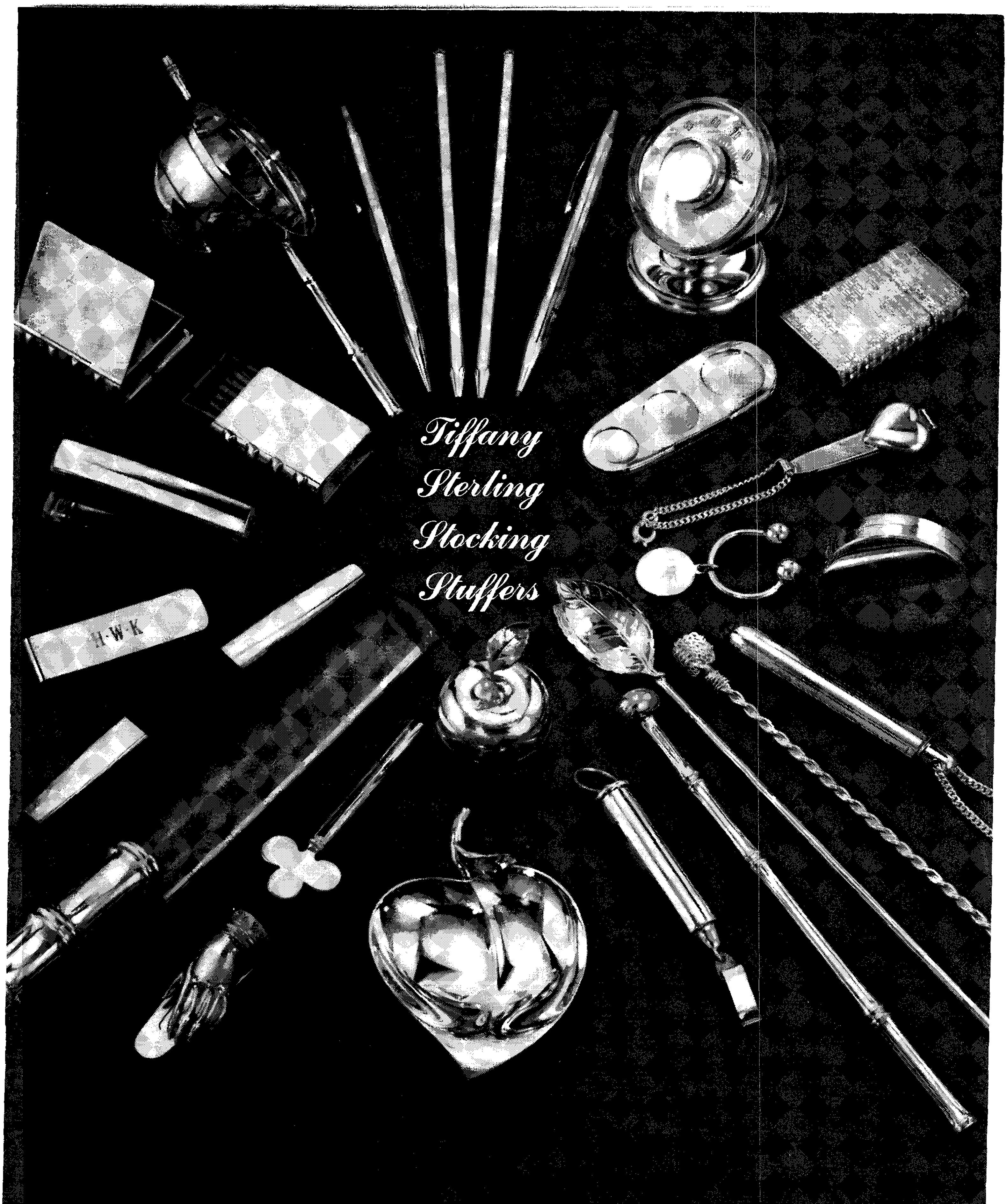
HYMAN BRESS—Violin, in a recital postponed from Nov. 9. (Philharmonic Hall. Tuesday, Nov. 30, at 8:30.)

JAN PEERCE—Tenor. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Nov. 30, at 8:30.)

JOHN SOLUM—Flute, in an all-Mozart program, with the New Art String Trio. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Tuesday, Nov. 30, at 8:30.)

NEW YORK PRO MUSICA—A program of Florentine music. (Fuentidueña Chapel, the Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park. Thursday and Friday, Dec. 2-3, at 2:45. No tickets necessary.)

CONTEMPORARY MUSIC SOCIETY—The first in a series of four programs of new music, this one performed by Helen Boatwright, soprano; Howard Boatwright, violin; and



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

George Pappastavrou, piano. (Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum Auditorium, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Thursday, Dec. 2, at 8:30. Tickets at the museum on the night of the performance.)

Van Cliburn—Piano. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Friday, Dec. 3, at 8:30.)

Kroll Quartet—With Frank Glazer, piano. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Dec. 4, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

Eileen Farrell—Soprano. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 737-3570. Saturday, Dec. 4, at 8:30.)

Mario Escudero—Flamenco guitarist. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Saturday, Dec. 4, at 8:30.)

Jacques Brel—French pop singer, with an orchestra. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Dec. 4, at 8:40.)

Manitas de Plata—Flamenco guitarist, with José Reyes, singer to the guitar, in the second in a series of three concerts. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Dec. 4, at midnight.)

Note—The Duo Rampal–Veyron-Lacroix will give a flute-and-harpsichord recital at the Frick Collection (1 E. 70th St.) on Sunday, Dec. 5, at 2:55. Free tickets, limited to one per applicant, will be issued on Monday, Nov. 29, in the order that written applications are received on that day (not before). Two separate requests may be sent in the same envelope.

MISCELLANY

Mantovani—The English conductor leading an orchestra in his own arrangements. (Philharmonic Hall. Sunday, Nov. 28, at 8:30.)

Folk-Song Concerts—At Carnegie Hall—Friday, Nov. 26, at 8:30: Tom Paxton, John Hammond, Jack Elliott, Joe Williams, and others. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 27, at 8:30: An Israeli concert, with Shoshana Damari and others.

Jazz Concerts—Louis Armstrong's All-Stars, Neil Sedaka, the Modern Jazz Quartet, Fran Warren, Connee Boswell, and others, in a *benefit concert. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday,* Dec. 2, at 8:30.) . . . ¶ Count Basie's orchestra and Joe Williams. (Philharmonic Hall. Friday, Dec. 3, at 8:45.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

Professional Basketball—At Madison Square Garden—Saturday, Nov. 27, at 8:30: Knicks vs. Cincinnati. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Nov. 30, at 6:30: Philadelphia vs. Baltimore and Knicks vs. St. Louis. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 4, at 8:30: Knicks vs. Philadelphia.

College Football—THANKSGIVING DAY: Pennsylvania vs. Cornell, at Philadelphia, at 1:30. . . . SATURDAY, NOV. 27 (both at 1:30): Army vs. Navy, at Philadelphia. . . . ¶ Holy Cross vs. Boston College, at Worcester.

Professional Football—Jets vs. Boston Patriots. (Shea Stadium. Sunday, Nov. 28, at 1:05.) . . . ¶ Giants vs. Chicago Bears. (Yankee Stadium. Sunday, Nov. 28, at 1:30.)

Hockey—At Madison Square Garden—Saturday, Nov. 27, at 2: Rangers vs. Chicago. . . . ¶ Sunday, Nov. 28, at 7, and Wednesday, Dec. 1, at 7:30: Rangers vs. Toronto.

Horse Show—Boulder Brook Club Fall Horse Show. (Scarsdale. Saturday and Sunday, Nov. 27-28.)

Racing—At Aqueduct: Weekdays at noon; through Saturday, Dec. 11. Post time will be 11 on Thanksgiving Day. The Firenze Handicap, Thanksgiving Day; the Gallant Fox Handicap, Saturday, Nov. 27; and the Remsen, Wednesday, Dec. 1.

Trotting—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: Weekdays at 8:15; through Wednesday, Dec. 15. (Special trains leave Penn Station for the track at 6:43 and, except Saturdays, at 7:06.)

FOR CHILDREN

Opera and Operettas—By the AMATO OPERA COMPANY: "Hansel and Gretel." (Amato Opera Showcase Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. CA 8-8200. Friday and Saturday, Nov. 26-27, at 2:30.) . . . ¶ "Cinderella," Saturday, Nov. 27, at 11. "Aïda," Saturday, Dec. 4, at 2:30. (Town Hall. JU 2-2424.) . . . AMERICAN SAVOYARDS: "Iolanthe," Saturday, Nov. 27. . . . ¶ "The Yeomen of the Guard," Sunday, Nov. 28. . . . ¶ "Ruddigore," Saturday, Dec. 4. (Jan Hus House, 351 E. 74th St. LE 5-6310. Afternoons at 4.)

Stage Shows—By the B. GAY PUPPETS: "The Rabbit Who Wanted Red Wings," "The Crowded House," and "The Shepherd and the Spider." (Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St. LE 4-1672. Saturday, Nov. 27, at 1:30. Children under five not admitted.) . . . EXPLORE, INC.: "Buffalo Bill." (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Saturdays at 1 and 3; Sundays at 1; and Friday, Nov. 26, at 3.) . . . GINGERBREAD PLAYERS & JACK: "Pinocchio," Saturdays and Friday, Nov. 26, at 2 and 3:30. . . . ¶ "Gingerbread Boy," Sunday, Nov. 28, at 2 and 3:30. (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. TE 8-0177.) . . . ROSE LYNCH PRODUCTIONS: "Hansel and Gretel." *(Royal Playhouse,* 219 Second Ave., at 14th St. GR 5-9647. Saturdays and Sundays at 1 and 2:30.) . . . MUSICAL THEATRE FOR CHILDREN: "Robin Hood." (Judson Hall, 165 W. 57th St. JU 2-4090. Saturdays and Sundays at 2 and 3:30.) . . . PAPER BAG PLAYERS: "My Horse Is Waiting." (Henry Street Playhouse, 466 Grand St. Saturday, Dec. 4, at 3. Tickets at the box office only, after 2 on the day of the performance. Children under five not admitted.) . . . TAUBENSLAG PRODUCTIONS: "Aladdin." (East 74th Street Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2283. Saturdays, Sundays, and Friday, Nov. 26, at 1:30 and 3.) . . . ¶ "Puss in Boots." (Maidman Theatre, 416 W. 42nd St. 524-2465. Saturdays and Sundays at 1:30 and 3.) . . . TRAVELING PLAYHOUSE: "The Indian Captive." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Dec. 4, at 2:30.)

Junior Museum, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—"Archeology: Exploring the Past," an exhibition of art and artifacts from Egypt, the ancient Near East, and pre-Columbian America. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Thanksgiving Day, 1 to 5.) . . . ¶ *Paintings by children of Hawaii; through* Sunday, Nov. 28. (Daily, except Saturday, 1 to 5.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-8828)—The new show is called "Christmas and the Star." (Mondays at 2 and 3:30; Tuesdays through Fridays, except Nov. 26, at 2, 3:30, and 8:30; Saturdays at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30; Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30; Thanksgiving Day at 1, 2:30, and 4; and Friday, Nov. 26, at 11, 12, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Children under five not admitted.)

Note—Ice skaters of fourteen and under have free and exclusive use of the Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, every Saturday and on Thanksgiving Day and Friday, Nov. 26, from 10 to 12.

OTHER EVENTS

United Nations—Visitors are admitted to the plenary and/or committee sessions of the General Assembly, as well as to periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various other commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

Poetry Readings—Paul Blackburn, Galway Kinnell, and John Logan reading from their own works. (Poetry Center, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Monday, Nov. 29, at 8:30.)

Auctions—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.—Saturday, Nov. 27, at 1:45: French furniture, bibelots, and Oriental rugs; from the estate of Ernest L. Malapert and from other sources. (Exhibition hours: Friday, Nov. 26, from 10 to 5.)

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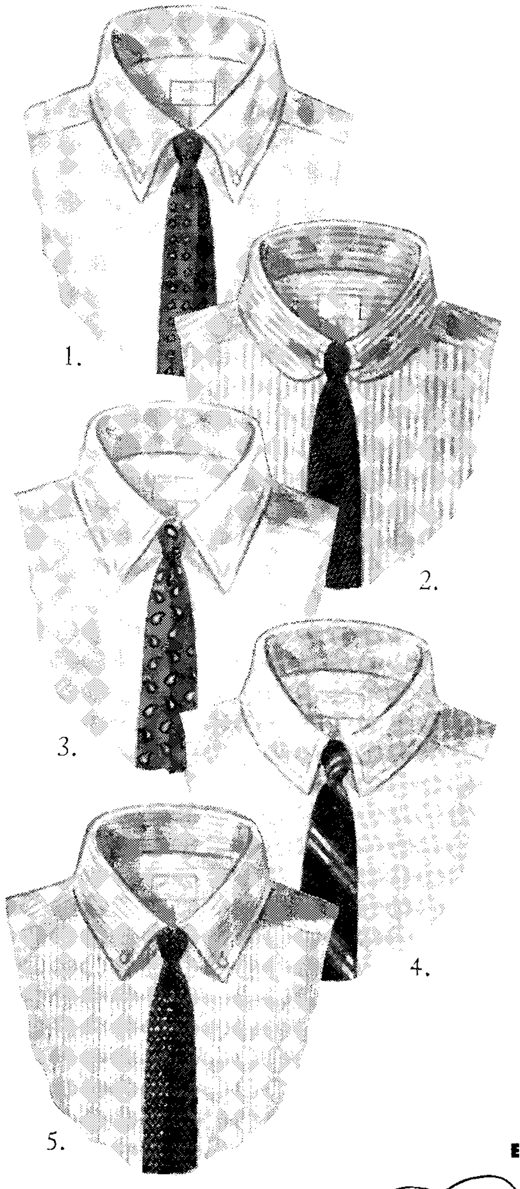

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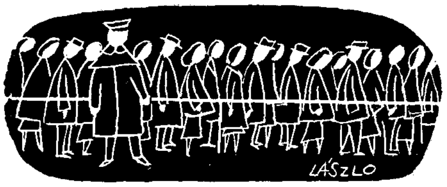
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES



FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED ON THIS PAGE

Casanova '70—An Italian comedy in which little else matters except that Marcello Mastroianni plays the title role and that all his victims are beautiful. Directed by Mario Monicelli. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302. . . . ¶ Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, WA 4-3363; through Nov. 30. . . . ¶ 34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, MU 3-0255; starting Dec. 1.)

Cat Ballou—This Western, which makes sport of Westerns, is much droller than you might expect. With Lee Marvin, Jane Fonda, and some other personable players, all of them in good form. (Victoria, B'way at 46th, JU 6-0540; and Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; starting Dec. 1.)

Darling—The English director John Schlesinger leads an expert cast—Julie Christie, Dirk Bogarde, Laurence Harvey, and others—through a crisp, brilliantly photographed morality tale about a pretty girl on the make. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; and Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th, JU 2-2333.)

The Fascist—Ugo Tognazzi, as a dedicated Army sergeant, and Georges Wilson, as a liberal old professor, make an entertaining pair of adversaries in this quiet but hardly cozy Italian satire set in the country outside of Rome in 1944. (Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200; starting Dec. 1.)

The Greatest Story Ever Told—A Cinerama version of Christ's life, which has already been told well enough in the words of the New Testament. (Warner Cinerama, B'way at 47th, CO 5-5711. Weekdays at 8 and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées daily at 2. Reserved seats only.)

The Ipcress File—One good spy deserves another and gets him in this splendid English thriller. Michael Caine is the much put upon but triumphant hero. (Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1664.)

Juliet of the Spirits—A touching tale of a wife not so much scorned as ignored. Enchantingly photographed and filled with the characteristic lyrical insight of its director, Federico Fellini. Giulietta Masina plays the title role. (New Embassy, B'way at 46th, PL 7-2408; R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, EL 5-3577; and R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd, AL 5-7050.)

The Knack—This comedy of sex in London seems at first somewhat smothered by technical pranks, but the minute that Rita Tushingham sets foot in it, it becomes a delight. Michael Crawford, Donal Donnelly, and Ray Brooks are more than satisfactory as three carefree bachelors. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320.)

The Leather Boys—Rita Tushingham, Colin Campbell, and Dudley Sutton in a brilliant study of contemporary lower-middle-class English life. Merrier than it sounds, thanks to the direction of Sidney J. Furie. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; and Festival, 6 W. 57th, LT 1-2323.)

The Loved One—A saturation bomb that turns out to be just a bomb. Among its victims are John Gielgud, Robert Morley, Robert Morse, and Rod Steiger. (Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-6022.)

My Fair Lady—A fresh and pleasing adaptation of the musical, with Rex Harrison and Audrey Hepburn charmingly enacting those famous unlove scenes. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and also Thursday through Saturday, Nov. 25-28, at 2:30. Extra performance Friday, Nov. 26, at 10 A.M. Reserved seats only.)

The Eleanor Roosevelt Story—A full and affecting account of a heroic life. Narration written by Archibald MacLeish. (Cinema Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448.)

Ship of Fools—Simone Signoret, Oskar Werner, Vivien Leigh, José Ferrer, Michael Dunn, George Segal, Elizabeth Ashley, and Lee Marvin—a fantastic cast in a romantic melodrama, well directed by Stanley Kramer. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; through Nov. 30.)

Il Successo—An Italian comedy about a businessman who makes a big killing and loses his soul, just as the Good Book warns. With Vittorio Gassman, Anouk Aimée, and Jean-Louis Trintignant. (Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200; starting Dec. 1.)

Those Magnificent Men in Their Flying Machines—A loosely historical, very funny account of an air race across the English Channel in 1910. Among the contestants are James Fox, Terry-Thomas, Alberto Sordi, and Gert Frobe. (DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th, CO 5-8431. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and also Thursday through Sunday, Nov. 25-28, at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

To Die in Madrid—A blunt, heartbreaking, and sometimes beautiful documentary about the Spanish Civil War. (Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th, PL 7-2131.)

Zorba the Greek—Anthony Quinn plays a roaring, passionate old man, and Alan Bates plays a soft-spoken, unfeeling young one, in a melodrama set in a small and forbidding village in Crete. Michael Cacoyannis was the director and Walter Lassally the photographer. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; starting Dec. 1, tentative.)

REVIVALS

An American in Paris (1951)—Gershwin's tunes and plenty of dancing. With Gene Kelly and Leslie Caron. (Garrick, 152 Bleecker St., OR 7-0700; Nov. 28-30.)

L'Avventura (1961)—An Italian film that records a joyless affair between a young man and woman searching for a girl who has disappeared from a volcanic island. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; Nov. 29.)

Banana Peel (1965)—A French melodrama, with Jeanne Moreau, Jean-Paul Belmondo, and Gert Frobe. (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, WA 4-3363; through Nov. 30.)

The Bank Dick—W. C. Fields as a bank dick. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; Nov. 26-28.)

Breathless (1961)—Jean-Luc Godard wrote and directed this pioneer New Wave French film, in which Jean-Paul Belmondo and Jean Seberg play a hoodlum and his American girl friend. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Nov. 26-29.)

David Copperfield (1935)—The Dickens story, with W. C. Fields as Micawber, Roland Young as Uriah Heep, and Edna May Oliver as Aunt Betsey Trotwood. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; through Nov. 28.)

Dr. Strangelove or: How I Learned to Stop Worrying and Love the Bomb (1964)—A comedy about atomic war. Peter Sellers, George C. Scott, and Sterling Hayden. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; Nov. 25. . . . ¶ Garrick, 152 Bleecker St., OR 7-0700; starting Dec. 1.)

8½ (1963)—An autobiographical movie by Federico Fellini. With Marcello Mastroianni, Anouk Aimée, and Sandra Milo. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Nov. 26-29.)

The Four Days of Naples (1963)—A re-creation of a gallant episode of the Second World War. The director is Nanni Loy. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; starting Dec. 1.)

Girl with Green Eyes (1964)—The hardships of young love on the Old Sod, starring Rita Tushingham and Dublin's fair city. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting Nov. 30.)

The Lavender Hill Mob (1951)—Alec Guinness and Stanley Holloway making off with the assets of the Bank of England. An English picture. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Nov. 25.)

Long Day's Journey Into Night (1962)—A film version of the great O'Neill play. The stars are Ralph Richardson, Katharine Hepburn, Jason Robards, Jr., and Dean Stockwell. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; starting Nov. 29.)

The Love Goddesses (1965)—A documentary displaying some sixty years of movie heroines. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; starting Dec. 1.)

The Man in the White Suit (1952)—Alec Guinness as the inventor of a fabulous fabric. An English film, with Cecil Parker and Joan Greenwood. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Nov. 25.)

My Little Chickadee (1940)—More W. C. Fields, this time with Mae West, gambolling around in a most unusual Western. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; Nov. 26-28.)

A Night at the Opera (1935)—The Marx Brothers cutting up in the musical world. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Nov. 25. . . . ¶ New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; through Nov. 28.)

Open City (1946)—The Roman underground in operation during the Second World War. In Italian. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Nov. 25.)

Point of Order! (1964)—A documentary on the Army-McCarthy hearings. (Garrick, 152 Bleecker St., OR 7-0700; starting Dec. 1.)

Richard III (1956)—Shakespeare's chronicle of the last of the Plantagenets. An English film, with Laurence Olivier, Ralph Richardson, John Gielgud, and Claire Bloom. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; Nov. 25.)

Some Like It Hot (1959)—Slapstick in the Mack Sennett manner, with Jack Lemmon, Tony Curtis, and Marilyn Monroe. (Garrick, 152 Bleecker St., OR 7-0700; through Nov. 27.)

The Sound of Trumpets (1963)—An Italian comedy about a young man getting a job and hoping to get a girl. Directed by Ermanno Olmi. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Nov. 26-29.)

A Taste of Honey (1962)—Shelagh Delaney's play about the coming of age of a girl in an English slum. Directed by Tony Richardson, and with Rita Tushingham, Dora Bryan, and Robert Stephens. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Nov. 26-29.)

36 Hours (1965)—A desperate moment in the Second World War. With James Garner, Eva Marie Saint, and Rod Taylor. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through Nov. 30.)

Trial of Joan of Arc (1965)—Robert Bresson's hour-long précis of the trial, based on the historic records. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; starting Nov. 30.)

The Umbrellas of Cherbourg (1964)—A fantasy in song about the joys and sorrows of young love. Written and directed by Jacques Demy. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; and Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through Nov. 30.)

Film Libraries—At the **Museum of Modern Art**, 11 W. 53rd—Three programs in a series called "The Films of Josef von Sternberg." Nov. 25: "Thunderbolt" (1929), with George Bancroft and Richard Arlen. . . . ¶ Nov. 26-27: "The Blue Angel" (1930), a German film with Marlene Dietrich and Emil Jannings; no English titles. . . . ¶ Nov. 28-Dec. 1: "Morocco" (1930), with Marlene Dietrich and Gary Cooper. (Showings Sundays through Fridays at 2 and—except Thanksgiving Day—at 5:30, and Saturdays at 11:30, 3, and 5:30.) . . . **Gallery of Modern Art**, 2 Columbus Circle—Nov. 25 at 2:30, Nov. 26-27 at 5:30, and Nov. 28 at 2:30: A program of excerpts from Busby Berkeley musical films. . . . ¶ Nov. 26-27, showings at 2:30: "42nd Street" (1933), with Bebe Daniels and Ruby Keeler. . . . ¶ Starting Nov. 30, showings at 2:30 and 5:30: "Stars Over Broadway" (1935), with Pat O'Brien and James Melton. . . . **Note:** At both Museums, a limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon.

THE MOVIE HOUSES

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FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

THE BROADWAY AREA

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"Return from the Ashes," Maximilian Schell, Samantha Eggar.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"The Cincinnati Kid," Steve McQueen, Edward G. Robinson.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
MY FAIR LADY.

DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
THOSE MAGNIFICENT MEN IN THEIR FLYING MACHINES.

Forum, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
"Ecco," a documentary film.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
"Never Too Late," Paul Ford, Connie Stevens.

New Embassy, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
JULIET OF THE SPIRITS (in Italian).

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"The Sound of Music," Julie Andrews, Christopher Plummer. (Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and also Thursday through Sunday, Nov 25-28, at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
"The Agony and the Ecstasy," Charlton Heston, Rex Harrison. (Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and also Thursday through Sunday, Nov. 25-28, at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
Through Nov. 30: "King Rat," George Segal, Tom Courtenay.
From Dec. 1: **CAT BALLOU**; and "The Collector," Terence Stamp, Samantha Eggar.

Warner Cinerama, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
THE GREATEST STORY EVER TOLD.

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
DARLING.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (WA 4-3363)
Through Nov. 30: **CASANOVA '70** (in Italian); and **BANANA PEEL** (in French), revival.
From Dec. 1: To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Nov. 30: "Rotten to the Core," Anton Rodgers.
From Dec. 1: "The Sandpiper," Elizabeth Taylor, Richard Burton.

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
Through Nov. 30: "The Bedford Incident," Richard Widmark, Sidney Poitier; and "I'll Take Sweden," Bob Hope, Tuesday Weld.
From Dec. 1 (tentative): "The Nanny," Bette Davis; and "The Reward," Max von Sydow, Yvette Mimieux.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
"The War Lord," Charlton Heston, Richard Boone.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (MU 3-0255)
Through Nov. 30: "The Sandpiper," Elizabeth Taylor, Richard Burton.
From Dec. 1: **CASANOVA '70** (in Italian); and "Agent 8¾," Dirk Bogarde.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"The Hill," Sean Connery.

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"Return from the Ashes," Maximilian Schell, Samantha Eggar.

R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
JULIET OF THE SPIRITS (in Italian).

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
"Kwaidan" (in Japanese).

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
THE KNACK.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
"Repulsion," Catherine Deneuve, Ian Hendry.

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1664)
THE IPCRESS FILE.

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
THE LOVED ONE.

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Friend of the Family" (in French), Jean Marais, Danielle Darrieux.

York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th. (TR 9-2717)
Nov. 25: **DR. STRANGELOVE OR: HOW I LEARNED TO STOP WORRYING AND LOVE THE BOMB**, revival; and **RICHARD III**, revival.
Nov. 26-28: **THE BANK DICK**, revival; and **MY LITTLE CHICKADEE**, revival.
Nov. 29: **L'AVVENTURA** (in Italian), revival; and "Contempt" (in French), revival, Brigitte Bardot, Jack Palance.
From Nov. 30: "The Freaks," revival, Olga Baclanova; and "My Uncle" (in French), revival, Jacques Tati.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"Laurel and Hardy's Laughing 20's."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
CASANOVA '70 (in Italian).

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
"The Cincinnati Kid," Steve McQueen, Edward G. Robinson.

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Nov. 30: **36 HOURS**, revival; and "The Sandpiper," Elizabeth Taylor, Richard Burton.
From Dec. 1 (tentative): **ZORBA THE GREEK.**

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
THE LEATHER BOYS.

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through Nov. 30: "Sands of the Kalahari," Stanley Baker, Stuart Whitman; and "Requiem for a Gunfighter," Rod Cameron, Stephen McNally.
From Dec. 1: "Carry On Cleo," Sidney James; and "Fanny Hill," Leticia Roman.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through Nov. 30: "King Rat," George Segal, Tom Courtenay.
From Dec. 1: **CAT BALLOU**; and "The Collector," Terence Stamp, Samantha Eggar.

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (OR 4-3210)
Nov. 25: **A NIGHT AT THE OPERA**, revival; **THE LAVENDER HILL MOB**, revival; and **THE MAN IN THE WHITE SUIT**, revival.
Nov. 26-29: **8½** (in Italian), revival; and **BREATHLESS** (in French), revival.
From Nov. 30: **TRIAL OF JOAN OF ARC** (in French), revival; "Ordet" (in Danish), revival; and "My Life to Live" (in French), revival, Anna Karina.

Garrick, 152 Bleecker St. (OR 7-0700)
Through Nov. 27: **SOME LIKE IT HOT**, revival; and "Stalag 17," revival, William Holden, Don Taylor.
Nov. 28-30: **AN AMERICAN IN PARIS**, revival; and "King Solomon's Mines," revival, Deborah Kerr, Stewart Granger.
From Dec. 1: **DR. STRANGELOVE OR: HOW I LEARNED TO STOP WORRYING AND LOVE THE BOMB**, revival; and **POINT OF ORDER!**, revival.

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through Nov. 30: **SHIP OF FOOLS.**
From Dec. 1: **THE LOVE GODDESSES**, revival; and "The Sandpiper," Elizabeth Taylor, Richard Burton.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
"The Railroad Man" (in Italian), Pietro Germi.

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
"Salt of the Earth," revival, Will Geer.

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through Nov. 30: "Sands of the Kalahari," Stanley Baker, Stuart Whitman; and "Requiem for a Gunfighter," Rod Cameron, Stephen McNally.
From Dec. 1: "The Nanny," Bette Davis; and "Return of Mr. Moto," Henry Silva.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through Nov. 30: **THE UMBRELLAS OF CHERBOURG** (in French), revival; and "Oscar Wilde," revival, Robert Morley, Ralph Richardson.
From Dec. 1: **THE FOUR DAYS OF NAPLES** (in Italian), revival; and "Family Diary" (in Italian), revival, Marcello Mastroianni.

R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (AL 5-7050)
JULIET OF THE SPIRITS (in Italian).

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"Johnny Nobody," Nigel Patrick, Aldo Ray.

55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
"The Grand Substitution" (with Mandarin dialogue).

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (LT 1-2323)
THE LEATHER BOYS.

Cinema Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
THE ELEANOR ROOSEVELT STORY.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-5123)
"Sallah" (in Hebrew).

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
TO DIE IN MADRID.

Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
DARLING.

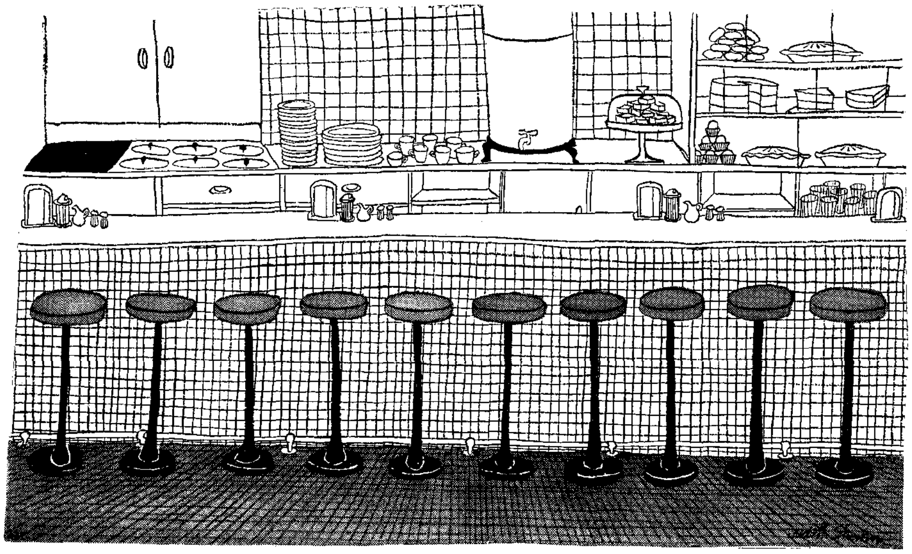
Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-2013)
"Swedish Wedding Night" (in Swedish), Jarl Kulle.

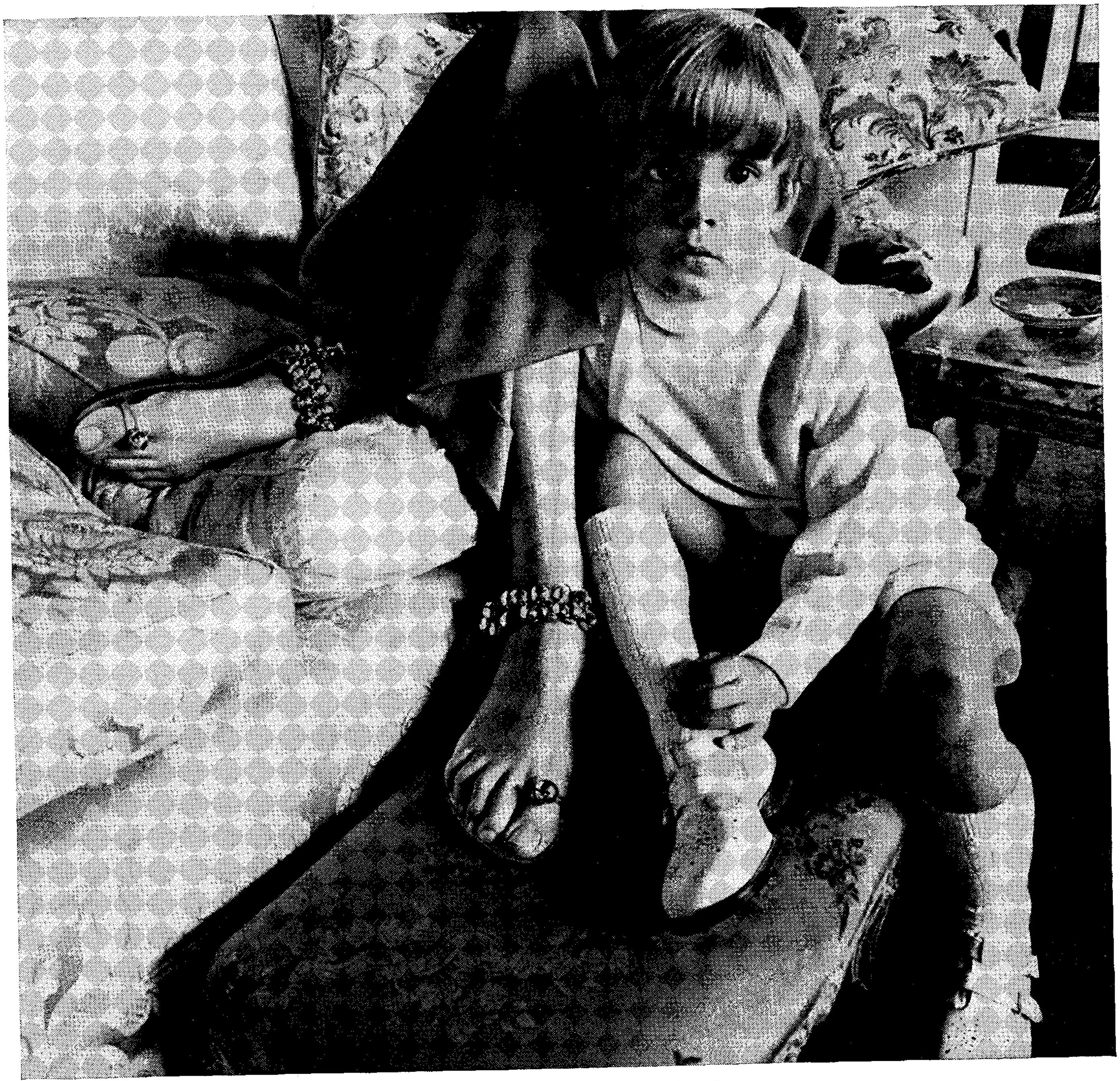
New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through Nov. 28: **DAVID COPPERFIELD**, revival; and **A NIGHT AT THE OPERA**, revival.
From Nov. 29: **LONG DAY'S JOURNEY INTO NIGHT**, revival.

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Nov. 30: **THE UMBRELLAS OF CHERBOURG** (in French), revival; and "Oscar Wilde," revival, Robert Morley, Ralph Richardson.
From Dec. 1: To be announced.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Nov. 25: **OPEN CITY** (in Italian), revival; and "Rashomon" (in Japanese), revival, Toshiro Mifune.
Nov. 26-29: **THE SOUND OF TRUMPETS** (in Italian), revival; and **A TASTE OF HONEY**, revival.
From Nov. 30: **GIRL WITH GREEN EYES**, revival; and "The Visit," revival, Ingrid Bergman, Anthony Quinn.

Midtown, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
Through Nov. 30: "Rotten to the Core," Anton Rodgers.
From Dec. 1: **IL SUCCESSO** and **THE FASCIST** (both in Italian).





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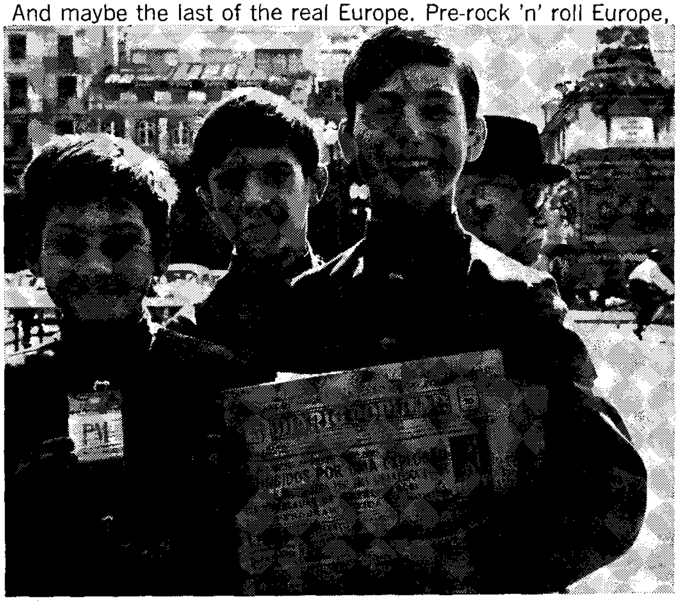

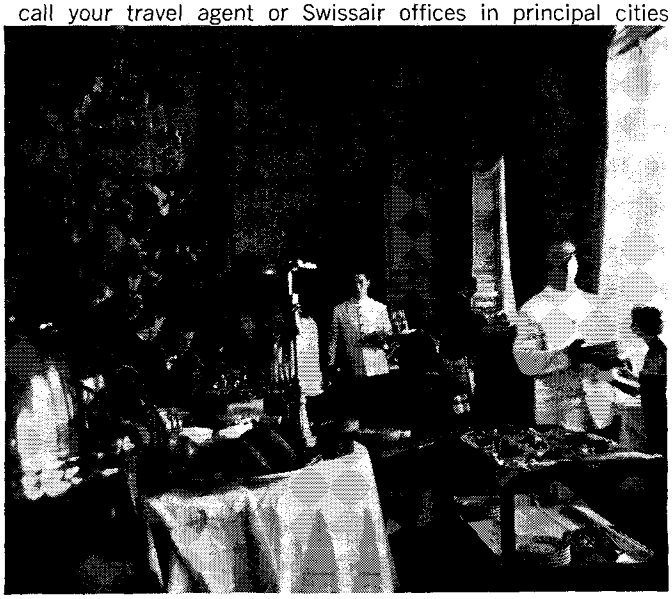

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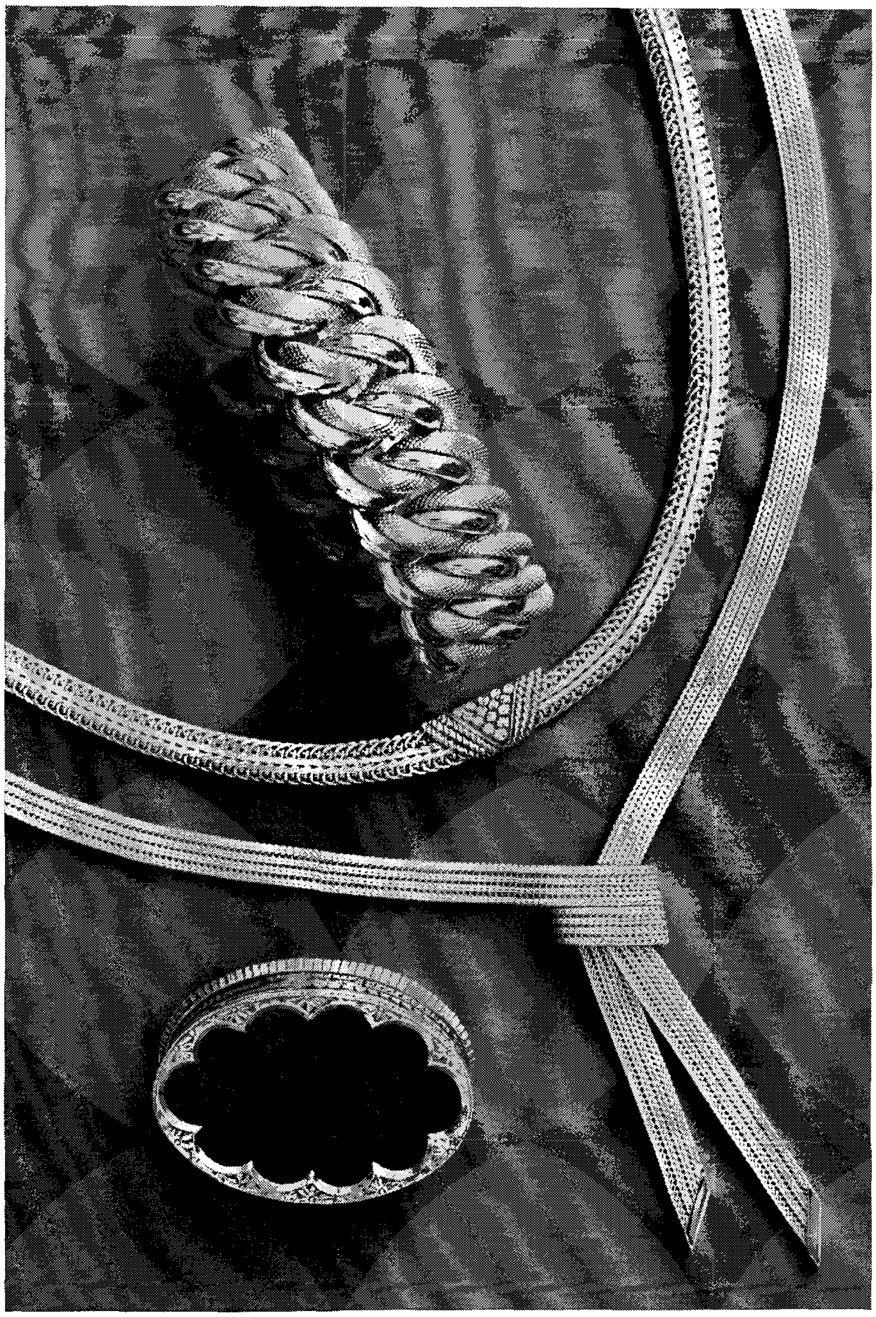
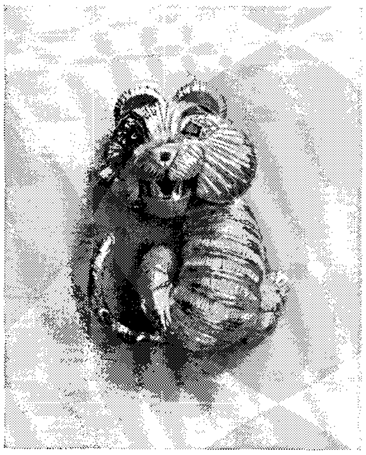
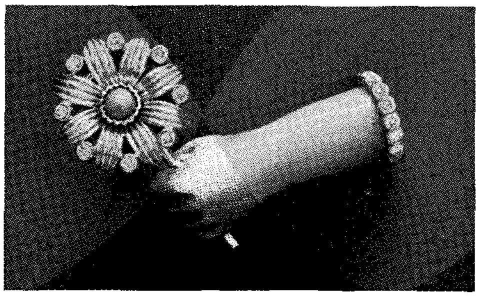


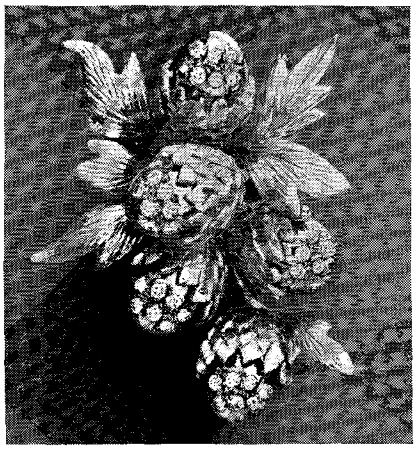




MANY THINGS WONDERFUL

A marvelous mélange of gifts from the Boutique: Cable link bracelet, 18kt, $195. Flexible 18kt necklace with pavé diamonds, $415. 14kt mesh necklace, $185. 18kt enamel pill box, $365. Ruby leaf brooch, 18kt, $200. Tiger brooch, emerald and diamond eyes, 18kt, $445. Coral hand with diamonds and turquoise in an 18kt brooch, $635. Diamond and ruby brooch, $950, matching earrings, $775; both 18kt gold. 18kt diamond brooch, $725.

Cartier



FIFTH AVENUE AND FIFTY-SECOND STREET, NEW YORK • PLAZA 3-0111/CARTIER, INC., PALM BEACH/CARTIER, S.A., PARIS/CARTIER, LTD., LONDON

JAMAICA

© JAMAICA TOURIST BOARD

RATTRAY...
The Magnificent Tailor

When a gentleman from Hong Kong stopped in Jamaica to get some suits made, we suddenly realized we had something special going for us.

We've had fine tailoring in Jamaica since our piratical past. Think of those gentlemen buccaneers, all braided and buttoned, lace-edged and feather-trimmed, in brass-bound velvet frock coats. We'll guarantee they didn't make their own clothes.

Those tailors who lived to have descendants (and only the good ones did) founded a tradition of excellence. And of prices pegged low enough to please the most hot-tempered customers in history.

Example: at Mr. Rattray's shop in Montego, you can have a jacket of imported India Madras made to your measure for $23.50, including fabric. Delivery time: two days.

We're not cheating, by the way. Mr. Rattray is not the cheapest tailor in town. We only picked him to tell you about because we liked the look of his shop. If you ask around, you may find even lower prices.

While you're looking, you can also find other bargains in made-to-measure handwork. Sandals, for instance, are an island specialty. You have your foot traced in fine leather and two hours later come back to pick up a finished pair, hand-stitched and polished, for only $2.30.

Now these are North Shore prices, from the smart resort areas. Inland, where life is a little less sophisticated, you can do even better.

Up in Catadupa, the halfway stop on the wonderful Governor's Coach train ride, the village shops sell smashing, splashy prints for $1 a yard. While the train waits, a lady can be measured for a shift. A few hours later, it's delivered on board, beautifully finished and neatly packaged. For some reason, women love doing this; they get all enthusiastic about the shifts (and the average $6.50 price).

If $1 fabrics don't interest you and you'd like to see something a little more expensive, try Dorothy MacNab's shop in Montego Bay. Her glowing, moody and intricate hand-blocked stuffs start at $22.50 a yard.

What would the pirates have said to that?

For more prices and other facts, see a travel agent or Jamaica Tourist Board, in New York, Miami, Los Angeles, Chicago or San Francisco.

®REG. TM DU PONT
SLIPPERS: BATTAGLIA

A FABRIC YOU CAN LEAN ON THAT'S KLOPMAN!

Embassy made this shaving coat out of a Klopman fabric because they're big worriers. They worry about how their things will look and last after they get out of the store and on you. With a Klopman-made fabric they feel sure. Sure that the rich, fresh look won't wash out after it's been through your automatic. Sure that the soft comfortable feel won't turn harsher and harsher. Sure that today's manly color will be here for tomorrows to come. You see, the thing that makes Klopman fabrics great is that we're worriers, too.

Shaving coat of Klopman's 80% Dacron® polyester/20% combed cotton. In assorted iridescent colors. Shaving coat, about $14; matching pajamas, about $15. Sizes A, B, C, D (for both). At fine stores everywhere.

Fabric by Klopman Mills, Inc.,
Menswear Division,
115 West 40th Street, N.Y., N.Y. 10018.
A division of Burlington Industries, Inc.

A Hertz blunder

–and thunder!

(Somebody else makes a goof and all you hear is an "oof.")

Jerry Giraitis

And it's fine by us.

If it was the other way around—then we'd worry.

Jerry Giraitis, Vice President of Schenley Distillers Company, recently complained to us about a sticky door handle. First time he had a complaint in ten years of renting from us. Later he laughed—and said he was a little bugged that day. Then he said—if it had been another rent-a-car company, he probably wouldn't have mentioned it.

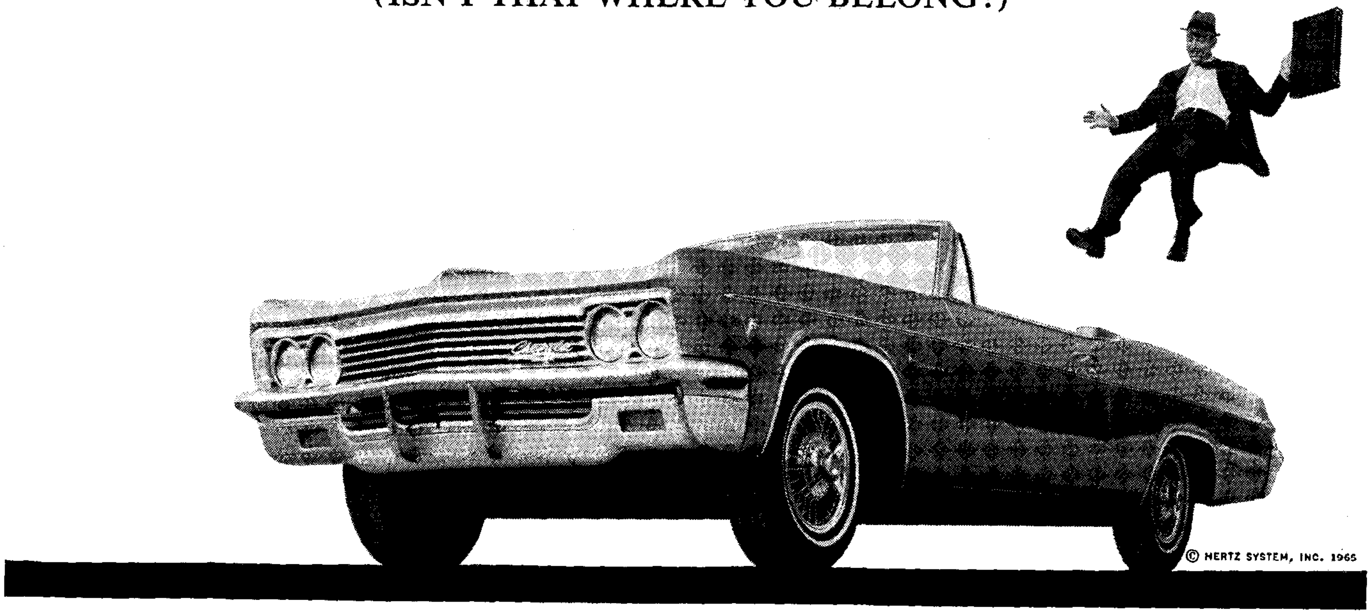
People expect us—and our Chevrolets or other fine cars—to be perfect. And we try to be. It's a burden—but we like it. That's the price of—what? Success? Or to use somebody else's phrase—the penalty of leadership?

Enough of that grandiose talk. Let's just say we try to give a busy, successful man a car so good he can forget about it—which means we can't forget anything.

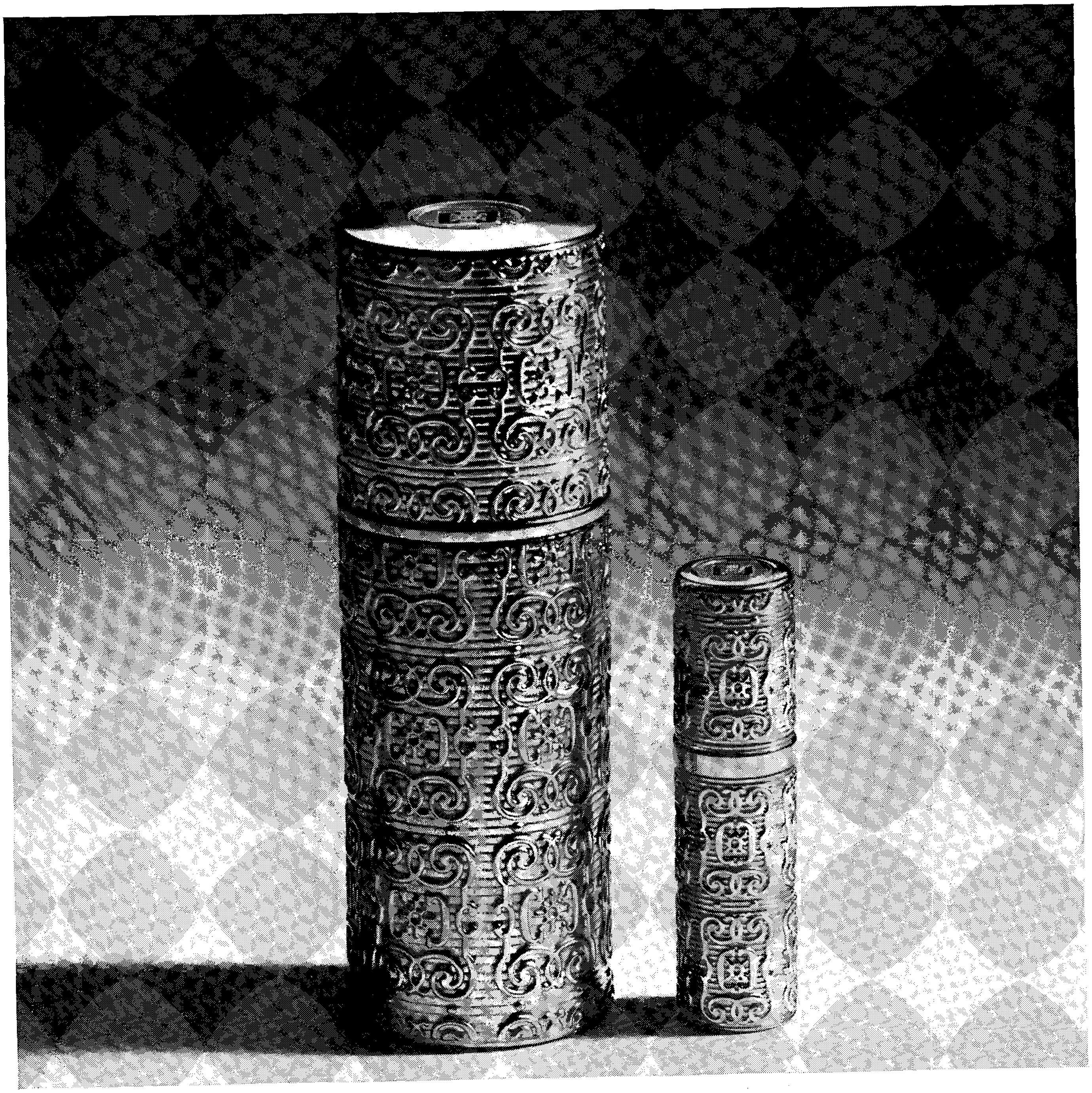
Jerry Giraitis

Let Hertz put you in the driver's seat

(ISN'T THAT WHERE YOU BELONG?)



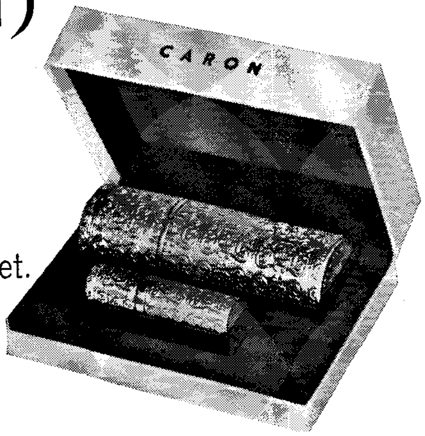
© HERTZ SYSTEM, INC. 1965

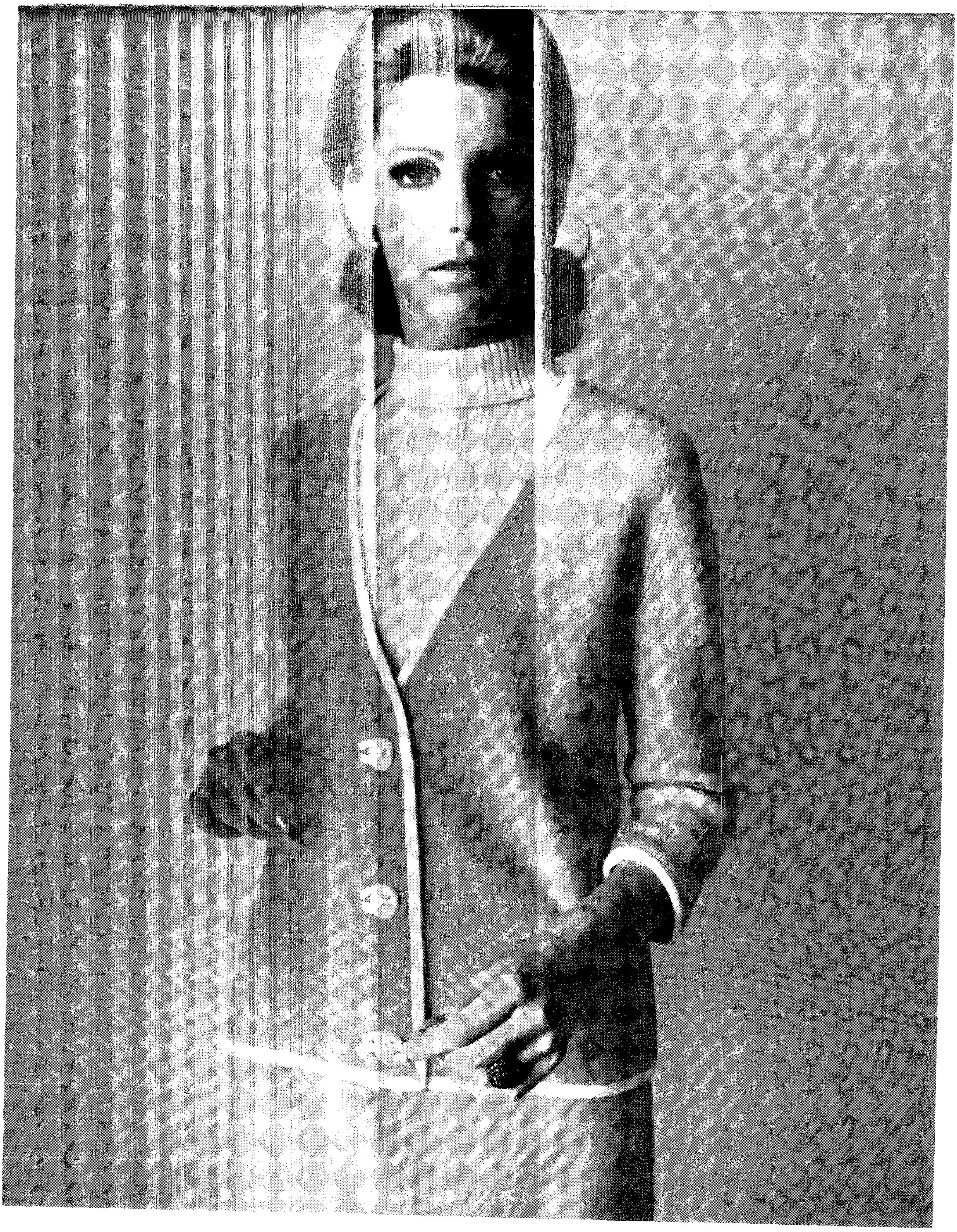


A couple meant for each other
(...and for you)

In a golden tone or silverplate.
Spray Eau de Toilette and Derringer Perfume.
Bellodgia, Fleurs de Rocaille, Nuit de Noel.
Golden tone $12.50 the set; Silverplate $13.00 the set.

CARON
PARIS





Hadley is simple on purpose. Women are wonderful enough.

A luxurious ensemble. Pure camel hair jacket sweater worn over ribbed cream color cashmere shell with slim flannel skirt. Bergdorf-Goodman, New York; I. Magnin, West Coast; B. Forman & Co., Rochester; McNeil and Moore, Wisconsin. The Hadley Corporation, 1407 B'way, N. Y. 10018.

Towle's
favorite Silver Flutes
sterling pattern

is now available in handsome
silver-plated service pieces

Silver Flutes®
4-piece
place setting
in sterling
$32.00

9" bowl, $13.75

4½" bowl, $6.75

6" bowl, $9.00

A perfect gift. A proud possession.

©TOWLE 1965 Newburyport, Mass.

Towle silver-plated service pieces are also available in other fine patterns.

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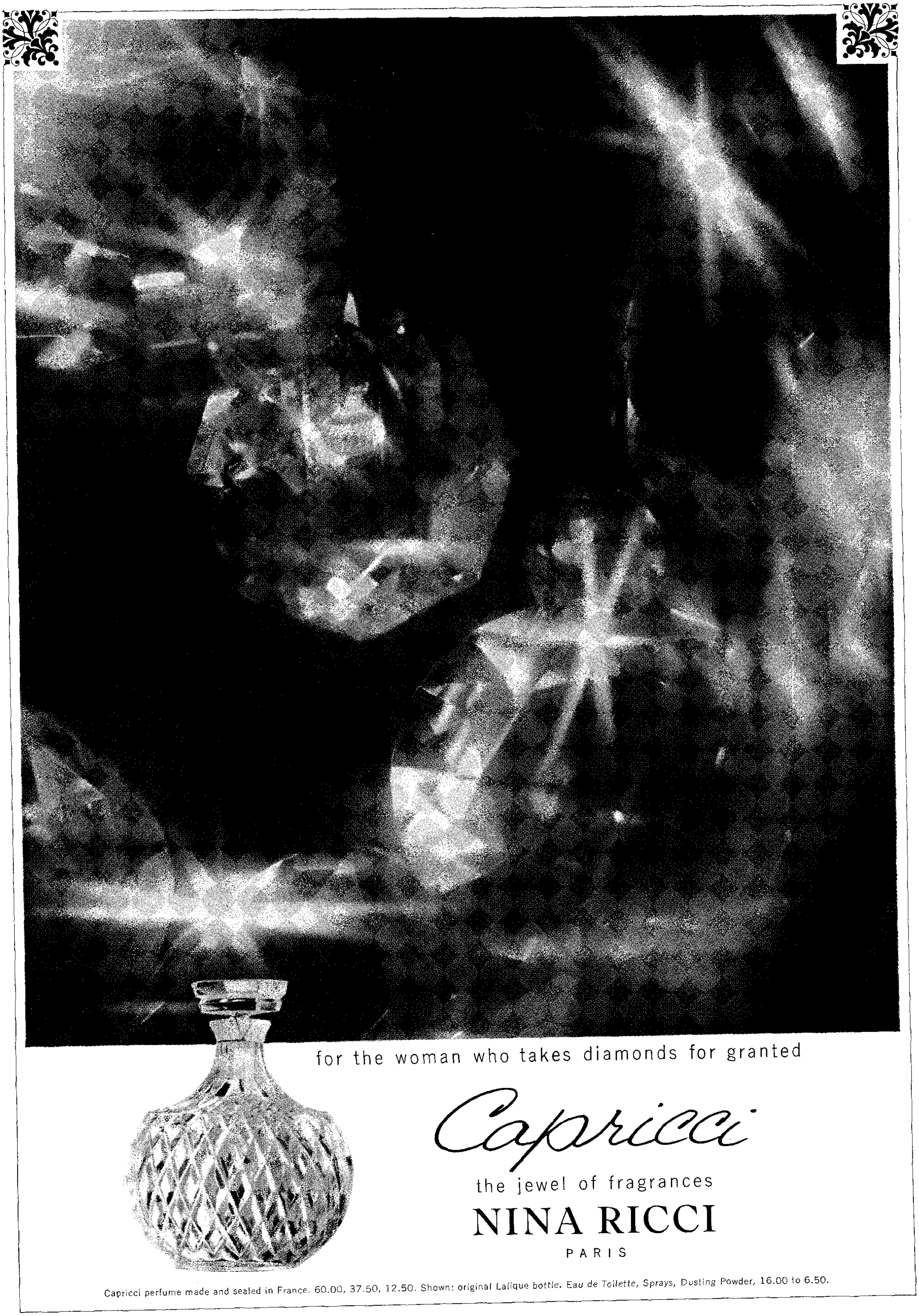
6 Pure White Sidewalk Cafe Demitasse Cups and Saucers
$4.98 (as shown above). Sent Postpaid anywhere in U.S.A. Offer includes 2 oz. jar of Medaglia d'Oro Instant Coffee. Send check or money order (no stamps please) to Medaglia d'Oro Coffee. 35 Grand Avenue, Palisades Park, N.J. Supply limited.

The other one is Savarin.



for the woman who takes diamonds for granted

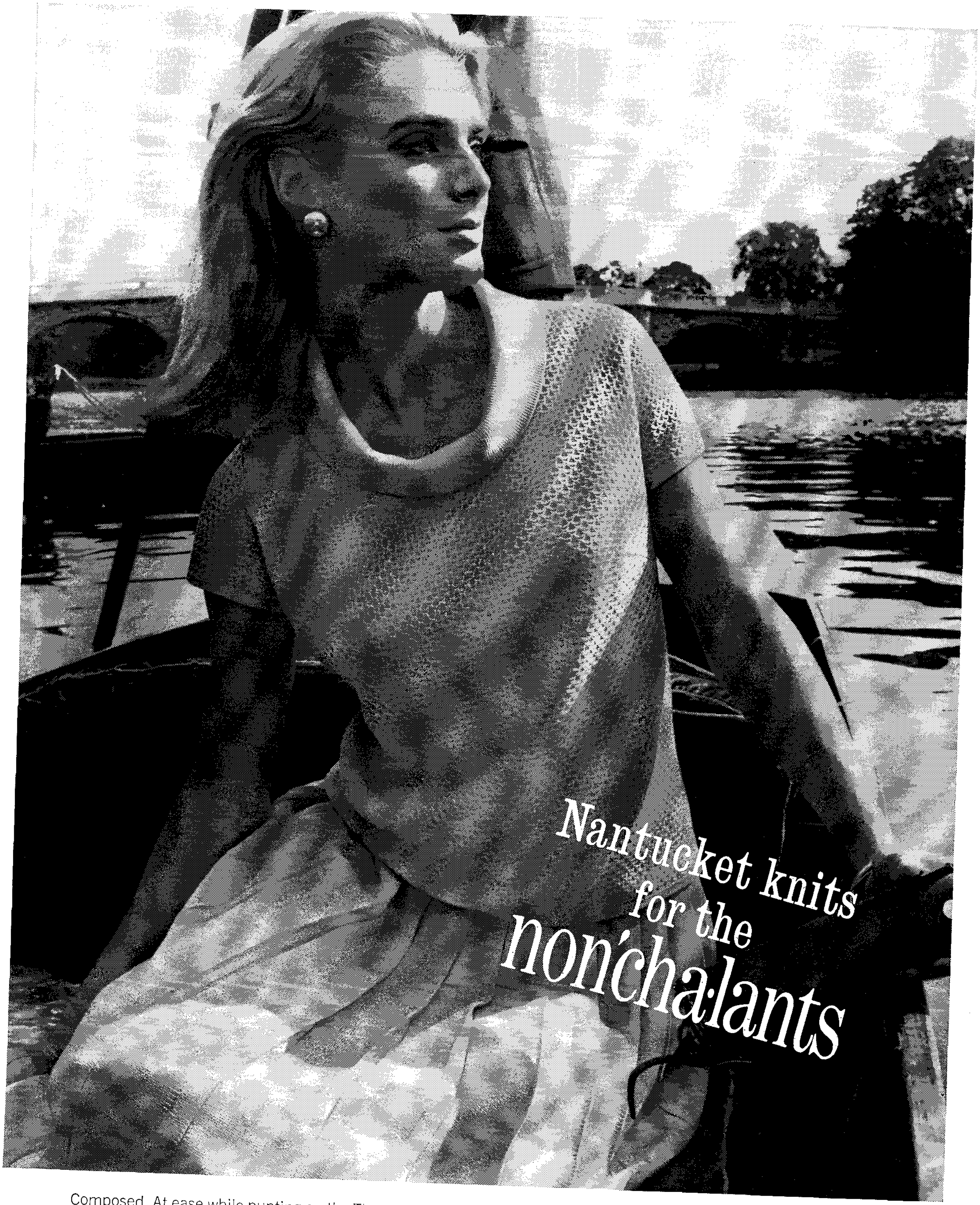
Capricci

the jewel of fragrances

NINA RICCI

PARIS

Capricci perfume made and sealed in France. 60.00, 37.50, 12.50. Shown: original Lalique bottle. Eau de Toilette, Sprays, Dusting Powder, 16.00 to 6.50.



Composed. At ease while punting on the Thames. This is the way of the Nonchalants. Nantucket Knitters takes their decorous texture, their care-freedom. Gives you a skirt and slipover inimitably mannered. Tycora yarn of continuous filament Creslan acrylic makes them disdain wrinkles and crush, stay serene of shape. Sand, beige, guava, azure blue, black. 8-16, about $60.

BONWIT TELLER, N. Y.; CHARLES A. STEVENS, Chicago; JULIUS GARFINCKEL, Wash., D.C.; JOSEPH HORNE, Pittsburgh; BAMBERGER'S, N. J.; HUTZLER BROS., Baltimore

PHOTOGRAPHED ON THE THAMES, LONDON.

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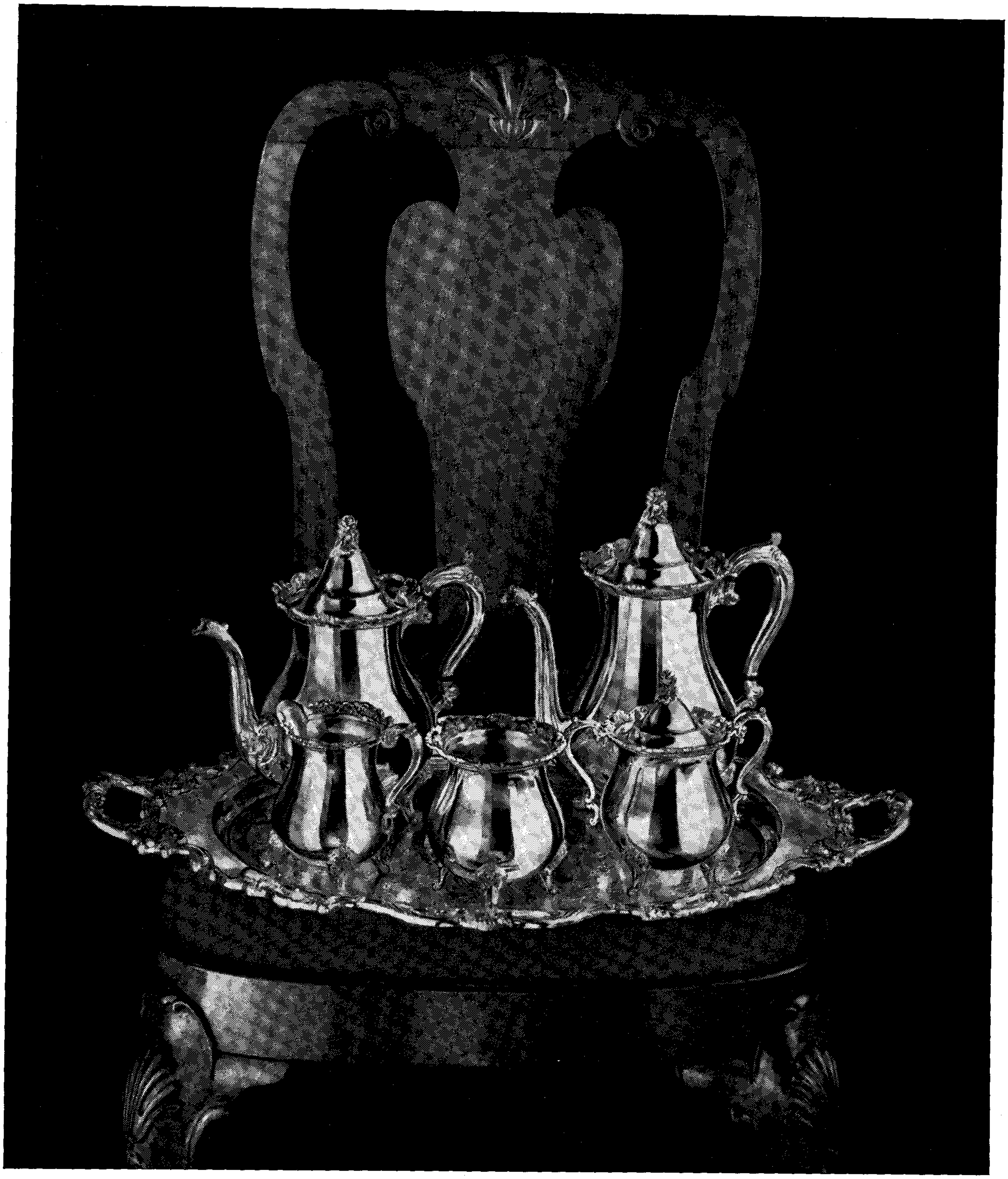
T.M. TEXTURED YARN CO., INC.

T.M. OF CYANAMID FOR ACRYLIC FIBER



Collector's items: Royal Rose Tea Service by Wallace

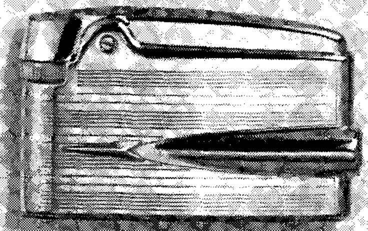
There's a fascinating new hobby afoot: collecting silver pieces in all the different Wallace patterns. To get the non-conformist effect, one hostess mixes this opulent Royal Rose Tea Service with a Paul Revere bowl, or a Grande Baroque bonbon dish. But choose your own favorites. Variety *is* the spice of life. Who can deny it? P.S. Or start your collection with one of our other services, some as low as $82.50 at finer stores. Five-piece service, tea service and waiter in extra heavy weight Wallace silverplate—$199.50.

Prices subject to change without notice.

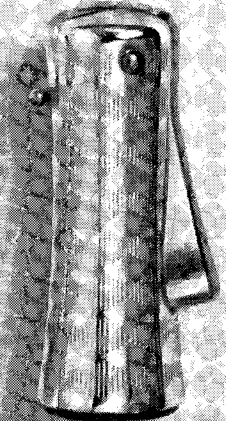
Wallace Silversmiths
Wallingford, Connecticut

THERE MUST BE A RONSON AROUND HERE SOMEWHERE

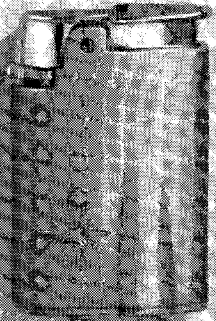
Mr. Tony Williamson will light his guests' cigarettes with his Ronson Varaflame Adonis butane lighter. Mrs. Williamson will use her Ronson Varaflame Ladylite. You can see these and other Ronson butane pocket lighters on the next page.



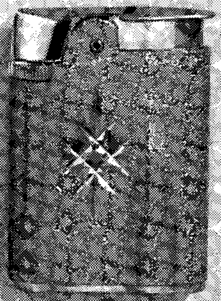
Tony Williamson has the Ronson Varaflame Adonis butane lighter. Engraved design. Gold-tone emblem. $16.50.



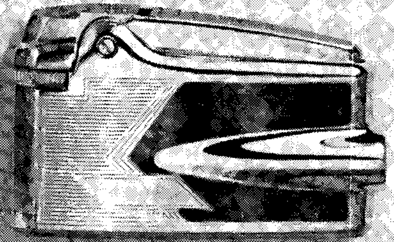
Mrs. Tony Williamson has the Ronson Varaflame Ladylite butane lighter. Gold-tone. Engraved design. $16.50.



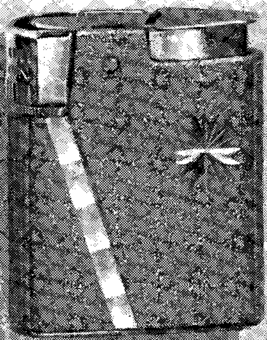
The Starfire, silver-tone, suede finish, engraved design. $11.95.



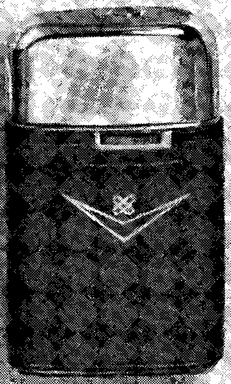
The Princess, gold-tone, textured suede finish, deep engraved design. $17.50.



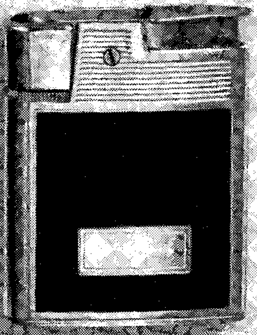
The Premier, tortoise enamel, engraved design. $16.50.



The Liteguard, gold-tone, textured suede finish, deep engraved design. $14.95.



The Windlite, genuine Water Buffalo. $10.50.



The Whirlwind, gold-tone, black enamel, engraved design. $18.95.

Ronson Varaflame® is the highly personal lighter. The smokeless butane flame is fingertip adjustable for a slim cigarette, a hearty cigar, or a robust pipe. And it's very faithful. Lights for months without refueling. Refills in seconds from the Ronson Multi-Fill® Injector.

RONSON®

Ronson Corp., Woodbridge, N.J.
All prices suggested retail.
Also available in Canada.

Elisabeth Draper, Inc. created the great room

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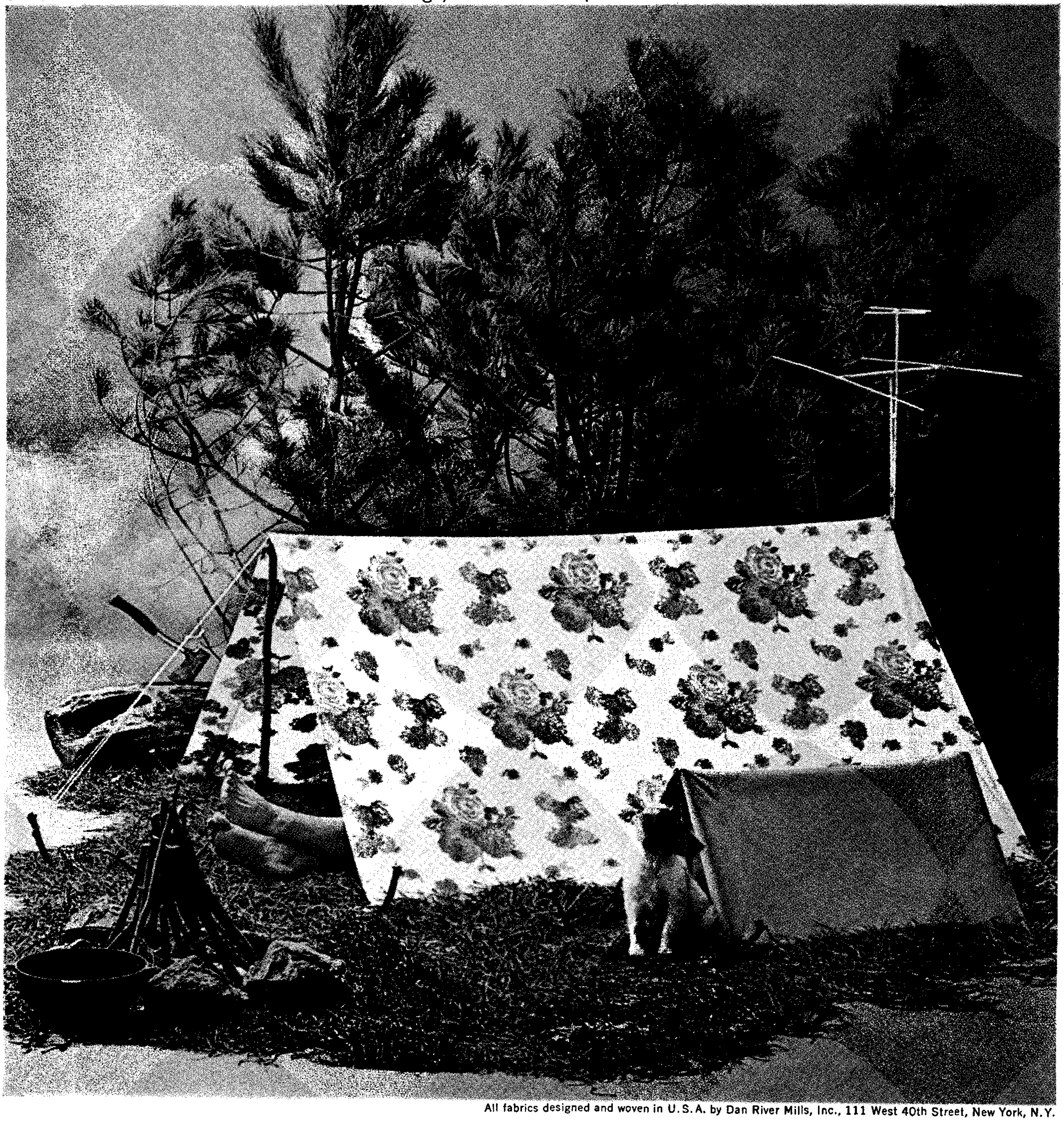
Dan River sheets change even a forest shelter into the most beautiful bedroom in the world. This flowery dream is "Corsage," our fine combed percale in decorator pinks, blues or golds. Solid cases and sheets to coordinate. At fine stores.



All fabrics designed and woven in U.S.A. by Dan River Mills, Inc., 111 West 40th Street, New York, N.Y.

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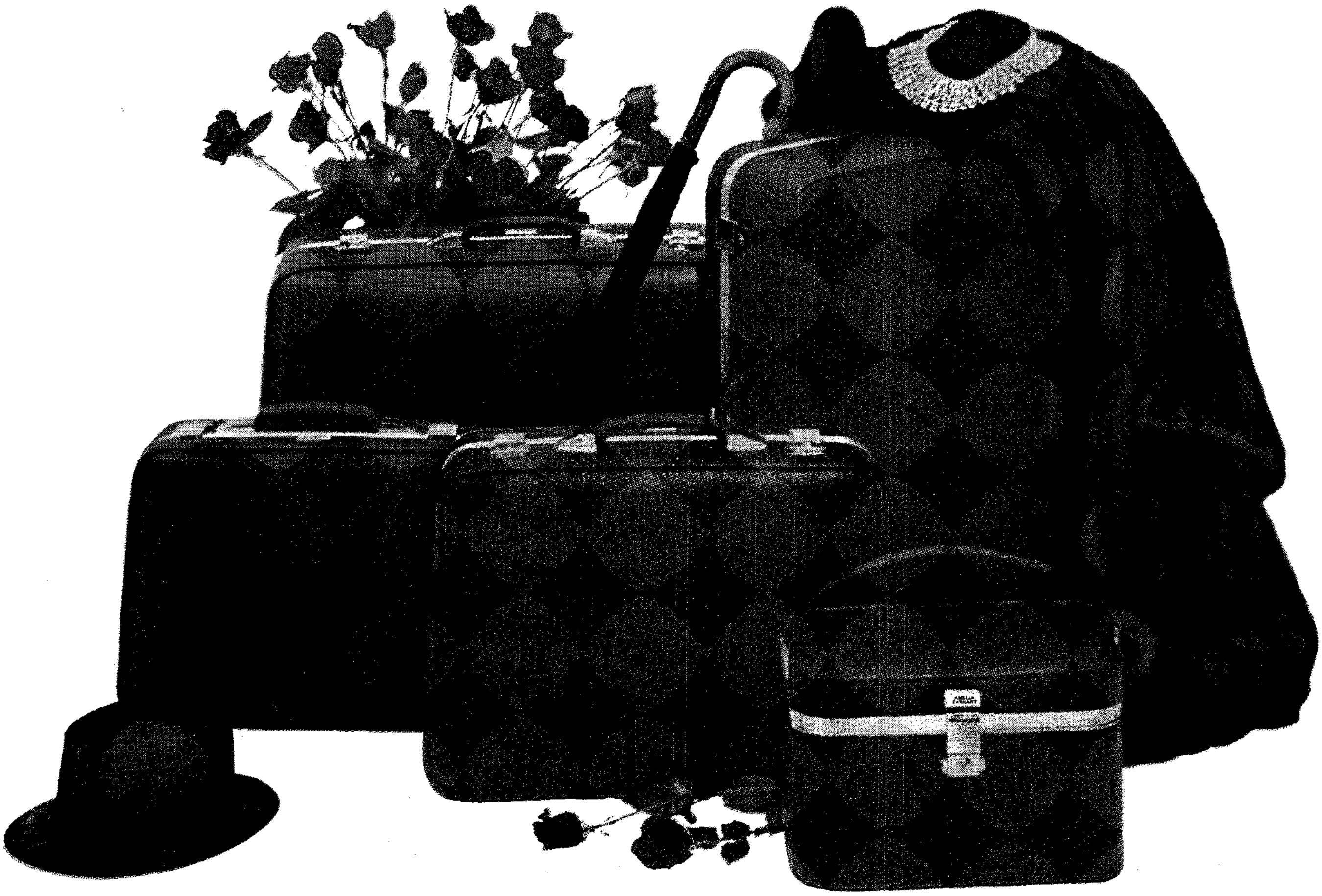
Amelia Earhart LUGGAGE

FOR MEN AND WOMEN



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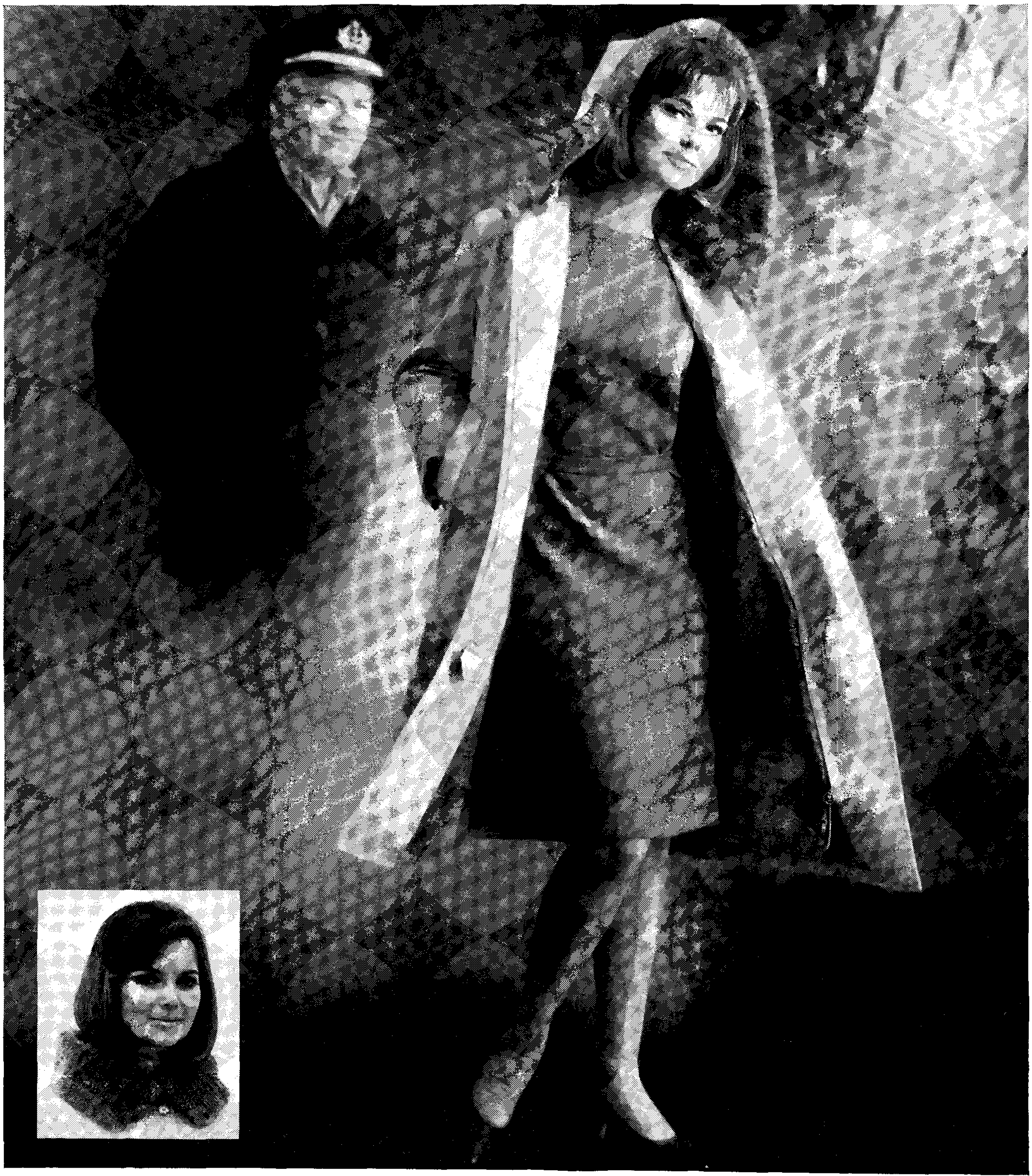

SLIGHTLY HIGHER WEST OF THE ROCKIES

SHOW OFF A LITTLE...in a Misty Harbor any-weather coat! Storm-busting here: the Balmacaan **"OSLO",** a great new concept in zip-out coats. And who but "Misty" cares enough to add a fur-like zip-out pile liner—*full length!* Luxurious matching hood snaps on . . . snaps off to meet your mood—or the weather! Tailored in precious wash and wear 65% **DACRON®** polyester-35% **COTTON,** protected against rain and oily stains with Du Pont **ZE PEL*** fabric fluoridizer. In natural (as shown), navy, black, olive. Sizes: regular 6-20; petites 4-16; juniors 3-15; talls 10-20. About $55.

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Misty Harbor LTD.
A DIVISION OF JONATHAN LOGAN

P. S. "Misty" has a mate . . .
it's the Harbor Master for him!

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L'Heure Bleue or Vol de Nuit in a new perfume spray.

When you go out, don't forget it.

It will refresh his memory.

5 classic Guerlain fragrances now in a pure perfume spray for purse, pocket or the palm of your hand. Each $7.50. Refillable, of course.

Guerlain

What gift swings, sings, sparkles,
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Top-label records, of course!

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Barbra Streisand
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RICHARD BURTON
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17 Songs from THE POOH SONG BOOK

LONDON OPERA GEMS. Sutherland performs: **1A-S.** Lucia di Lammermoor. $17.39. **1A-M.** $14.39. **1B-S.** La Traviata. $17.39. **1B-M.** $14.39. Tebaldi performs: **1C-S.** Aida. $17.39. **1C-M.** $14.39. **1D-S.** Madame Butterfly. $17.39. **1D-M.** $14.39

ORIGINAL CAST RCA VICTOR ALBUMS. **1E-S.** Fiddler on the Roof. $5.79. **1E-M.** $4.79. **1F-S.** The Roar of the Greasepaint. $5.79. **1F-M.** $4.79. **1G-S.** Peter Pan. $5.79. **1G-M.** $4.79. **1H-S.** Sound of Music. $6.79. **1H-M.** $5.79

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Please note: Stereo records should be played with stereo cartridge & needle. At the end of each key number, the letter S designates Stereo, the letter M, Mono.

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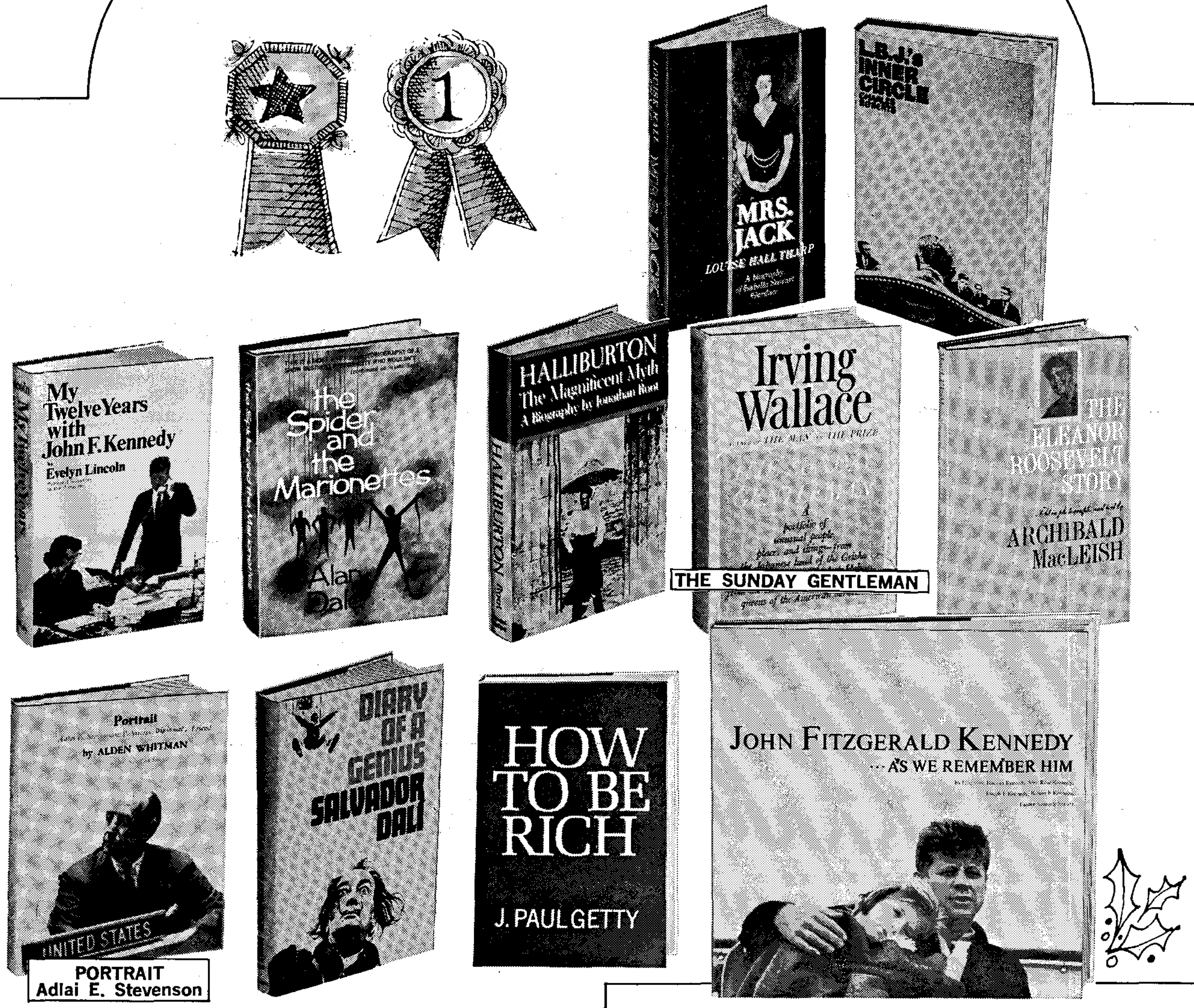
1
MRS. JACK
LOUISE HALL THARP
L.B.J.'s INNER CIRCLE
My Twelve Years with John F. Kennedy
Evelyn Lincoln
the Spider and the Marionettes
Alan Dale
HALLIBURTON
The Magnificent Myth
A Biography by Jonathan Root
Irving Wallace
THE SUNDAY GENTLEMAN
THE ELEANOR ROOSEVELT STORY
ARCHIBALD MacLEISH
Portrait
by ALDEN WHITMAN
UNITED STATES
PORTRAIT
Adlai E. Stevenson
DIARY OF A GENIUS
SALVADOR DALI
HOW TO BE RICH
J. PAUL GETTY
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...AS WE REMEMBER HIM

14A. MRS. JACK: A Biography of Isabella Stewart Gardner. *Louise Hall Tharp.* Closeup of the 19th century patron of the arts who became a legend in her lifetime as social leader, fashion-setter, collector. Illus. Little, Brown. $6.95

14B. LBJ'S INNER CIRCLE. *Charles Roberts.* Written from the *inside* by *Newsweek's* reporter on the President for the past 10 years. Closeup of LBJ's Big Ten . . . men seen but seldom heard. Delacorte. $5

14C. MY TWELVE YEARS WITH JOHN F. KENNEDY. *Evelyn Lincoln.* New insight into the life and character of JFK by his personal secretary, who, in many ways knew him best. "Remarkable . . . Exciting . . . Spirited . . ."—*N. Y. Times.* McKay. $5.50

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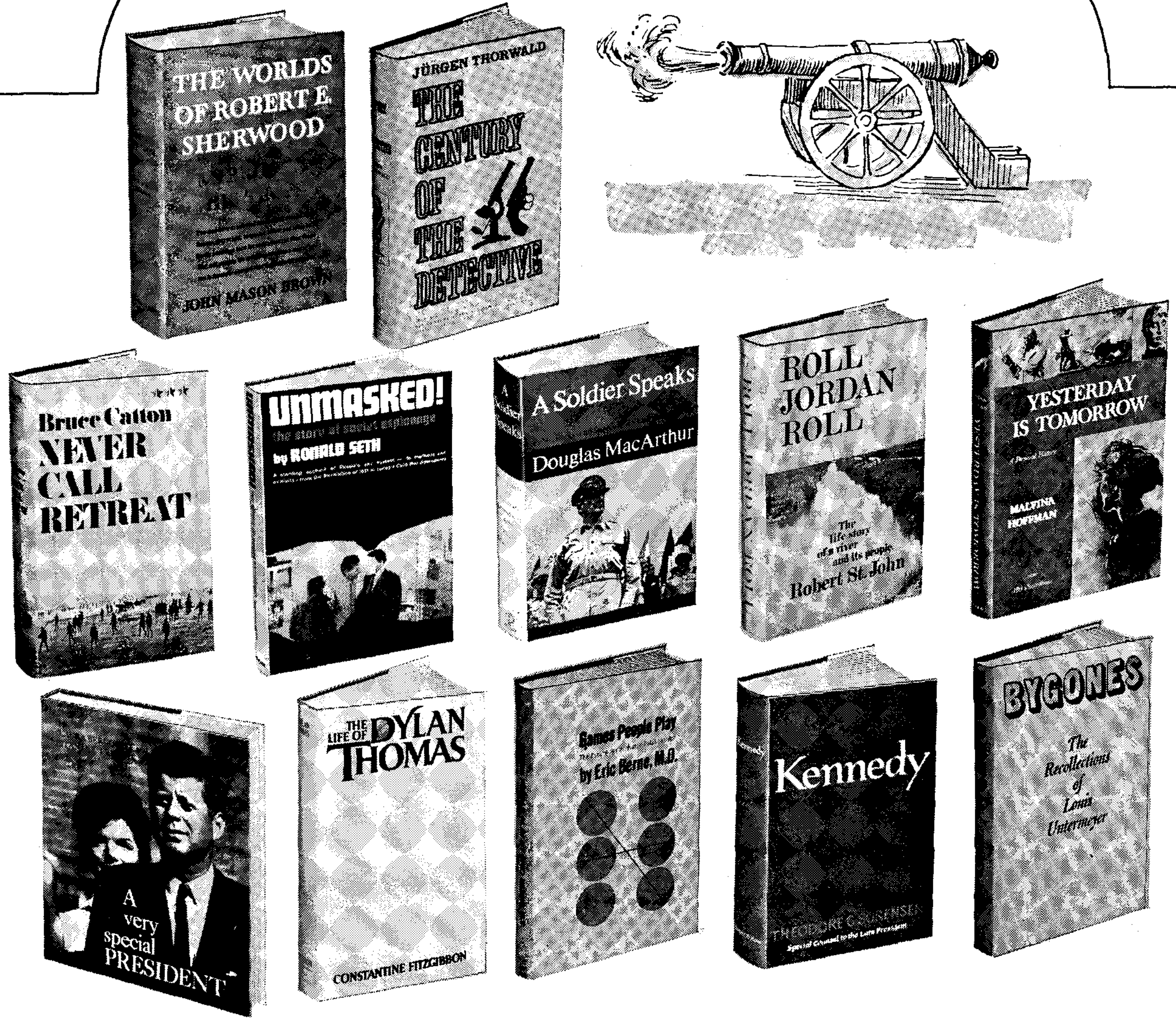
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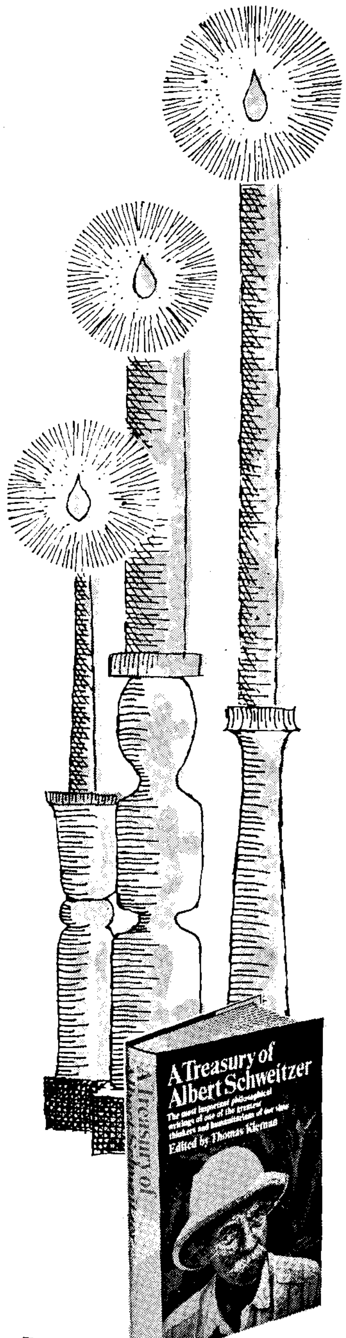
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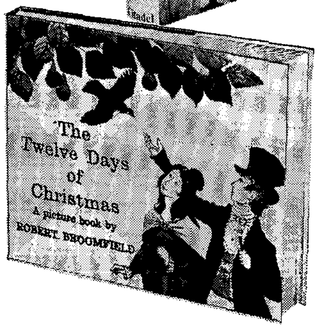
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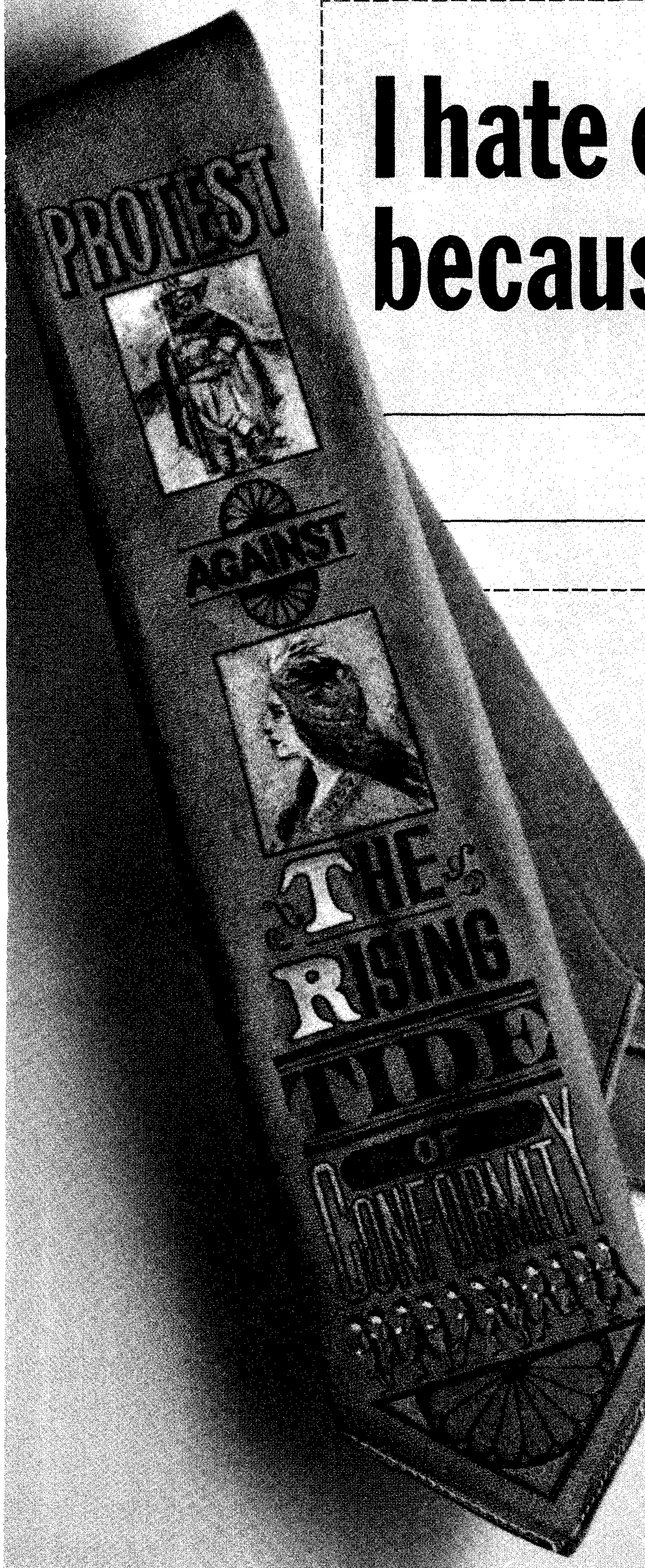
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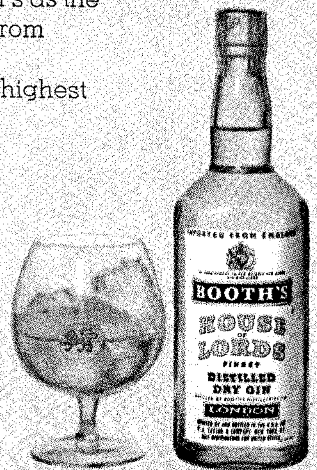
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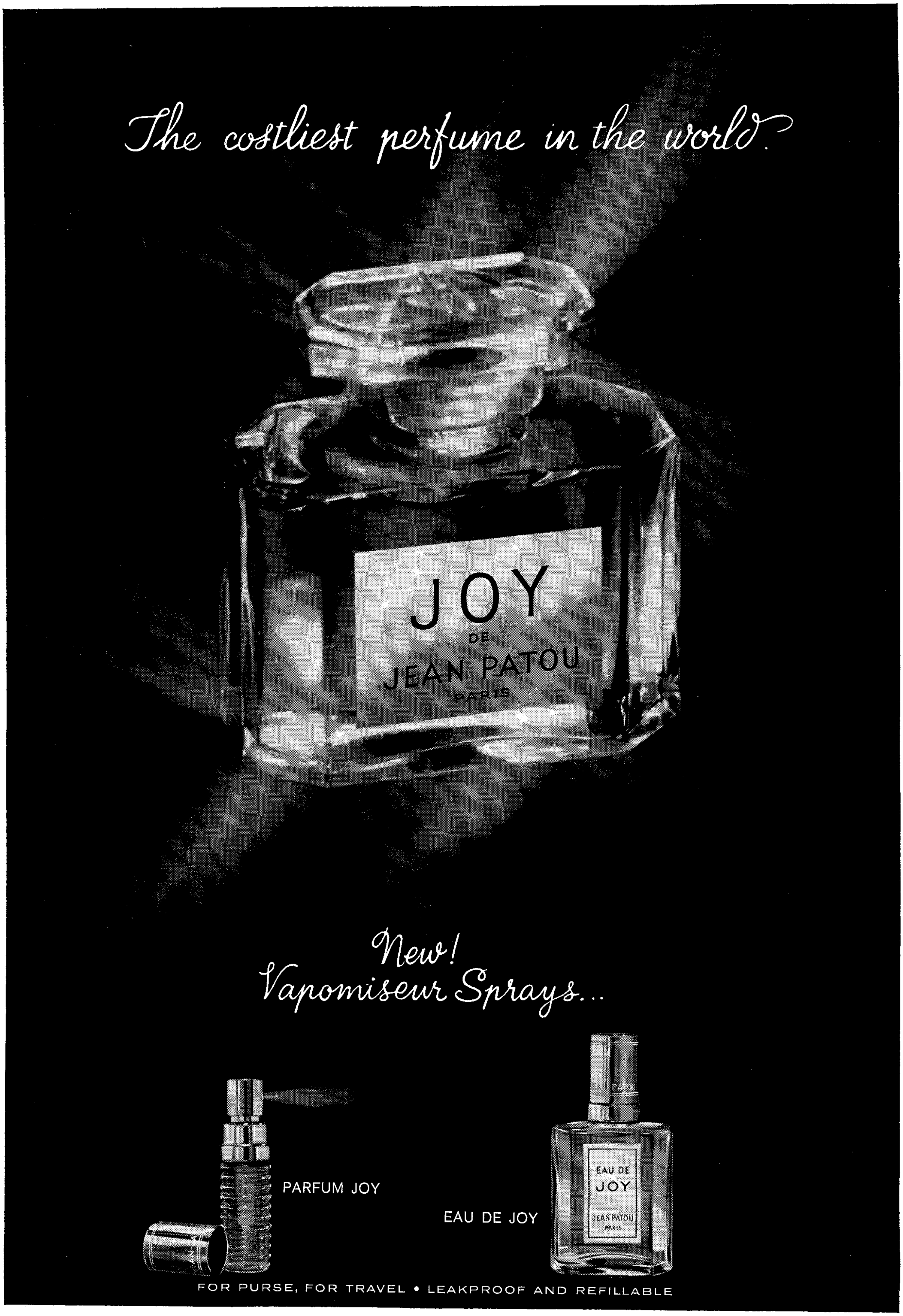

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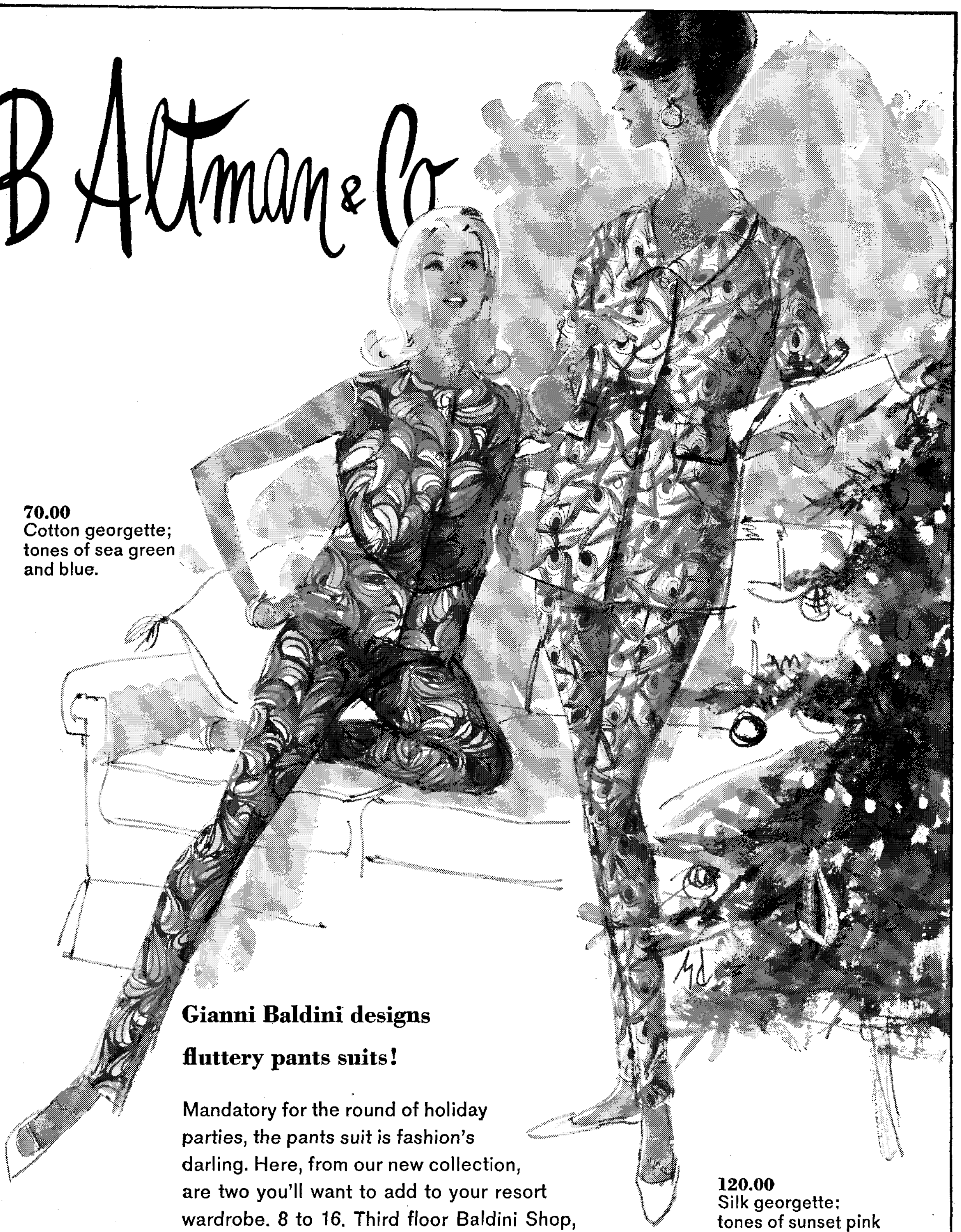

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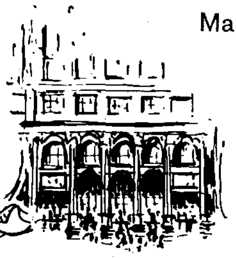

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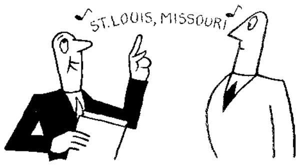
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

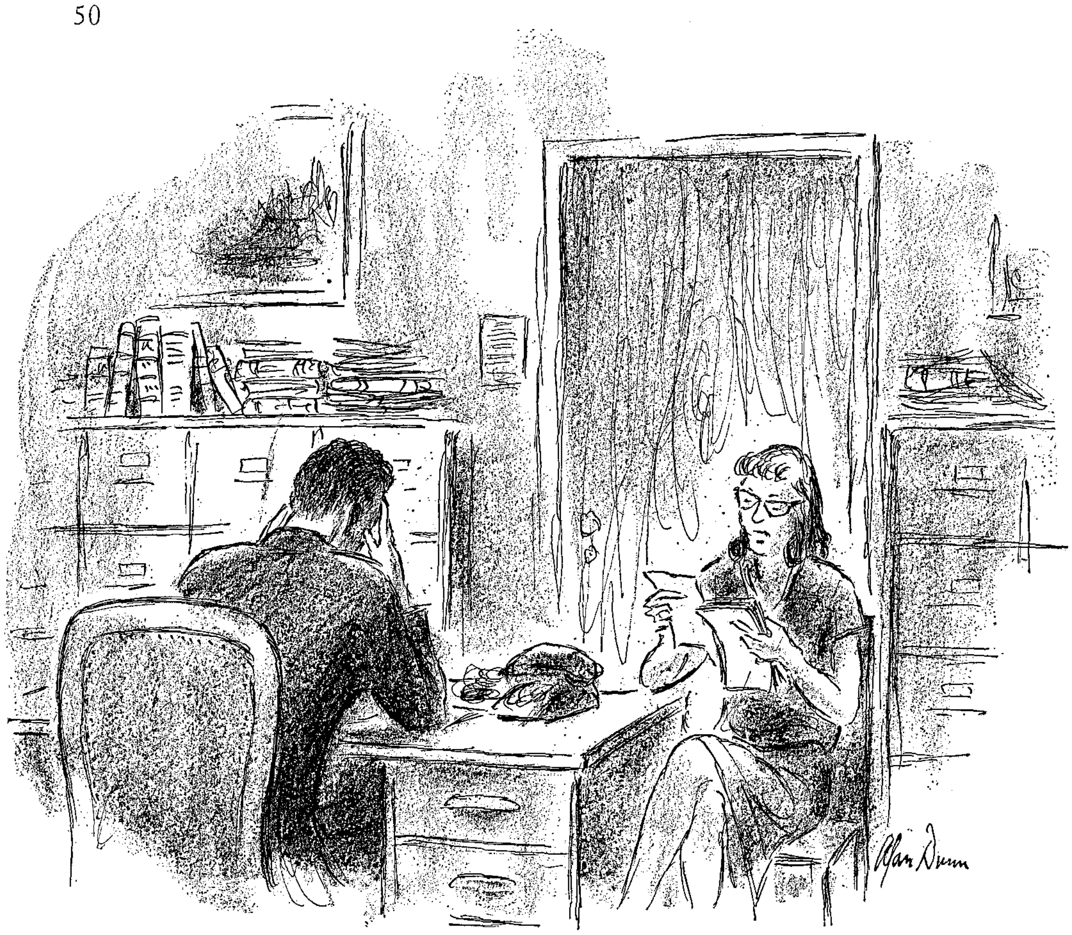
WE are not impressed by St. Louis's arch. It's all very well for St. Louis, Missouri, to construct a six-hundred-and-thirty-foot arch symbolizing its role as the Gateway to the West, but, as it happens, Kansas City, Missouri, is the Gateway to the West, and has been for years. We have been provided with this information by a friend who was born in Kansas City and ought to know about such things. At one time, our friend admits, there was some mild disagreement about whether the Gateway to the West was Kansas City or St. Joseph, a town about fifty miles due north. Nobody ever thought it was St. Louis. Our friend is at a loss to explain why a city two hundred and thirty-five miles east of the Gateway should go in for this titular aggrandizement. St. Louis, after all, has a perfectly good name of its own. In fact, a book called "Great Cities of the World"—published by the C. S. Hammond map people, who have been everywhere—says, "There is a pleasant lilt to the name of 'St. Louis, Missouri.' " (The same book, on page 67, calls Kansas City the Gateway to the West.) The most disturbing aspect of St. Louis's action—and one that must be causing some anxious hours in Chambers of Commerce all over the country—is the possibility that this type of activity will spread. Could Nashville construct a huge gate at its city limits and thereby acquire the right to call itself Gate City of the South, a title long held by Atlanta? Might Atlanta, in revenge, build its own model of the Parthenon—a larger model than Nashville has—and call itself the Athens of the South? Is there anything to prevent Reno from building a large hub—whatever that might look like—and calling itself the Hub of the Universe? Boston would have no recourse. It could retaliate by stealing Reno's title, but does Boston really want to be called the Biggest Little City in the World? Our friend from Kansas City thinks it's too late to check this trend and correct the injustice that has been done, but we believe that any city capable of marshalling the stamina and modern knowhow to construct a six-hundred-and-thirty-foot non-functional arch in the first place can figure out how to move it two hundred and thirty-five miles to the west.



Experience

WALKING along Sixth Avenue the other afternoon, we bumped into Guy Bolton, the playwright and a friend of long standing, and he suggested that we accompany him to a rehearsal of "Anya"—a musical version of "Anastasia," the highly successful drama he wrote some years ago in collaboration with Marcelle Maurette. For the musical, he told us, he collaborated on the book with George Abbott, who is also directing the new production. "We're putting it on at the Ziegfeld, and I'm rather happy about that, since I was the co-author of 'Rio Rita,' the play that got the theatre going, on February 2, 1927," he said. "As a matter of fact, I directed the first rehearsal of the first play there, because John Harwood, the director of 'Rio Rita,' became so emotional over the death of his dog that he couldn't handle the initial run-through. Incidentally, a portrait of my wife-to-be adorned the cover of the program of 'Rio Rita,' so both she and I feel pretty sentimental about the old stand. I'm sorry to say that after the run of 'Anya'—a long one, I hope—the Ziegfeld won't be with us anymore. Billy Rose, who owns the place, is going to have it torn down and replaced by an office building. Or so he told me. Maybe if 'Anya' goes on and on—permit me to dream—he'll be tempted to maintain it as a theatre. You know, with all this building activity around New York, I sometimes think I should have stuck to architecture, which was my original profession—I had a hand in designing some houses on the East Side—but when I was nineteen I sold a story to the *Smart Set*, and it wasn't long afterward that I decided to make writing my life work. That's what I've been doing ever since."

"Ever since" is quite a while, for Mr. Bolton, a grave, sturdy, well-tailored, and handsome man who could readily be mistaken for a middle-aged diplomat, has just celebrated his eighty-first birthday. In his theatrical career, he has turned out a spate of plays and musicals, mostly in collaboration, although such independent creations as "Sally" and "Polly Preferred" were as popular as any of the works for which he shared the author's credits. Of the men he has worked with, Mr. Bolton has found P. G. Wodehouse one of the most congenial, and as we strolled up the avenue he informed us that Mr. Wodehouse, who is a neighbor of his in Remsenburg, Long Island, sometimes shames him with his energy. "I don't find it hard to work twelve hours a day, but Plum Wodehouse, who is older than I am, seems to be in perpetual literary motion," he said. "Still, he's been that way as long as I've known him. I guess that's why the Princess musicals, which we wrote together—'Oh, Boy,' 'Leave It to Jane,' 'Oh, Lady! Lady!,' and so on—were



"Very well. I'll run through it again quickly. You promised to seek solutions to the problems of air pollution, mass transportation, the water shortage, racial tensions, slum conditions, juvenile delinquency, filthy streets, unsafe parks, traffic congestion, the flight of industry, deficit financing, classroom shortages, and tired thinking at City Hall."

• •

turned out so speedily. George Abbott is another whirlwind of industry, but, after all, he is only seventy-eight."

By this time, we had arrived at the Ziegfeld, and Mr. Bolton paused for a moment to survey the street outside the theatre, which has been boarded over because of some subway construction beneath the surface. "We've been assured that the roadbed will be back to normal before we open, but I've learned over the years never to be certain about anything," he remarked. "I suppose I should have a tolerance for digging of any kind, since my father did a lot of it around Manhattan. He was a civil engineer, and his avocation was seeking Indian artifacts. He also made a hobby of collecting buttons that fell off soldiers' uniforms during the Revolutionary campaigns hereabouts. He was intensely interested in this region, and was the author of 'Indian Paths in the Great Metropolis,' among other things. I've never been able to concentrate on any region with his sort of enthusiasm, and I'm just as much at home in London as I am here, which is as it should be, since my roots in England go deep. Of my various ancestors, I'm proudest of Prior William Bolton, who is said to have designed the Chapel of Henry VII, in Westminster Abbey. But before I begin to sound as worshipful as a Chinese about bygone Boltons, let's proceed to the rehearsal hall."

The hall, it developed, adjoins the offices of Billy Rose, atop the Ziegfeld. It is an area almost as large as a basketball court, and when we visited it, it was crowded with folding chairs, folding tables, an ancient upright piano, and the cast of "Anya," which is also large. On a folding chair to the left of the door, as we entered, we saw Mr. Abbott, who looked tall and authoritative even while sitting down. Some of the actors were lost in reverie; others were bustling about, as was Hanya Holm, the gray-haired choreographer of "Anya," who, at seventy or so, is still as agile as a ballerina. Among those seated along the wall to the right of us we noticed Lillian Gish, looking as winsome as she did when she was an orphan of the storm. We remarked on this to Mr. Bolton, and he said, "Lillian will soon be seventy, and she has skin that an ingénue would envy. She doesn't sing in 'Anya,' but she does a few recitatives against a musical background."

"Quiet!" Mr. Abbott suddenly shouted, and he emphasized his command by clapping his hands and blowing a whistle. Miss Gish, who plays the last Dowager Empress of Russia in "Anya," and Constance Towers, who plays her purported grandchild, took their places before Mr. Abbott and launched into a scene in which the grandchild tries to convince the Dowager Empress that she is indeed the surviving daughter of Nicholas II. The scene went along smoothly until Mr. Abbott gently interrupted Miss Gish in the middle of a speech.

"You jumped a line, Lillian," Mr. Abbott pointed out.

"Oh, I'm dreadfully sorry," Miss Gish said.

A prompter supplied the missing line, and the scene went on to its conclusion.

No sooner had Miss Gish and Miss Towers made their way to the sidelines than Mr. Abbott again called for quiet, clapped his hands, and blew his whistle. "Next scene!" he said.

Mr. Bolton told us, sotto-voce, that he was going to step outside. "I've got to think over a scene I want to discuss with George, and I want to think it over without distraction," he said.

"Are the rehearsals always this untroubled?" we inquired as we accompanied him into the corridor.

"There's a good deal of experience involved here, and that's always a help," Mr. Bolton replied. "And, just to keep that element of experience powerful, Robert Wright and George Forrest, who are collaborating on the music and lyrics, are basing their score on themes from Rachmaninoff. You know, I'll be glad when 'Anya' is on its way. I've got a novel I want to finish soon."

•

DIALOGUE overheard on Fifth Avenue, between a healthy-looking small boy and a worn-looking father:

BOY: "What's that, Daddy?"

FATHER: “That's the Guggenheim Museum, Son.”

BOY: “How do they make it work?”

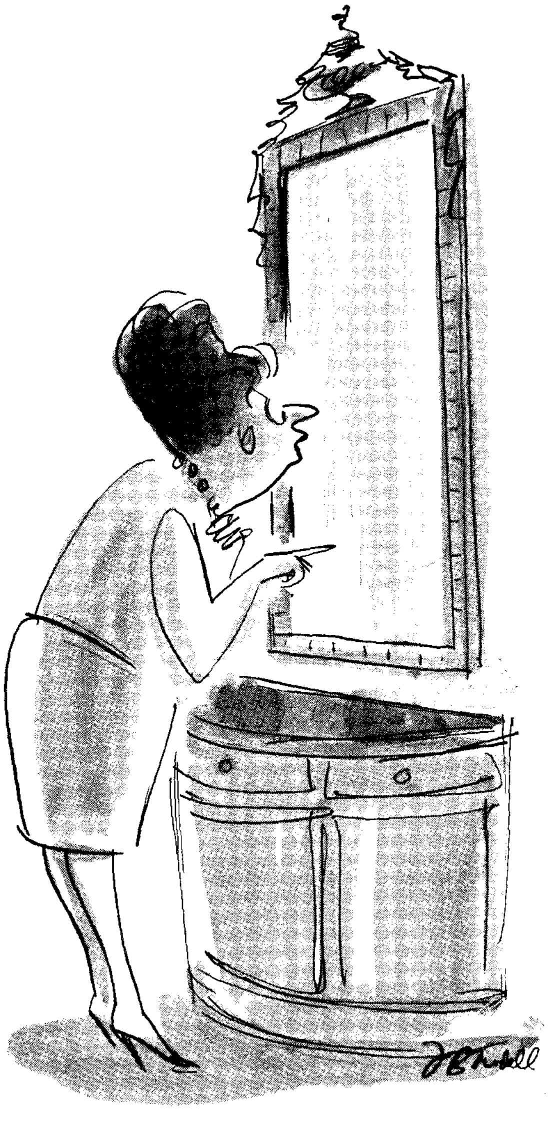
Bridges

THE Verrazano-Narrows Bridge, which has redeemed for New York the honor of possessing the world's longest suspension span (an honor that the city won in 1883, with the completion of the Brooklyn Bridge, and lost in 1937, when San Francisco's Golden Gate Bridge opened), is the seventy-second major bridge—accommodating motor, rail, or foot traffic—to connect this city with the rest of the country or one part of the city with another, and now that the Verrazano Bridge is exactly a year old (it opened on November 21, 1964), we've looked into the subject of the seventy-one other bridges. The city has sixty automotive crossings, of which four are toll bridges operated by the Port of New York Authority, seven are toll bridges operated by the Triborough Bridge and Tunnel Authority, and the remaining forty-nine are toll-free bridges maintained by the city's Department of Public Works. Together, the sixty vehicular spans carry nearly eight hundred million cars, trucks, and buses a year, and three of them (the Manhattan, the Williamsburg, and the Marble Hill) carry rapid-transit lines as well. There are ten railroad bridges and two full-size pedestrian bridges in the five boroughs, plus various small bridges inside parks.

The city's first bridge, a toll bridge across Spuyten Duyvil Creek, was built in 1693 by one Frederick Philipse with the permission of the municipal government, which was too poor to build one itself. Mr. Philipse's little money-maker vanished long ago, and the New York Central's six-hundred-and-ten-foot steel swing bridge, erected in 1901, stands in its place. The oldest span still in existence in the New York area is High Bridge, crossing the Harlem River at 174th Street—a footbridge, no longer in use. It was completed in 1848, as a series of Roman arches (it was originally also an aqueduct), and was modified in the nineteen-twenties to permit navigation. New York entered its golden age of bridgebuilding in 1867, when the engineer John A. Roebling designed the Brooklyn Bridge, a twenty-five-million-dollar avant-garde structure that was brought to completion sixteen years later by his son Washington A. Roebling. So great was the community's glee when it was opened that twelve people were trampled to death during its first week. Daredevils, con men, and artists have been inspired by the Brooklyn Bridge, and, by a happy circumstance, the room in Brooklyn Heights from which the younger Roebling supervised the span's construction, with the aid of a spyglass (he had been injured on the job), was later occupied by Hart Crane while he was writing parts of his epic poem “The Bridge.”

Once this colossus had been put up, the city set about building the Williamsburg Bridge, a twenty-five-million-dollar suspension span, which has steel towers, in contrast to the Brooklyn's stone ones. It opened in 1903, and was followed, in 1909, by the Manhattan Bridge, the first suspension bridge in the world to have two catenaries instead of four. Carrère & Hastings designed its two monumental stone portals, for an assessment of whose aesthetic value we shall rely on the 1954 *Guide Bleu* for New York: “*Il est flanqué de chaque côté d'une colonnade construite d'après la colonnade Bernini de Saint-Pierre de Rome et dont l'effet n'est pas des plus heureux.*” In the same year, the twenty-one-million-dollar, two-span Queensboro Bridge opened, to become the world's longest cantilever bridge. Its spans and approaches together total about 7,450 feet.

Very little happened in the pontal world over the next eight years, but in 1917 the New York Connecting Railroad, which links the Pennsylvania and New Haven lines, put up the Hell Gate Bridge—actually two bridges, across Hell Gate and Little Hell Gate. Its most striking section is its Hell Gate span, a steel arched-truss bridge 1,087 feet long. In 1921, the States of New York and New Jersey set up the self-supporting Port Authority, and its first two projects, the Goethals Bridge and the Outerbridge Crossing, both connecting Staten Island and New Jersey, opened in 1928. The Authority's 8,100-foot Bayonne Bridge—also connecting Staten Island and New Jersey—which is the world's longest steel-arch span, and its 4,760-foot, seventy-four-million-dollar George Washington Bridge, which for six years was the world's longest suspension bridge, both went up in 1931. In 1962, when a lower deck was added to the George Washington, at a cost of a hundred and eighty-two million dollars, the G.W. became the world's only fourteen-lane suspension bridge. (The Verrazano-Narrows will have twelve lanes when its lower deck opens.) The designer of all the Port Authority's bridges was the late O. H. Ammann, who also designed the Verrazano.



“You have a son in college? I don't believe it.”

In 1933, the Triborough Bridge and Tunnel Authority was created, to complete a job that the city had started but could not finish—the building of the Triborough Bridge, a monster that, with four overwater spans and an over-all length of 17,710 feet, is the longest bridge in the city. It opened in July, 1936. Also under the Triborough Authority are the Henry Hudson Bridge, the Marine Parkway Bridge, the Cross Bay Parkway Bridge, the Bronx-Whitestone Bridge, the Throgs Neck Bridge, and, now, the Verrazano Bridge. The shortest vehicular crossing in New York is a retractile bridge over Lemon Creek, near Pleasant Plains, Staten Island, which was built in the nineteen-fifties. Its overwater span is thirty-four feet long, and the entire thing slides back onto land by means of rollers to allow fishing boats to pass. A man is on hand most of the time to work its mechanism, and there is no charge for his services.

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THE management of Mardi Gras Hairdressers, of the Bronx, advertises, "Our new staff is trained to accentuate your beauty needs."

Vote

LAST Wednesday morning, the General Assembly of the United Nations failed to adopt Draft Resolution A/L. 469, sponsored by Albania, Algeria, Cambodia, the Congo (Brazzaville), Cuba, Ghana, Guinea, Mali, Pakistan, Rumania, Somalia, and Syria, and entitled "Restoration of the Lawful Rights of the People's Republic of China in the United Nations;" that is to say, the General Assembly took its by now annual vote on the admission of Communist China to the U.N. The voting followed seven days of debate, which was not strictly debate but, rather, a string of elaborate China-policy statements by most of the member states, and which we attended intermittently, as did most of the delegates.

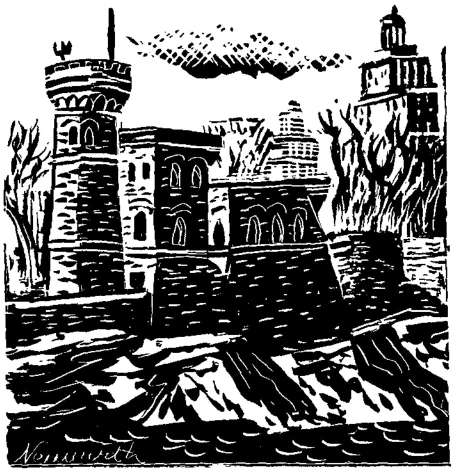
By the second day of debate, we had confirmed an old suspicion that diplomats, no matter how smooth and conciliatory they may appear at the conference table, will inevitably turn Melvin Belli-esque on the rostrum. The Ambassador of Nationalist China, for example, liked to refer to remarks by his colleague from Albania as "the ravings of Albania," and he was outdone by the Mongolian Ambassador, who announced to the Assembly that Arthur Goldberg, our Ambassador, was "foaming at the mouth." Ambassador Goldberg burst out laughing, as did almost everybody except the Mongolian Ambassador.

A correspondent from India who was sitting next to us in the press gallery whispered, "You have to remember that no one here, except maybe Albania, is actually *fond* of the government in Peking. It's merely a question of appropriate punishment. The Soviets want to punish Red China by voting her in, and you of the West want to punish Red China by keeping her out."

We asked the Indian about his own country's vote.

"I imagine that we'll vote *for* the Communists, once it is definitely established that we will lose the vote," he said.

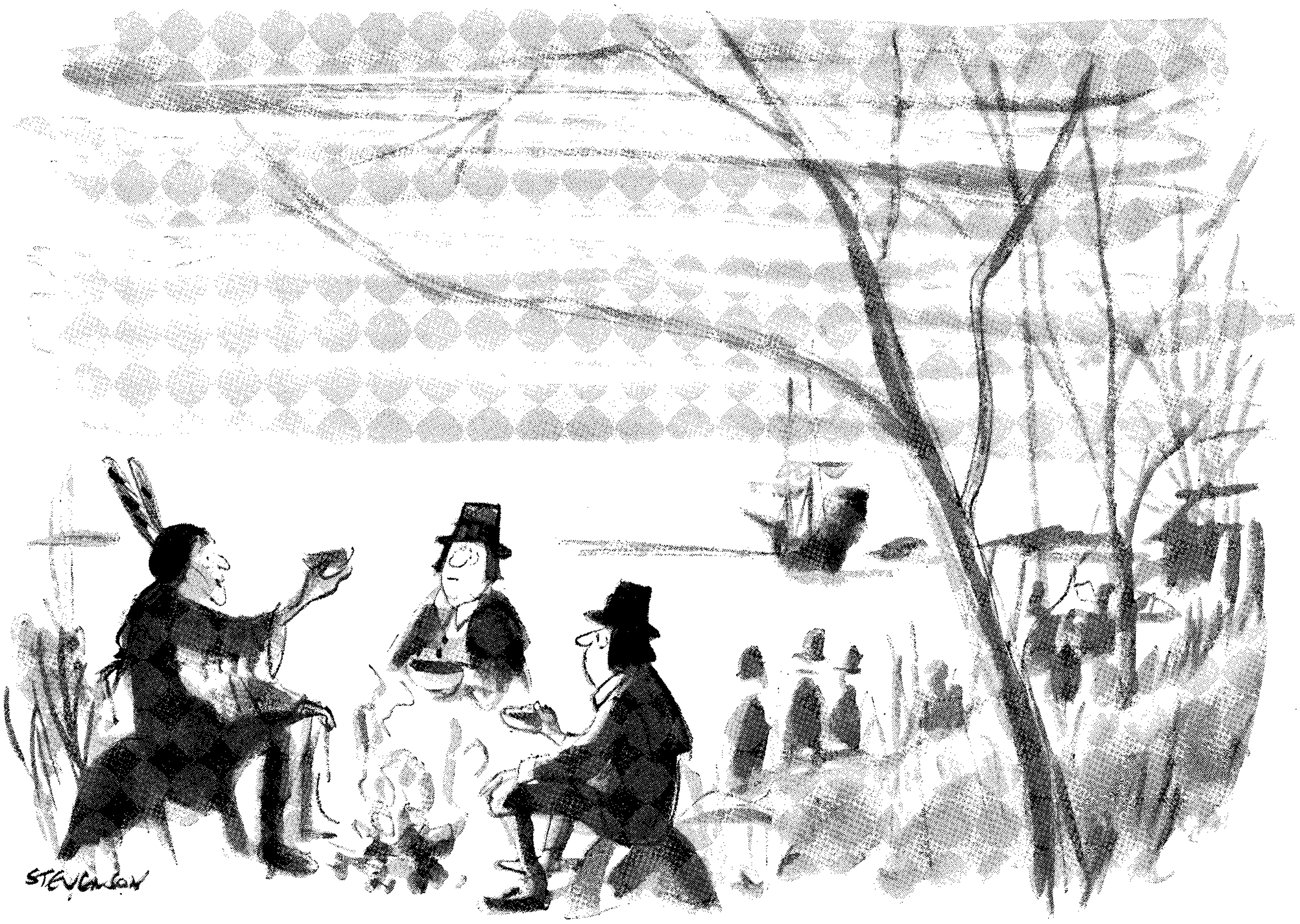
An English reporter leaned over from his seat in the row behind us and said, "The United Kingdom will, too. Before the China vote, though, there's going to be a vote to determine whether this ranks as an 'important question,' according to the Charter, and therefore has to be decided by a two-thirds vote rather than a simple majority. 'Important questions' cover 'the suspension of the rights and privileges of membership' and 'the expulsion of members.' Now, the people who are anti-Red China will say that this is an important question, because Nationalist China, which will be out on its ear as the China delegation if the Reds get in, is a lawful member of the U.N. The people who are pro-Red China will say that it's *not* an important question, because we're dealing here not with the expulsion of a lawful member but with the expulsion of a usurper, and the restoration of the rights of a lawful member. They don't recognize Nationalist China as a member—at least, not as a member representing China—so to them it's not a question of any suspension of rights. You'll notice that these people are careful never to call Nationalist China a government. They call it 'the Taiwan clique' and 'Chiang Kai-shek's henchmen' and 'the Formosa authorities.' And their opponents are equally careful not to call the Peking government a government. They call it 'the Peking faction,' and they always refer to Mao as 'the so-called Prime Minister on the mainland.' Well, anyway, the U.K. will probably vote for the 'important-question' resolution, and then, knowing that the Reds can't muster the necessary two-thirds vote, will turn around and vote for them."



We thanked the Englishman for these glimpses of the diplomatic process, and turned our attention to the floor, where the Ambassador from the Congo (Brazzaville) had been speaking for the past twenty minutes. The Ambassador, we observed, refrained from calling Nationalist China a government, or even a member. "There are bizarre and alien elements among us," he said instead, glaring down at the Chinese delegates. The Chinese Ambassador appeared relatively unruffled by these remarks, but when the Congolese Ambassador had finished speaking and was strolling slowly back to his seat, clasping the outstretched hands of his partisans and acknowledging their applause with a wide grin, the gentleman from Taiwan popped up from his seat and peered around the Assembly to see what was going on.

The debate continued, day after day, and several of the reporters passed the time by grading the delegates on their rhetorical posturings. A favorite of the pro-A/L. 469 people was the stratagem of innocent incredulity, and the master of this particular stratagem turned out to be the Guinean Ambassador, who, during his address, looked beseechingly down on the Assembly and said, "Accusations have been made about the aggressive nature of the People's Republic of China. Now, who among us can honestly say that China has ever committed an aggressive act?" The Ambassador from Guinea also did well in the paradox department, when he wrapped up his remarks by declaring, "This is too important a question to come under the heading of an important question." The Nationalist Chinese and the Haitians won hands down as the best defenders of democracy, when Mr. Liu, from China, proclaimed Chiang Kai-shek "the voice of freedom for Asia," and when the Haitian Ambassador, in a voice ringing with emotion, spoke up in equally glowing terms for "the Life President of my republic, Dr. François Duvalier." France, not unexpectedly, got top marks from the reporters in diplomatic understatement, when *her* Ambassador, who declared that he would vote for A/L. 469, said that he nevertheless found the clause calling for the expulsion of Nationalist China from the United Nations "somewhat discourteous," and thereby one-upped the Ceylonese Ambassador, who had called it merely "embarrassing."

The winning bon mot of the debate, it was decided, came from the Jamaican Ambassador, who planned to ab-



"Skoal!"

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stain from voting but who took the floor anyway, to say that most of the arguments against the admission of the People's Republic of China were, to his mind, "impudent." The Ambassador from Dahomey then took the floor to demand that the Peking government show a little "enthusiasm" about the U.N. "We trust that the People's Republic of China will hear our plea," he said.

"Let's give him an A for unbridled optimism," an American onlooker suggested.

An A for imagery went to the Cameroon Ambassador, who talked at length about "the evil tentacles of Peking," and most of the reporters agreed that honorable mention for dramatic reading should go to the interpreters, who waxed alternately rhetorical, ironic, and angry, apparently according to their own points of view.

The voting began on Wednesday morning at eleven-forty-five, when Amintore Fanfani, the President of the Assembly, instructed the delegates both to call out their votes and to press the appropriate voting buttons on their desks. "The red button for no, the green for yes, and the amber for abstention," Signor Fanfani said, and went on to explain that these button votes would register on the roll-call boards, which hang at the front of the Assembly Hall, by flashing the proper color beside each voter's name. Then he called for a vote on the "important-question" question. The roll call started, and the Assembly was hushed with tension until Sweden's vote failed to register on the boards, whereupon President Fanfani called out sternly, "Sweden, press your button, please!"

When the Soviet Union was called, Ambassador Fedorenko, who agreed with the Guinean Ambassador that the admission of Communist China was too important a question to be called an important question, pressed the red button but shouted "*Da!*"

"U.S.S.R.—yes," Signor Fanfani repeated dutifully. Then, suddenly, he cried, "No! You mean no!"

Everybody laughed, including Ambassador Fedorenko, who let forth a resounding "*Nyet!*"

The roll call continued until the boards were lit up like twin Christmas trees and it had been decided, by a vote of fifty-six to forty-nine, with eleven abstentions, that the question of Chinese representation was an "important" one. Then A/L. 469, which now needed a two-thirds vote to pass, was defeated by a tie vote of forty-seven reds to forty-seven greens, with twenty ambers. Some of the delegates whistled. Others shrugged. The Nationalist Chinese shook each other's hands, and the reporters rushed out to write their stories. On our way down the stairs to the delegates' lounge, we passed a Middle Eastern diplomat strolling arm in arm with a delegate from the Soviet bloc. Both were smiling. The Middle Eastern diplomat slapped his colleague on the back and said, "Careful! You're not supposed to look so pleased."

Address

ON being informed by her postmaster that she need no longer include "R.F.D. 2" in her address, a Westport matron we know informed Bonwit Teller, among others, of the fact. Her next bill from Bonwit was addressed to:

Mrs. Hillary Jones
Eliminate R.F.D. 2
Westport, Conn.

THE DRUMMER

THE island of Tofua, two thousand miles from Pitcairn, is sometimes besieged by the ghosts of Polynesian lovers. They come out of the cloud forest about midnight and dance on the beaches with shrill, ululating cries. Prophet, the old drummer, liked to lurk in the mangroves and spy. Once, he had seen his mother in the arms of the King of Hawaii, and one night, while he was waiting for just such another ribald moment, his attention was drawn, by the indignant yacking of the ghosts, to the three Finns tracking silently by. They carried torches, cameras, and notebooks and were headed for the hills.

The team had landed that same afternoon in a snappy white Chris-Craft—two men and an elderly, puzzled lady sitting stiffly in the stern as though riding a viceregal barge. On the beach, the local bailiffs, freshly combed and smelling of citronella, knelt with the Orator and smilingly applauded as the visitors stepped ashore. "I am Dr. Kolehmainen, from the Helsinki Modern Living Foundation," said the leader, handing the Orator a presentation pack of English gin, "and these are my assistants. We have come to your unspoiled island for research. As you probably know, the first recorded aspects of desire, south of the equator, were registered in this area. That is, desire in, uh, the sexual sense, you understand. We hope to conduct a contemporary survey. We want to apply your traditions to current attitudes."

The Orator, a young Tofuan recently returned from Cambridge with a cricket blue and a rather inferior degree, shrugged and led them to a camping site behind the village. On the way, Dr. Kolehmainen explained that the first instances of actual lust had been recorded farther west, near Fiji. He indicated the team was going to Fiji next. The elderly, puzzled lady said that, not counting her work, she loved lawn tennis best.

At two in the morning, Prophet brought the Orator oysters fresh from the night tide. They were old friends and had long shared the same totem—pride. "I have just spoken with the spirit of your Aunt Fanfana," said Prophet, squeezing wild lemon over his plate. "She was looking for Matthew, the Wrestler."

"He left the island," said the Orator. "He's working the pro circuit in Pago Pago."

Prophet ate his oysters. "That's what I told her," he said. "She thanked me, but she seemed angry. They were *all* angry, Orator. There was rage in the air."

"They probably smell wind," said the Orator, wiping his mouth and lighting a Players. "I hear there's a hurricane blowing up near the Tokelaus. No reason for us to batten down, though. It's not headed this way. You want a fag, Prophet?"

The old drummer shook his head and fixed the Orator with a worried eye. "The Finns bother them," he said. "They're out tonight, and the spirits don't want them snooping around. They don't want them giving the island a filthy name."

"They're scientists," said the Orator. "They're seekers after the truth. Oh, come on, Prophet; was Einstein a snooper?"

"They'll publish their results, and the damncrazy tourists will come. You mark my words. They'll be coming from all over to seek a little truth, too."

The Orator stirred uneasily. "Hooey," he said.

"You care to put some money on it?" said Prophet.

The Orator frowned and stood up. He tightened the belt of his flowered sulu and combed his hair and sat down again. "Nonsense," he said, and whistled a snatch of "Jesu, Joy of Man's Desiring" through his teeth. He stood again, pulled on a shirt, and headed for the Finnish camp. Together, they passed through the dark village, empty but for the crones squatting before their palm huts and baying as they recalled dead, turn-of-the-century ecstasies; one of them, the loudest, had once touched the hand of Rupert Brooke.

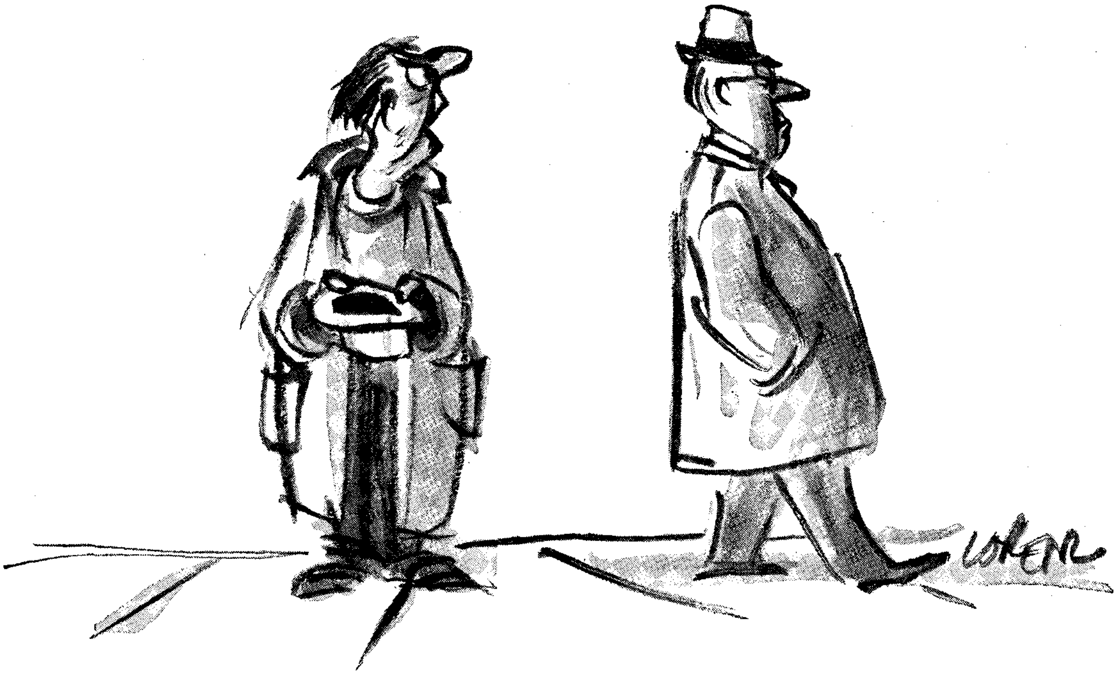
The scientists' pup tents, neatly pitched to avoid a bank of orchids, were empty. The Orator studied the deserted camp in silence. Then he turned toward the village and shouted for his dog. Prophet knew there was no savagery intended. Tofua's code of hospitality was unyielding; even the murderous Boston whalers had been serenaded as they shanghaied all the able-bodied men. Still, he was puzzled. "You can't go after them," he said.

"I know that. I'm going after *our* people. I'm going to hunt them down and send them home chop-chop."

Prophet laughed disbelievingly. "But they're spread out all over the island, you know. They're up in the hills, at the plantation, in the caves, over at the packing station."

"No matter," said the Orator. "I will not have the Finns prying on them and grading them for originality of technique. *I will* not have Tofua achieving immortality as a sexual Arcadia. My God, what would my Cambridge friends say?"

"I don't know," said Prophet, striding through the scrub. But he knew it mattered. Sometimes postcards, signed "Samuel



"Flash! The coin shortage is over!"

Pepys" or "Sweeney Todd," arrived on the Home Boat, and the Orator would grow maudlin and oil his cricket bat.

THE Orator's dog led them through the shadows. They passed the Fertility Stone and the Maiden's Well and went up through the Valley of the Virgins into the foothills. "Mary's Tree," said Prophet softly, as they passed a splendid banyan. Tofua's Nell Gwyn had been buried beneath its roots before the Christians came; a few years ago, when a lonely drunk had dug up the grave and found only a monkey's skull, Prophet had strewn flowers on the site, for the legend was part of Tofua and he loved the island above all else. He loved the sandy feel of it beneath his feet; its hard, pristine colors; the smell of copra, salt, and candlenut. He was a man happily circumscribed by a reef. In 1916, he had fought at Gallipoli and hated the enormity of Asia Minor; he felt profoundly sorry for continent dwellers.

The dog, padding off into the ferns, flushed a few couples, and the Orator sent them home. But the sky was lightening. The dawn cannon boomed on the headland to wake the fishermen, and the Orator glanced at his watch and swore. "Prophet, you'll have to sound your drum," he said. "Tell everyone to come home immediately. Say it's an official government order."

They turned and descended to the village, Prophet composing the message in his mind. He was a purist and sent only in heroic couplets. When they reached the instrument, he scrawled the verses in the sand with a twig and then addressed himself to the drum. Carved from the trunk of a young rain tree, it could, on a windless day, be heard by ships passing down the Mele Channel, miles away. Sometimes, when he was drumming gossip, they furled sail and stopped to listen. Seizing his sticks now, he smacked the drum hard, listening critically as the boom splintered the damp air.

They started filing by, smiling, even before the transmission was complete—old Jacob, the postmaster, and Mrs. Nuana; Lily and her uncle John Malo; Ruben and the Nu'u girl; Mr. Vevela and Mrs. Anufe; Wilfred and Tom and the To'alua sisters; Sam Loi, the hot-gospeller, and the widow Itupo; Jack Williams, of the Peace Corps, and Betty Mutia; Joseph and Ursula, the half-caste girl; Harry and Solomon; Martha and her nephew Eric; Chief Gasegase and his niece Sally Fa'aata; and more behind.

As dawn came, soft and unspeakably lovely, the Helsinki Modern Living team came in, too. "You called them home," said Dr. Kolehmainen, grim and snappish.

"Yes," said the Orator.

"We were only doing our job." Dr. Kolehmainen threw his clipboard on the ground and raised his voice. "You Polynesians must understand that you have something to offer the world. You may be able to furnish us with data that could contribute greatly to the happiness of men and women everywhere."

"What sort of data?" asked the Orator crisply.

"Why, certain aspects of lovemaking. Aspects that contribute to your longevity and lack of tension. If they could be learned by the West, they could be of great benefit."

The elderly, puzzled lady nodded. "Oh, damn right," she said.

Dr. Kolehmainen eyed the Orator and Prophet earnestly. "We have tried to investigate you covertly and failed. Will you help us do it overtly?"

"Certainly not," said the Orator.

Cripes, thought Prophet. They have radar and plastic hearts, and they want to know how to play hanky-panky? It's bloody extraordinary. He looked at the flushed and outraged Finns and was suddenly ashamed; the Orator was carrying their totem to the verge of arrogance. "Hey," Prophet muttered. "Ask them to kai-kai."

The Orator deliberated. "Will you join us for breakfast?" he said at last.

"Very well," said Dr. Kolehmainen.

They ate on the veranda of the Orator's bungalow—papaw, fried eggplant and pork slices, white bread, and tea. Prophet sat with the elderly lady, who drank five cups. "I sweat a lot," she said.

"Ah," said Prophet.

"Do you?"

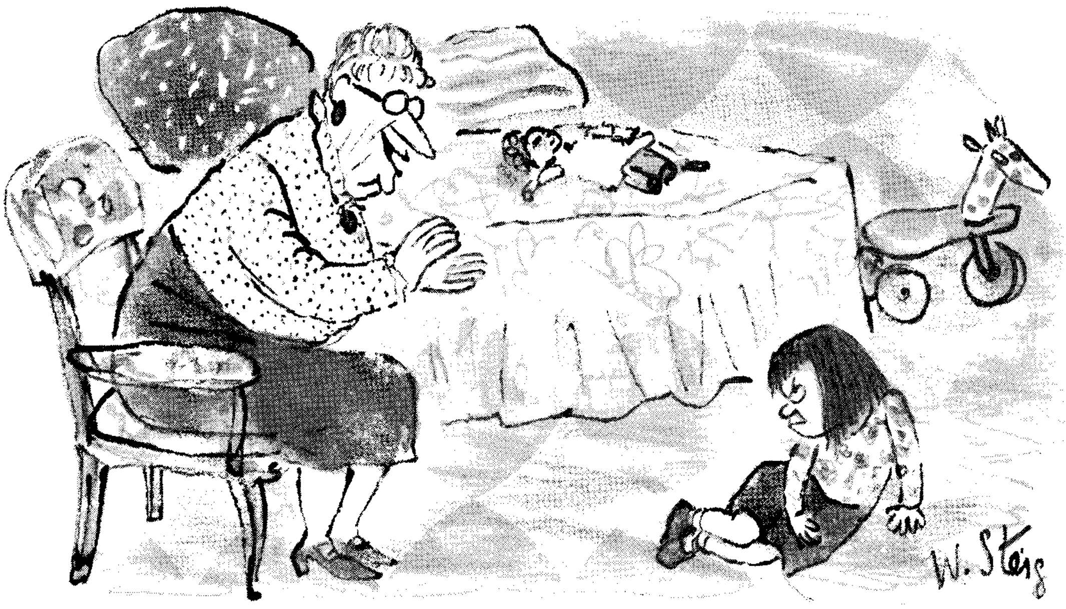
"What, Madam?"

"Sweat."

"Yes indeed," he said. He glanced at her lean, bony face and wanted to tell her about love. She knew nothing of calling the turtles, of the Queen's Birthday flour battles, of the New Zealand flying boat that sometimes left them fresh strawberries, of the May cow hunt, of the monthly movie, of coconut toddy and dusk. She could write it all down, and Dr. Kolehmainen would be pleased with her, but she rose and said she was going to pack.

As the Chris-Craft backed away from the beach and headed for the passage, the villagers grouped on the beach and courteously sang "Men of Harlech." They kept singing until the launch was through the reef and once more the responsibility of the Pacific.

—ALEXANDER FRATER



"Pat-a-cake, pat-a-cake, baker's man . . ."

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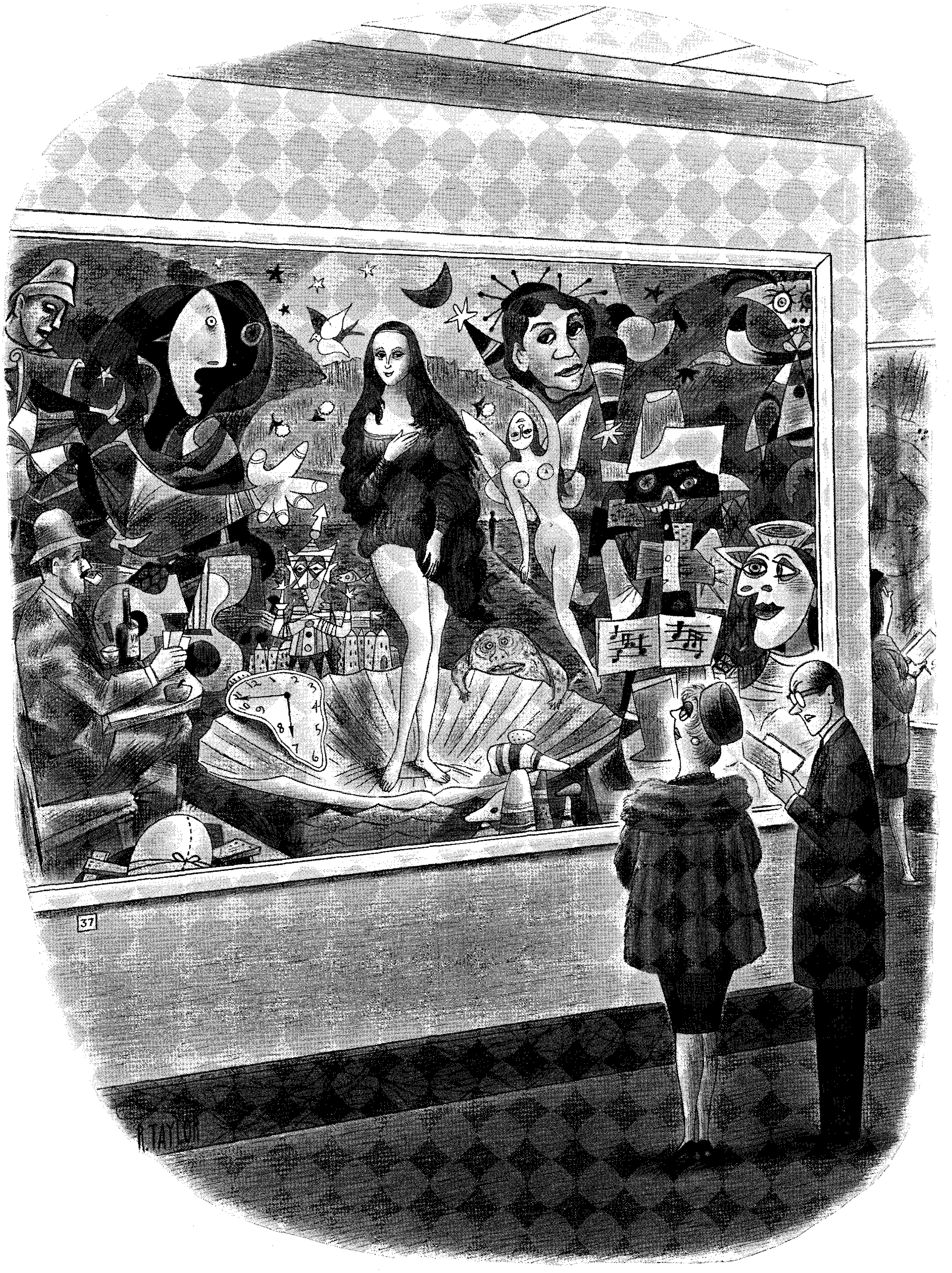
WRITER, flair for bright, crisp copy seeks job with an undertaker.—*Adv. in the Times.*

Sure you wouldn't be happier with a cremationist?



“ ‘Eclectic’ is right!”

HUNGARIANS

IN the early months of the Second World War, I had to appear before a board convened to pick enlisted men for assignment to the various Officer Candidate Schools. Two of the board members were infantry lieutenants, and they kept silent. All the questioning was done by a Signal Corps major. He said, "I see here you were born in Hungary. Suppose we assigned you to the Air Corps. Suppose you were sent out on a mission to bomb your old home town. How would you feel about that?"

I said I would feel about that just as I would feel about bombing any town. Not so good, I could have added, but had the sense not to.

They did assign me to what was then still referred to as the Air Corps. My new outfit's promotion policy had been anticipated by Lord Melbourne a long time ago: "What I like about the Order of the Garter is that there is no damned merit about it." Accordingly, a couple of years after my appearance before the selection board, I was a major myself, with my feet on a desk in the brand-new Pentagon. Air-conditioned. I had just finished writing part of a long thing to be entitled "Third Report of the Commanding General of the Army Air Forces to the Secretary of War," and I was looking through a large heap of aerial photographs for a few good ones to enliven the general's pages on strategic bombardment. Among the pictures submitted by the Fifteenth Air Force, based in Italy, was one that made me take my feet off the desk.

My old home town, in my childhood a suburb of Budapest, now part of the city, had indeed been bombed. The reconnaissance photo had been taken at medium altitude. Some areas were badly blurred, but I could make out the curve of the Little Danube, in which I had learned to swim, and a considerable number of craters. The war had been over for years before a cousin wrote me that one of those craters replaced the house where I had spent the first twelve years of my life. Two blockbusters accounted for the two schools I had attended.

The truth is, there has been a jinx on all the schools I have attended. No school I ever went to, not one, has survived to tell the tale. My first American school, P.S. 77, in New York, has just been demolished to make room for a something or other. P.S. 30, my next, was condemned a long time ago, and the building stands empty. Townsend Harris Hall Preparatory High School, from which I nearly graduated, was declared null and void during one of the LaGuardia administrations; its building is now part of City College. Even the site of the Air Forces Officer Candidate School has reverted to its original use as a golf course. I don't like to think what might have happened if I had been willing to pass physics and gone on to some many-mansioned seat of higher learning.

My lack of promise as a scholar had nothing to do with the family's decision to pull up stakes and leave Hungary, in November, 1923. What mattered more was that my father had not had a real job since 1919.

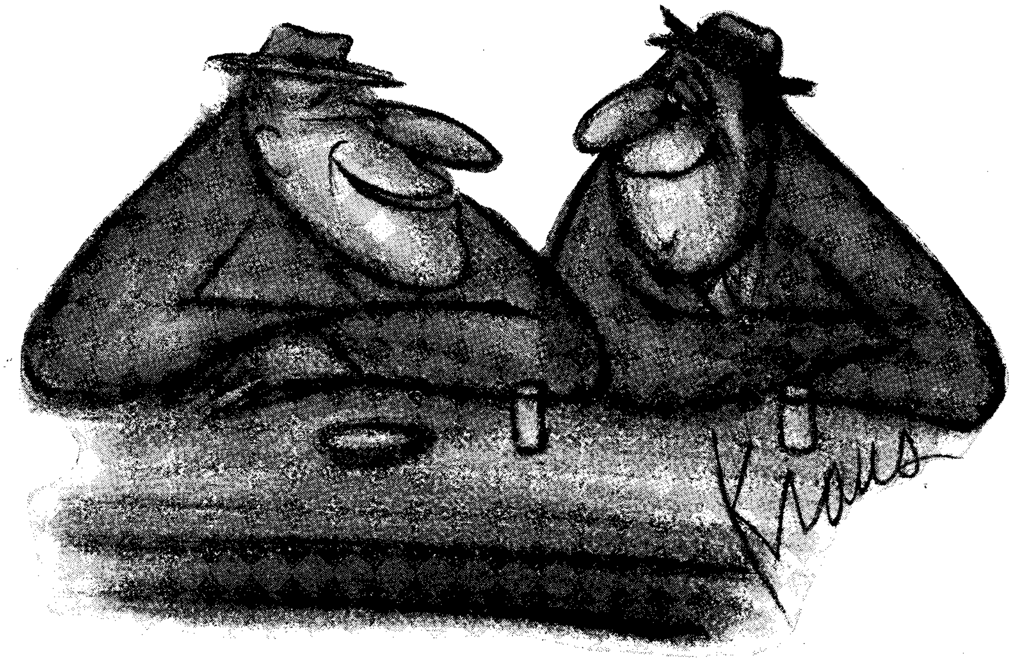
He was a small man, a little over five feet tall, with what amounted to a mania for not rocking the boat. Any boat. In conversation, any conversation, he agreed or appeared to agree with everyone, bluenose or libertine, legitimist or social democrat. Not that he was against strongly held principles. He was not firmly against anything. He was for amiable intercourse. He had been a promising actor, but his family had frightened him into giving up the stage. My aunt had frightened him into marrying my mother. And when I was still a baby, someone had frightened him into taking a job as a detective in the Budapest Department of Police. He must have been competent at certain kinds of investigative work, for he soon rose to the position of Inspector. When he was eighty and very sick (cerebral arteriosclerosis), I sat with him in his New York apartment and asked about some of those investigations. He seemed reluctant to discuss them—for fear, I think, of rocking the boat. He did tell me about having been assigned once, in Army uniform, to look into rumored disaffection in a Bosnian regiment. He gave the boys a clean bill of health, only to find that before he arrived back in Budapest they had shot their colonel. And soon thereafter he inadvertently started the First World War. Someone had put him in charge of a small detail and sent him down to Sarajevo to see that everything was shipshape for the forthcoming visit of the Archduke Franz Ferdinand. There was a detail from Vienna, too, and my father ran a routine check with his opposite number. No, the chap from Vienna said, there were no anarchists to speak of in Sarajevo, and the students were quiet. Father let it go at that, and told his own men to take it easy and amuse themselves around town.

Nonetheless, with his talent for blending into the landscape, he kept his job. He held it clear through the remaining years of the monarchy, through the administration of Count Károlyi, right up to the end of Béla Kun's brief Communist dictatorship. But after Admiral Horthy took over, Father was arrested and asked to explain how he had contrived to get on so well with everyone—more specifically, the Communists. It was a bad time for us all. Mother and I were permitted to bring food to the prison but not to see the prisoner. The trial was held in chambers, and a few witnesses testified that Father had meant no harm. Several of his co-defendants were hanged, but Father was only declared unfit to hold any more state or municipal appointments. No sentence could have been more welcome. He spent the ensuing years at his favorite pastime of agreeing with people in coffeehouses around town.

My mother supported the family. She had no objection to doing that; the fact was, she had been gainfully employed since the age of eleven. But she could see no future in Hungary for the children of a federally and municipally unemployable man. She had three brothers in New York—a grocer, an upholsterer, and a ne'er-do-well—and she adored the upholsterer. It took three years for our visas to come through. During those years, I listened to her reasoning with Father, bitterly, seven nights a week. He wanted us to stay in Hungary. Someday they might give him back his job.

WE crossed on the old Berengaria. We were all deathly seasick, except Father, who had found a way of getting along with the Atlantic Ocean, too. "Roll with it," he said. If I had only known which way it was going to roll.

We arrived in New York on a Thursday, and yes, the buildings were tall. We moved into a railroad flat on East Eighty-fourth Street, now a fashionable enough block, then inhabited mostly by second- or third-generation Irish and first-generation Hungarians. In many of the stores on First Avenue you could ask for what you wanted in Hungarian and get it. A very good thing, on the whole, for none of us spoke a word of English. I did not know the difference between "yes" and "no." But on Monday, our fifth day in the country, our grocer uncle took all four of us children to P.S. 77, on the



"Harry, when it comes to the mot juste, you're in a class by yourself."

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corner of First Avenue and Eighty-sixth Street. We were duly enrolled.

I, the oldest, was assigned to Grade 6-B, which was a semester ahead of my age group but had in it a boy who could speak some Hungarian. His name was Andy Szabo—"*szabó*" is the word for "tailor" in Hungarian—and his parents had come from the old country. It was hoped that he would befriend me, and he did, for a while. They seated me next to him.

He was not permitted to speak to me in class, of course, so I spent that first morning in absolute bafflement, awash in cataracts of gibberish. Voices rose. Boys laughed. The teacher frowned. Nonsense syllables appeared on blackboards. Bells rang in the halls. Automobile horns—a sound I had not heard in Hungary—exploded outside the windows. The teacher, Mr. Pulets, paid no attention to me until just before lunch, when he handed me a slip of paper with some writing on it. Andy explained that it was the name and address of a bookstore where I could buy an English-Hungarian dictionary.

Walking me part of the way home, Andy said something very disturbing about our teacher. Mr. Pulets was a Czech; at any rate, one or both of his parents had been. I did not have to be told more. As a fully indoctrinated Hungarian, I knew. Only the Rumanians—hairy-tongued Rumanians, we called them—stood lower on the biological scale. Czechs were jackals, hyenas. They held lands that had since time immemorial belonged to Hungary. Moreover, those lands had not been won in fair battle. I wondered if I ought to go back to school at all.

I did go back, though, and that afternoon I learned a little English. Before we could go upstairs to our classrooms, we had to stand in lines in the yard and be kept orderly by monitors. If the monitor uttered a word that I visualized in my phonetic Hungarian as "*Sarap*," we had to stop talking. When he said to a boy, "*Szpidát dö csungó*," the boy would spit out something he had been chewing on, wrap it in a piece of paper, and throw it away. I wished I knew what they all chewed on. If a boy tickled the neck of another in front of him, the owner of the neck would say, "*Kvidat!*" And if the boy in back kept on, the thing to yell was "*Girárehír!*"

During those first weeks, Andy walked me home nearly every day. Once, we were stopped by a group of boys about our own age but from another school. One of them pointed to my trousers and said something. I was still wearing my Hungarian clothes, not too different from an Eton suit. The trousers ended a few inches above my knees.

Andy said in Hungarian, "He wants to know if you're some kind of fairy."

Now, in Hungarian that made no sense, but I could tell that it was not meant kindly. Where I came from, fairies had been as a general rule tiny; they inhabited flowers; and they were girls—not a good thing to be. I shook my head.

Then Andy said, "He's asking if you want to fight."

The boy was rather smaller than I. "Certainly," I said.

We stripped to our shirts. In Hungary, boys did not box. They wrestled. To strike with the fist constituted a foul as appalling as a knee in the groin would be here. I therefore assumed a wrestling stance, only to be met with a punch in the mouth. "Foul!" I would have screamed to Andy, but there was no opportunity. Before I could move in close enough to apply a hold, I had taken a dozen or more punches in the face. Then the other boys forced us apart, and my opponent went back to work on my mouth. I was bleeding heavily from both mouth and nose before a passing adult stopped the fight. He held us from each other with two large hands, but he permitted the other boy to tap out the victor's chant on my shoulder:

Three, six, nine,
Bottle of wine.
I can beat you
Any old time.

To be sure, I did not understand what the boy had said. Dazed and still bleeding, I followed Andy up to his apartment, where his mother made me take my shirt off so that she could wash some of the blood out. He offered to show me how to box, but I was not in a studious mood. He shadowboxed around the little bedroom while I worked my tongue along the cuts inside my mouth. "Lead with your left," he kept repeating in his bad Hungarian. "Lead with your left." After he had tired himself out, he lay on the bed and rendered, with some relish, the meaning of the little verse that had been tapped out on my shoulder. That was what broke the dam. I had not only been beaten but had cravenly stood by as my defeat was being proclaimed. Mrs. Szabo had barely finished wringing out my shirt, but, wet as it was, I put it on and ran home, crying most of the way.

Within the next few weeks, there were six more fights, and the consensus appeared to be that I won the last four. Win or lose, I never again permitted those words to be branded on my shoulder. All the fights went on until stopped by some adult, and once, on Eighty-fifth Street, two middle-aged men got into a fight of their own because they could not agree whether my opponent and I should continue.

For some time I suspected Andy of having arranged those bouts, although I may have been doing him an injustice. He was always solicitous in ministering to my cuts, bruises, and abrasions. Perhaps he fancied himself as a sort of manager. For my part, I derived at least one small but useful piece of wisdom from that series of engagements. There is an internationally held conviction that most bullies are physical cowards. They are not.

In any event, my mother soon bought me some American clothes at Rosenberg's Togs, on First Avenue, and after that there were no more fights. After that, I ventured to join the boys playing down in the block, groups I had been watching from the window. They shot craps, played stickball, or just hung around the brownstone stoops. The boys gathered on one stoop and the girls on another. Sometimes the girls sang. They sang "Barney Google," "It Ain't Gonna Rain No More," and "Yes, We Have No Bananas." They were all right, those tunes, but I did not like them as well as hundreds of Hungarian ones I knew.

Stickball was no substitute, either, for the soccer I had played almost from the time I learned to walk. Only the pitcher and the batter seemed to be actively involved. Besides, it was hard to follow the box scores chalked on the sidewalk. One team was always called Giants and the other Yankees. The small dictionary that Mr. Pulets had made me buy had a perfectly good Hungarian word for Giants but none at all for Yankees. Those must be the small people, I assumed. Underdogs. Right-thinking persons favored the underdog; I therefore became a Yankee fan, and remained one clear through the era of Gomez and DiMaggio.

Mr. Pulets turned out to be quite decent, for a Czech. And, for a school, P.S. 77 was not bad, either. Once a week, we had a very enjoyable period called "*Szembli*," when the movable walls of the classrooms were rolled back, a color guard marched up the central aisle, and we sang songs. "America the Beautiful" became, next to the "Marseillaise," my favorite foreign tune. Women teachers were usually in charge of *Szembli*. There were three kinds of women in that school. Some had to be addressed as *Misz*, some as *Miszisz*, and one was a *Miszficc*—Miss Fitzmaurice, that was.

In class, I was not called on for recitations. Arithmetic was easy, mostly work that Hungarian boys had completed in fourth grade. Spelling was no problem, since Mr. Pulets allowed me to use my dictionary at all times. I must have done enough to satisfy him, for at the end of January, three months after our arrival, I found myself promoted to seventh grade and P.S. 30.

P.S. 30 was a junior high school, and considerably farther from home. I used to run all the way there and back. Sometimes I carried the news from Marathon, other times I was a character out of the Wild West novels of Karl May. In truth I chased no one, and no one chased me. But I ran. Now and again I would stop in front of the Kerekes Book Store on Eighty-sixth Street; there were Hungarian books in the window.

In seventh grade, they placed me with a slow group, and our teacher was Miss Carmody—"the toughest in the school," according to a senior who seemed to know what he was talking about. Miss Carmody was young, slender, and, I thought, extremely pretty. We read "The Courtship of Miles Standish," "Hiawatha," and "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow." She let me use the dictionary, too, and when I did so conscientiously I could understand a few sentences on every page. The trouble was, she expected me to recite. Once, she called on me for two stanzas of "The Village Blacksmith," and I found out how she got her reputation.

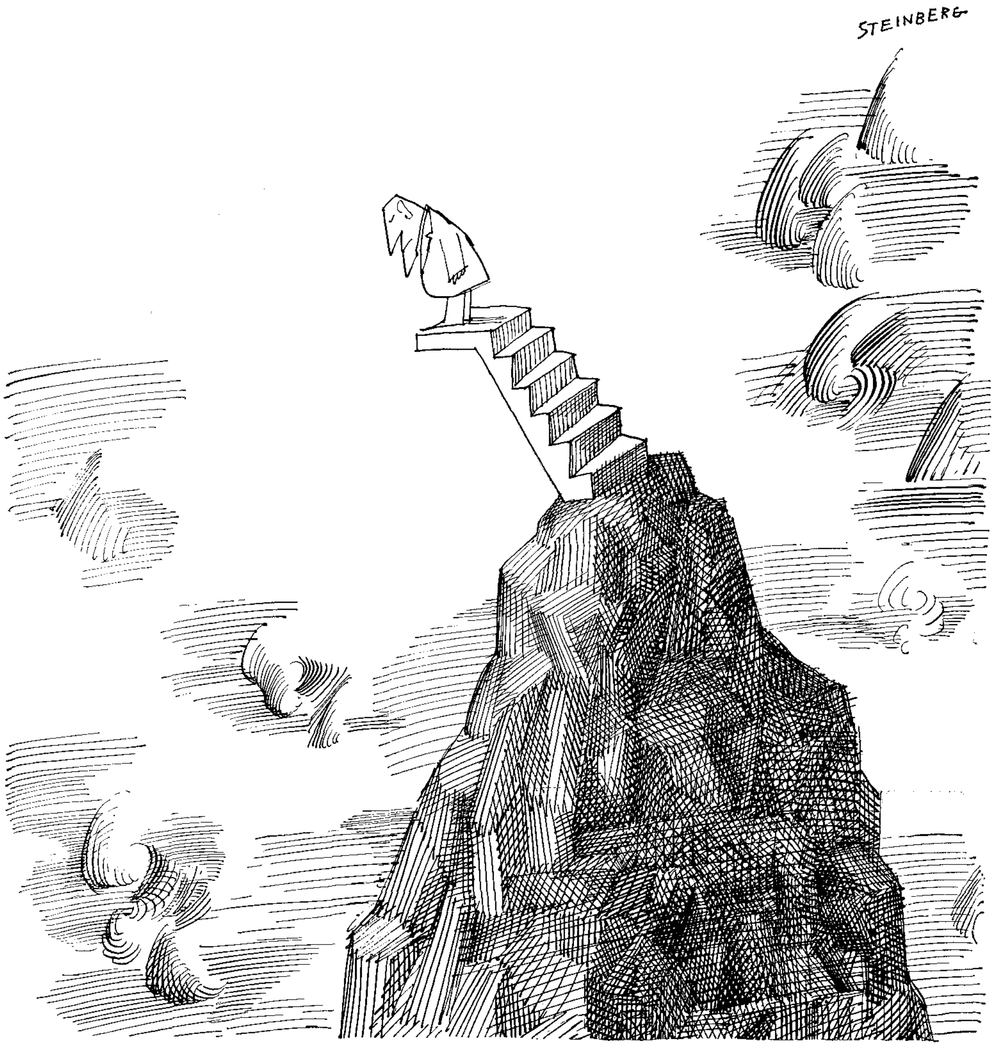
I had scarcely got beyond the spreading chestnut tree when there was a loud guffaw from someone in the back of the class. "All right," Miss Carmody said in a controlled voice. "Who laughed?"

"Me," said Dominick Abruzzo.

Dominick was older, bolder, and rather less trammelled than the general run of undergraduates in P.S. 30. He never passed behind Miss Carmody without making an obscene gesture or two, and he used to stuff up all the inkwells with sand, tar, and other, still more improper, substances. He carried a pair of brass knuckles and a bone-handled hunting knife. He played beautiful harmonica. Any song you wanted to hear.

Miss Carmody called him up to the desk, and he came, still grinning. She got to her feet and slapped his face, hard. The grin disappeared, replaced by a kind of sleepy look we all knew, and he slapped her back, just as hard, if not harder.

Then Miss Carmody did an extraordinary thing. With a marvellously deft movement, she grabbed the knot in Dominick's tie, turned it clear to the back of his neck, and led him choking and gasping out of the room. They were gone almost the rest of the period,



but we remained very quiet indeed. Miss Carmody came back alone, and none of us ever saw Dominick again. Word was he had been sent to reform school.

As for "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow," it was much more difficult to grasp than either "The Village Blacksmith" or "Hiawatha." In the very first paragraph there were large words like "denominated" and "navigators." But there were also two phrases that took my fancy, and one day, as I was running home for lunch, I made a sort of chant out of them. They were: "uniform tranquillity" and "inveterate propensity." Crazy long words. All out of a single paragraph. Biggest damn words on East Eighty-fourth Street. Had a kind of lilt to them.

If at that time I had been asked to compare Hungary with New York, it is hard to say how the balance sheet would have looked. I definitely missed the old orchard where in season I could climb a tree and eat my fill of cherries, plums, apricots, walnuts, peaches, pears, or mulberries; where I could load my cap with currants or dark grapes. In New York the girls skipped rope to a tune about a mulberry bush. No one here, not even boys, knew that mulberries grow on trees—good-sized trees, at that. On the other hand, who in Hungary could walk across the street to Mr. Zischick's store and buy a Hershey bar for a cent, a milkshake for a dime, a hot-fudge sundae for twenty cents, or a banana split for a quarter? I had never even seen a banana or a pineapple until we came here.

In New York, you did not have to take lessons on the violin. You could deliver grocery orders from your uncle's store, and on the earnings of a single Saturday you could buy an Ingersoll watch. Some people, usually the Irish, tipped as high as a dime. On the earnings of two Saturdays you could buy a Waterman fountain pen, which on a single filling would write until you were tired of writing. You could borrow and keep for weeks on end all the books you wanted, free, from the Webster Branch Library on York Avenue or the Yorkville Branch on Seventy-ninth Street. You could go to Loew's Orpheum on Eighty-sixth Street, where, besides the movie, they had five acts of vaudeville, like Jack Benny, Lou Holtz, Borrah Minevitch and His Harmonica Rascals, and Joe Cook, who was always explaining why he was *not* going to imitate four Hawaiians. When Andy Szabo was not too lazy, you could walk downtown to Earl Carroll's Theatre. In the lobby there they had a door, and over it a sign that said, "Through These Portals Pass the Most Beautiful Girls in the World." It was not possible to catch sight of an actual girl in the act of Passing Through, but you could look and look at their interesting portraits in the lobby. The portraits in the lobby of the New Amsterdam Theatre also had a lot of character. Those were of Ziegfeld Girls, and they wore somewhat larger strips of gauze than Mr. Carroll's people.

In New York some pencils had erasers at the other end, and that was good. You could go to the Museum and see armored knights mounted on fully caparisoned horses. There was a Meissonier painting, too, of a cavalry regiment charging past Napoleon on the battlefield at Friedland. Down on the first floor they had a real mummy in a real grave, all brought over from Egypt. Outside the Museum they had a stone obelisk, also from Egypt, with carving on the sides and a metallic pyramid on top. Pure gold, that pyramid, according to Andy; they had placed it there as a reward to be claimed by anyone who could interpret the hieroglyphics on the sides. That was not true, though, Miss Carmody said. I had stayed after school to help her plant some bulbs in pots on the window sill. She also said that the man who had written "The Village Blacksmith" was a good poet but not the best. William Shakespeare was the best, Milton next, with Shelley and Wordsworth sort of tied for third. Very much like the Yankees, I thought. Ruth was the most valuable player, Gehrig next, with Herb Pennock and Waite Hoyt sort of tied for third. I had not given up any of my old heroes on the MTK soccer team in Budapest, but none of the American newspapers carried accounts of their doings.

One thing about New York, one of the worst—a person had no place to dig a hole. If a person had so much as showed up carrying a spade in Central Park, he would have been thrown out on his ear. In Hungary, digging had been one of my pastimes. I used to dig large holes that the housemaids used

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THE MIND, INTRACTABLE THING

even with its own axe to grind, sometimes
helps others. Why can't it help me?

O imagnifico,
wizard in words—poet, was it, as
Alfredo Panzini defined you?
Weren't you refracting just now
on my eye's half-closed triptych
the image, enhanced, of a glen—
"the foxgrape festoon as sere leaves fell"
on the sand-pale dark byroad, one leaf adrift
from the thin-twigged persimmon; again,

a bird—Arizona
caught-up-with, uncatchable cuckoo
after two hours' pursuit, zigzagging
road runner, stencilled black
in stripes all over, the tail
windmilling up to defy me?
You understand terror, know how to deal
with pent-up emotion, a ballad, witchcraft.
I don't. O Zeus and O Destiny!

Unafraid of what's done,
undeterred by what looks like defeat,
you, imagnifico, unafraid
of disparagers, death, dejection,
have out-wiled the Mermaid of Zennor,*
made wordcraft irresistible:
reef, wreck, lost lad, and "sea-foundered bell"—
as near a thing as we have to a king—
craft with which I don't know how to deal.

—MARIANNE MOORE

* "The Ballad of the Mermaid of Zennor," by Vernon Watkins, New Directions.

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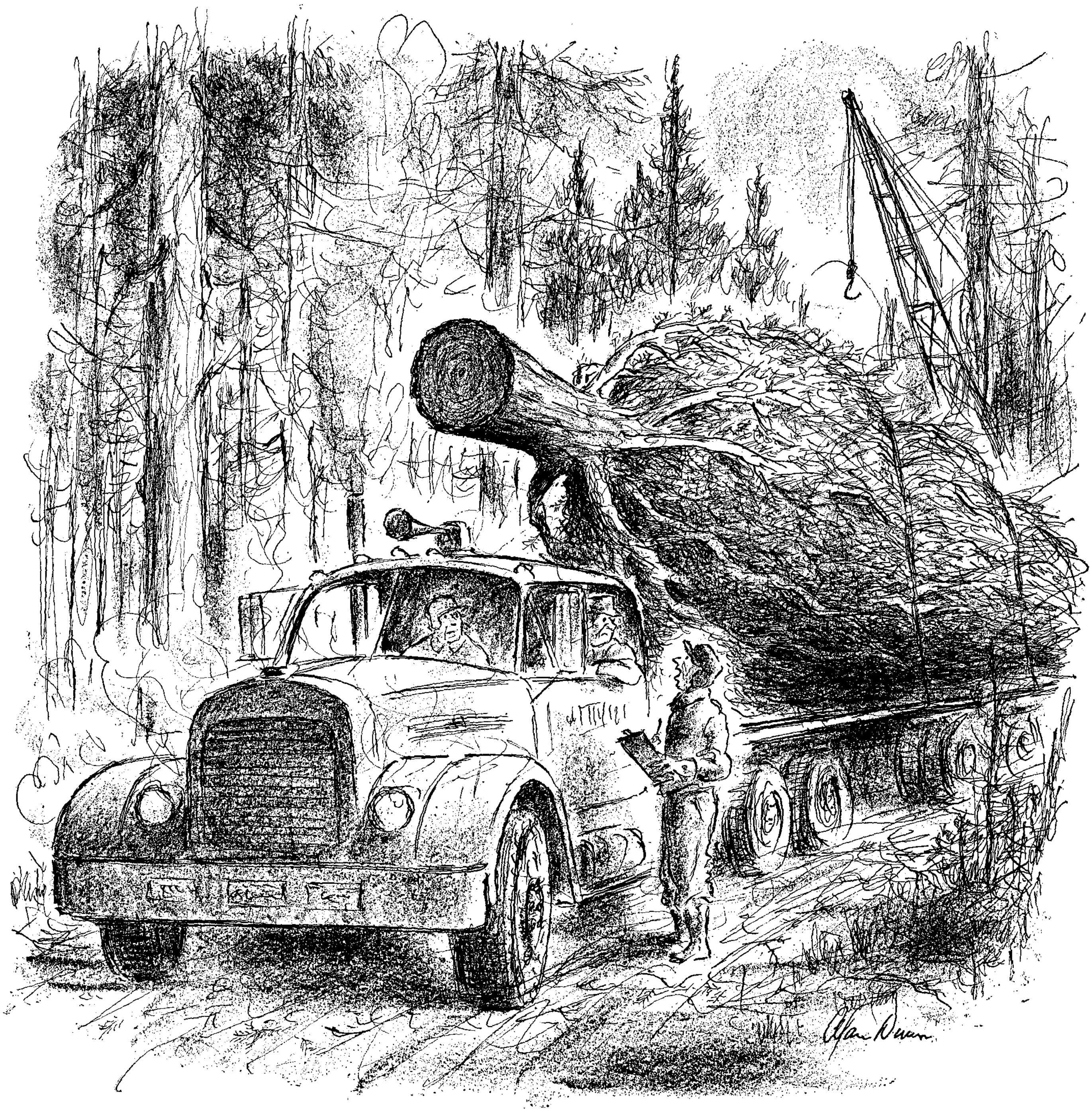


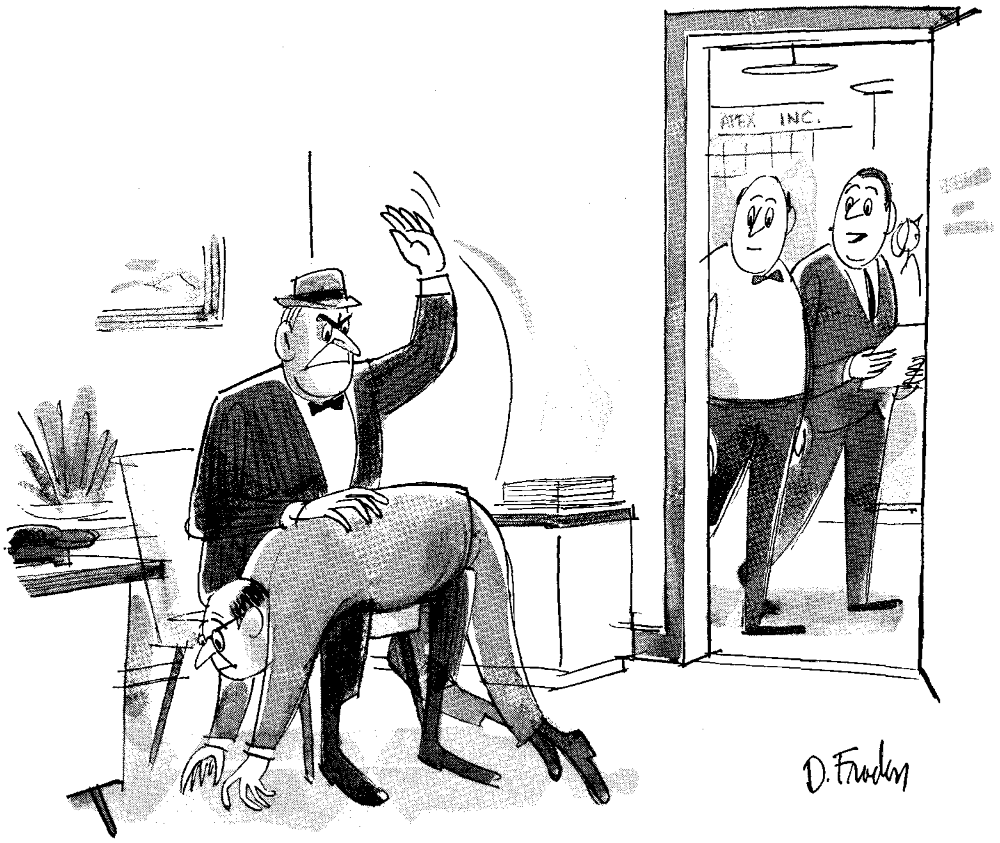
"Then turn west from Second Avenue into Forty-ninth Street. About a hundred feet west of Fifth, you'll come to Rockefeller Plaza. They'll know."

• •

for garbage disposal. I dug one pit for broad jumping, another for the pole vault. My friends and I made a clubhouse of our woodshed, and around it we dug a moat that people could cross only if they knew the password. I got the idea for that after one of our teachers had taken us for an excursion up the Danube to visit the ruins of the fortified castle at Vác. There was nothing in New York like the fortress at Vác, with its terrifying dungeon still intact, complete with rusty iron rings in the wall. I caught a green lizard there and saw a spider web that must have been a thousand years old and as densely spun as some man-made fabric. Nothing like that in New York.

Of us all, my little brother seemed least averse to making the change to American ways. He certainly lost no time in dispensing with the Hungarian language. When he was obliged to speak it to our parents, he fell into weird locutions, and grew angry when we smiled. He tried to say "strawberry shortcake" in Hungarian, but what came out, translated back into English, was "hayberry brieftart." He turned "Venetian blinds" into "blind men of Venice."

Of my parents, my mother was probably the more successful in adapting to New York, although in the early months she had rather more than her share of travail. Among some Hungarian immigrants, perhaps among other immigrants as well, time-honored usage is to put the most recently arrived through the mill. Not a few of our in-laws took advantage of this practice. In Hungary, my mother had owned and run a dressmaking establishment that employed fifteen or twenty girls,



"Isn't that Mr. Blodgett, chairman of our parent company?"

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and the dresses they had made were superb. Here, the in-laws gave her rags to mend, heavy winter coats to make for my older cousins, and leggings for my younger ones. She had never made a winter coat before, and had miserably to learn as she went along. As for the leggings, well, after the passage of more than forty years, we still talk about *those* from time to time.

The leggings had to be made of layers of stiff wool. They had to have buttons covered with the same material. The long rows of buttonholes had to be made by hand; she knew no other way. She tried to move softly, but there was no door between the room where I slept and the one where she worked, and now and again I would be awakened by the light. The clock would show half past twelve or later, and she was always up at six in the morning. Addled with sleep, I would remonstrate with her, and sometimes we both cried.

When my uncle, the upholsterer, found out how shamefully she was being underpaid for all this, he supplemented her earnings on the sly. She had helped him, too, when he came back from Russian captivity after the war, nearly starved and with a bullet still in him. He lived to be eighty-one. In the last year of his life, he either telephoned or visited my mother every day. Widowed by then, she was living alone in the apartment she had shared with my father. She used to cook for my uncle all the dishes he had liked as a child.

The agony of the leggings did not last too long. Mother went to work as a sample hand at a decent salary, and soon she was running a large shop in the garment center for a manufacturer of preposterously expensive dresses. She had what in my old Army Personnel Book was called a Convertible Skill. Apprenticed at eleven, she worked straight through a span of sixty-three years, and two weeks was the longest vacation she ever had. The people she worked for and the people who worked for her liked her very much.

During our early months in New York, I underwent an unexpected and disloyal conversion of my own. I betrayed two of my cherished Hungarian heroes. Not the great soccer players of the MTK; their memory remained green for years. The two men I betrayed were Ferenc Rákóczy and Sándor Rózsa.

It is not easy to say why, out of the extensive Hungarian pantheon, I had chosen those two to worship. Maybe it was because I owned such beautifully illustrated books about them. Then again, it may be simply that they had both been famous underdogs. Like most of the Hungarians I know, I was a great one for underdogs. It must be almost a cult back there, and not a difficult one to account for historically. Hungary was always being overrun by somebody or other. When it wasn't the Tartars, it was Austrians or Russians. Even the Ottoman Turks once occupied us for a lousy century and a half. Small wonder the language has grown so incomparably rich in curses.

Ferenc Rákóczy was a great noble who led a popular uprising against the Austrians in the first decade of the eighteenth century. As a small child, he had been kidnapped by the evil Cardinal Kollonic, who held him prisoner and tried to persuade him to give up his stepfather's sound Calvinist principles. Kollonic and all his Jesuits never got to first base. Rákóczy grew up to raise an army and fought the Austrians as Hungarians always fought (heroically) until overcome, as Hungarians always were (by overwhelming odds). He ended his days, as Hungarians still often do, in exile—in his case, near the Sea of Marmara. I knew several heartbreaking songs about that exile. I had learned them from one of the girls in my mother's shop. Now and again, when low in spirits, I would get into a dinghy on the Little Danube and row out to an island hidden among the reeds. It was a small island, not more than fifteen feet in diameter. I would beach the dinghy and lie on my back. With the frogs croaking sadly around me and the cattails blowing in the wind, I would imagine I was Ferenc Rákóczy in exile by the Sea of Marmara.

I betrayed Rákóczy, or at least I stopped thinking about him, well before I was out of Miss Carmody's seventh grade. I replaced him with, of all people, George Washington. While not of noble birth, Washington had been a very noble man, in some ways as noble as Rákóczy. He had certainly been noble about the cherry tree. During all those days and nights at Valley Forge, he had beyond any doubt qualified as an underdog of underdogs. The unutterable beauty of it was that Yorktown had followed Valley Forge. Americans won. They always won. I found a picture of George Washington in the rotogravure section of the Sunday *World* and pasted it on the wall above my bed. Into it I stuck a little American flag I had dug out of a box of Cracker Jack.

My other idol, Sándor Rózsa, was an outlaw who stole from the rich and, it said in the book, gave to the poor. He had made his forays out of the Bakony Forest in the days of the

Revolution of 1848, when the Austrians were again occupying the hell out of us. Since he had been born a peasant, his favorite weapon was the *fokos*, a kind of long-handled tomahawk. It worked miracles, that *fokos*, but not for long. Sándor ended *his* days, still a comparatively young man, on the gallows. My mother knew a song about his last few hours, which must have dragged horribly, for the song had a great many stanzas. She used to sing me to sleep with it. I still sing it, too, when I am driving somewhere alone in the car.

I betrayed Sándor with Robin Hood. The *fokos* was changed into a bow and arrow. Haynau, the contemptible Austrian general, became the Sheriff of Nottingham. Robin Hood, too, stole from the rich and gave to the poor. The Bakony became Sherwood Forest. So did Central Park. Andy and I shot homemade arrows into the parking lot of the police precinct there, and we tipped them with messages from Robin Hood. It was a tremendous relief to be a *merry* outlaw for a change and not come to a glum Hungarian end. Long before I finished reading my first book about Robin Hood, I knew that something agreeable would happen in the last chapter, and it did. Robin Hood came into his rightful heritage as Earl of Huntingdon. Englishmen, like Americans, had the habit of winning.

No such blithe metamorphoses occurred in my father's life. He was just forty when we got to New York, and there were to be no more magic coffeehouses for him, with Ferenc Molnár writing plays at one table and Maria Jeritza, a distant relative of ours, holding court at another. His first job was as a porter at fifteen dollars a week. Then he went to work at the Bond Bread Bakery, where he stood in front of a moving belt all day and smeared the loaves with some liquid—melted butter or maybe oleo. After that, he was employed as a clerk by my uncle, the grocer. That was followed by fifteen years in a grocery store of his own, in partnership with my other uncle, who had abjured upholstery. Even my third uncle, the ne'er-do-well, held a partnership in that store, for a time, and he had to be bought out at an exorbitant price.

Somewhat to his own surprise, I think, Father made an excellent grocer, especially after he and my uncle settled in a store on the corner of Eighty-fourth Street and Lexington Avenue, where there were lots of Hungarians. For so small a man, he was remarkably strong. He had to be, because there were heavy cartons to lift and hundred-pound cakes of ice to be hoisted high into the refrigerator. His working week was closer to eighty than to seventy hours, and years went by without his missing a day.

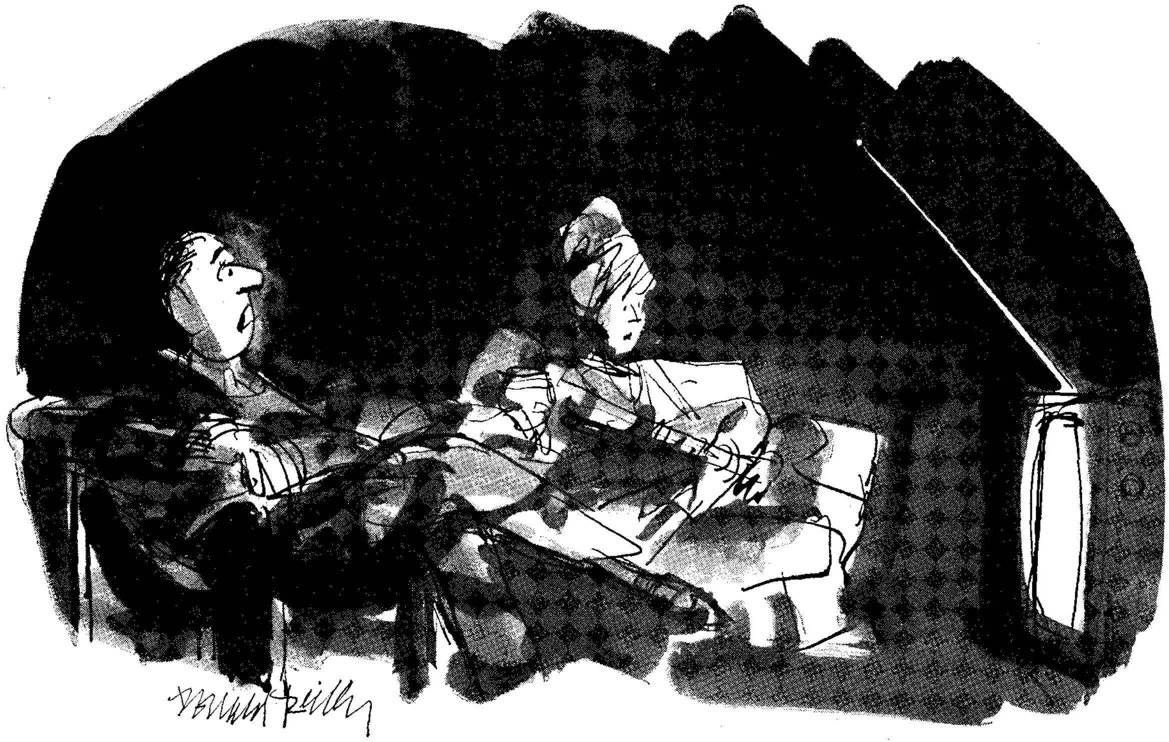
He was cheerful, and the customers liked him. When a child came in and asked for sugar, my father would say, "Sweet?" And when a child asked for milk, he would say, "White?" Americans liked his accent, and Hungarians liked his courtly manner. He clicked his heels audibly behind the counter, and bowed from the waist to fat old cooks from Park Avenue and housewives from Third. He lavished wildly extravagant honorifics on one and all; he could do that in several languages. Once, to his ineffable delight, he was able to use even "Your Royal Highness" with some degree of appropriateness. A Hungarian doctor, who practiced in the neighborhood, came in with a bona-fide Habsburg, a great-niece of the old Emperor, who bought a loaf of rye bread and a can of olives. I listened to that story three or four times a year for a quarter of a century, and its coda was always the same: "Imagine, a Habsburg buying her own bread! But you don't know what that means. How could you?"

Father was held up three times—twice in the store and once on his way home, in the lobby of our apartment house. The first time, he had no chance to do anything, because the men simply locked him in the back. But the next two times, he resisted and was pistol-whipped forthwith. The first of those beatings, though painful, was not serious. The one he sustained in the lobby left him unconscious and bleeding heavily from scalp wounds. Frantic, my mother asked him what he had expected to accomplish by resisting two armed men, both young, both large. He said, "What did *you* expect me to do, just hand them the money? I still have *some* Hungarian blood in me, you know." Yet he continued meekly to agree with everyone, in or out of the store, about politics, religion, the weather, or anything else that happened to come up. I am unable to account for those two spectacular acts of defiance. It could not have been the money; the store carried ample insurance against holdups.

At the age of fifty-eight, Father began to have seizures brought on by his advancing arteriosclerosis, and he had to retire from business. For a time, we thought he might resume his coffeehouse ways. He easily could have, living as he did in Yorkville, with its rich selection of Hungarian clubs and restaurants. But all he wanted was to stay in the apartment, and he did so for twenty-two more years. Once a day, he went down to shop for food and to chat with the grocer or the druggist, and in the evening he stepped

TELEPHONE
Chon Day

"I'd like to make a person-to-wife call."



"When you consider television's awesome power to educate, aren't you thankful it doesn't?"

out to get his papers. He learned to cook for himself and Mother.

Now and then he hankered to go back to Hungary for a visit, but Mother, the least nostalgic Hungarian of my acquaintance, was not interested. After a while, he stopped bringing the subject up. He did not want to go back badly enough to risk rocking the boat.

It outraged him no end, though, when I was offered a chance to go and declined. The offer came a month or two after Germany's surrender in 1945. The United States was represented on the Allied Control Commission, which was theoretically the government of Hungary at the time, and the State Department was looking for an Air Force officer of field-grade rank and with a fluent command of the language. The I.B.M. gadgetry in the bowels of the Pentagon was put to work and came up with two cards, mine and one other. The man from the State Department did his best to make the job sound attractive, but at that point my wish was to slip out of uniform and go home. By home, I did not mean Budapest.

I should never have told Father about it. His reaction was startlingly violent. "The chance of a lifetime," he said, waving his arms. "You passed up the chance of a lifetime. Why, you would have been hailed as the Savior of the Country. My God. You could have been knee-deep in countesses. You could . . . ah, never mind."

About an hour later, he had one of his minor seizures, and I felt sure I had helped to bring it on.

The seizures were not too different from epileptic fits—frightening, until we learned how to cope with them. Luckily, they did not occur often; sometimes months went by without one. He was fairly good about taking his medicine, although he never wholly accepted the doctors' unanimous view that he had cerebral arteriosclerosis. He attributed his illness to the beating in the lobby.

He settled down to visiting his favorite doctor—a Hungarian, of course—once a month. Before long, his reports of these visits ossified into a ritual whose words and accents never varied: "Doctor says I'm in pretty good shape, considering. He says I ought to find some kind of hobby to fill my time. What would I want with a hobby?"

The fact was, he did have a hobby, which afforded him fanatical joy. He kept track of Hungarians who had left the old country and achieved a measure of distinction elsewhere. Poring over the émigré press and the gossip columns of all the New York papers, he amassed an astonishing fund of information. He could list all the husbands of all the Gabor sisters and their mother. He could, and would, tell you what Eugene Ormandy's real name had been, and Tony Curtis's and Leslie Howard's and Sir Alexander Korda's ancestors. He had a particular fondness for Nobel Prize winners like de Hevesy, von Békésy, Szent-Györgyi, and Wigner. He had known Arthur Koestler's family in Budapest, and everybody else's second cousin in some provincial town or other; hadn't they run a feed store in Csongrád or practiced law in Szombathely? I do not believe that, after forty years in the United States, Father could have told you who Robert E. Lee was, or the difference between Minnesota and the Mississippi. But he really kept track of his Hungarians.

About the time of the Oppenheimer hearings, I had dinner at my parents' apartment with a cousin of mine, who is a scientist. After dinner, my cousin and I were having our coffee while Father dozed in an easy chair behind us. We talked about the hearings. Edward Teller, one of Father's eminent Hungarians, had just testified. My cousin, though a good friend and collaborator of Teller's, was not altogether happy about the testimony, and said so. Then he left the room for a while.

Father, his eyes still half closed, said, "Teller could have been mistaken. Anybody can be. But don't sell Hungary short. Did you ever hear of Isadora Duncan? The dancer?"

"Was she Hungarian, too?"

"Don't be silly. But it took a Hungarian to seduce her."

"Now, now," I said. "I read her book, too. Lots of people seduced Isadora Duncan. Americans. Russians. Goatherds in Greece."

"I'm talking about the first time. It took a Hungarian. Plenty of people had tried before, including the French. Ever hear of Auguste Rodin? The sculptor? He tried. Nothing doing. It took a Hungarian: Oszkár Beregi. Teacher of mine at dramatic school—the Academy. It's all in her book. Great actor, Beregi. Still alive. Great Hamlet, great Romeo. Do comedy, anything. If Edward Teller made a mistake, you may be sure it was an honest one."

Then he nodded off to sleep again.

—Edward Newhouse

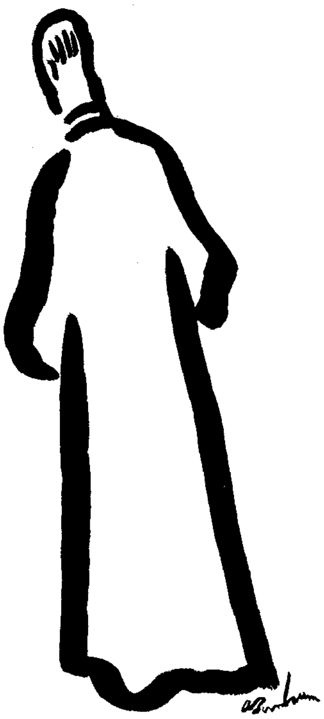
PROFILES

THE NEW THEOLOGIAN

III—PASTOR BONHOEFFER

NEXT to the late Dietrich Bonhoeffer, the Right Reverend John Robinson, Suffragan Bishop of Woolwich, relied most heavily for his much discussed 1963 book "Honest to God" on Rudolf Bultmann, who was, and is, one of the two preëminent living Protestant theologians on the Continent, the other being his main adversary, Karl Barth—who has written twelve brilliant volumes of theology in "Church Dogmatics" about the impossibility both of writing theology and of speculating at all about the divine nature, so far separated, Barth argued, was man from God. (Once, Emil Brunner, Professor Emeritus of Zurich University, was thought to be in the same class, but his star has been in eclipse now for many years.) Some months ago, pursuing the subject of the radical course in modern Christian theology—I had become seriously interested in the subject while following the British controversy revolving around "Honest to God"—I wrote to both of them, in the hope that I might be able to talk with them, though I knew Barth was touching eighty, while Bultmann had passed it, and neither one of them was in very good health. Both wrote to say that they would be glad to see me. I live in the United States, but I was in England at the time, and I went first to Basel, where Barth lives and used to teach, at the University of Basel.

Barth's house, a modest three-story structure, was on Bruderholzallee, in the southeast of Basel. The door was answered by an anxious-looking elderly lady with white hair, who was wearing a blue wool dress. This was Mrs. Barth. "*Guten Tag*," Mrs. Barth said. "My husband can't talk very long. He's just come back from the hospital, where he has been for three months." She conducted me to the stairs, then paused indecisively at the foot, and took me into a small living room overlooking a withered, wintry garden. She said, "My son-in-law is a landscape architect. He helped design this garden. In summer, this garden will be very nice; there will be flowers. When my husband gets stronger, we will have seminars in the restaurant across the street. His students come there, to discuss and write. That's where he wrote some of the 'Dogmatics.' We rent a room from the restaurant." Hesitating a bit longer, she told me how Barth spent a day when he was teaching and in good health. From her account, he appeared to have led a monk's life. He used to get up a little before seven o'clock; he thought aloud to himself from seven to seven-thirty; from seven-thirty to seven-forty-five he listened to Mozart, his favorite composer, about whom he had written a book; he read and wrote from seven-forty-five until lunch, which, if he was too preoccupied, he missed; at three-forty-five, having worked until the last minute—most of the time on a lecture that later became a chunk in the next volume of the "Dogmatics," the book growing, volume by volume, with each such addition, year after year—he left the house for his four-fifteen lecture at the university, and he worked again after the lecture from five-thirty to one or two at night (relying, by day and evening, on the help of his long-time, devoted secretary, Fräulein Charlotte von Kirschbaum, who had studied with him), finishing off with some detective stories, which, with Mozart, gave him his only relaxation. Occasionally, he liked a good bottle of wine or a plate of snails (which he had eaten for the first time five years before). Otherwise, his needs were simple.



Mrs. Barth then led me back to the stairs, which were covered with a worn red carpet. On the wall alongside them were prints of famous philosophers and theologians, ascending from Kant to Schleiermacher to Nitzsch to Neander to Richard Rothe to Blumhardt to Wilhelm Herrmann to Harnack. At the top of the stairs was a rather wasted figure with a strong, pugnacious peasant's face. He had on black-and-white striped trousers and a green wool shirt open at the neck, and he was wearing glasses and smoking a short pipe. This was Barth himself, the pupil of Harnack. Having greeted me warmly, he led the way into a very small and austere room—his study. In the center of the room was a round table, spread with a plain beige cloth. All around were worn gray books, in English, French, German, Latin, Greek, and Hebrew. One shelf, at eye level, held volumes upon volumes of his own works. On another shelf, next to the ceiling, were books written about him. One could just make out a few of the titles: "Karl Barth," "Catholicism and Barthianism," "Portrait of Karl Barth." The two of us sat down at the table.

"I wish you had come five years ago," Barth said. "You would have found another fellow. He would have been quick, but I've just come out of the hospital, and I'm lucky to have any memory at all."

I said that I was grateful for the opportunity to shake his hand, and I went on to say that in the rounds I had been making among the theologians I had discovered two Barths: one a radical Barth, who in 1918 had published a revolutionary book, "The Epistle to the Romans," that was still constantly read and referred to, and the other a conservative Barth, who was known for the "Church Dogmatics" to which he had devoted himself since the late twenties. How did the two manage to get on together?

He laughed, but only for a moment; it seemed a strain. With an effort, he said, "Yes, the commentary on Romans is a radical work, written in my youth. Then I became more tranquil, peaceful, universal-minded, and I wrote the 'Dogmatics.' Most people like the commentary, because it is radical, but the 'Dogmatics' is my more important work—if it is not so much read, it is because people don't take the trouble to read twelve volumes. The commentary is one-sided, but the 'Dogmatics' is many-sided."

I remarked that the late Pope John had compared him and his "Dogmatics" to Aquinas and the "Summa Theologica."

"I didn't know that," Barth said, looking away. He continued, "Dogmatic theology repeats the big yes that God gave the world. God loves the world in which we have to live. We have to say yes to the world. The presupposition of the 'Dogmatics' is that the Gospel is the word of God. Most theologians—most notably Bultmann—begin nowadays with the morals, the ethics of religion, or with man, but the presupposition of all dogmatic theology is that one has to begin with God."

"The God of the New Testament seems very different from that of the Old," I remarked hesitantly.

"The Old Testament is the story of the people of Israel, and this story is a prefiguration of Christ," he said. "Christ is the final revelation. Among the Gospels there are differences, contradictions, but the similarities are far greater, and they have to be kept in mind. The Gospel writers were the witnesses to the word of God."

Barth looked tired, and I felt I should take my leave.

As I got up, he rose and put a hand on my shoulder. "My eldest son, Markus, is in America," he said. "He teaches New Testament theology in the Pittsburgh Theological Seminary. Perhaps you will meet him someday."

SOME people see Bultmann as a sort of Atlas, supporting with his doctrine of demythologization the world of radical theology (though Bultmann can easily pass as a theologian in a classical sense, too; it is thought that a work like "Das Evangelium des Johannes" has such exegetical and critical value that it will be read long into the future, regardless of the fate of any one of Bultmann's philosophical ideas). Indeed, it is said that the German Evangelical Church would like to try Bultmann for heresy if a prosecutor could be found who was his match in theology. About the doctrine of demythologization Bultmann has written:

> The question inevitably arises: Is it possible that Jesus's preaching of the Kingdom of God still has any importance for modern men and the preaching of the New Testament as a whole is still important for modern men? . . . We must ask whether the eschatological preaching and the mythological sayings as a whole contain a still deeper meaning which is concealed under the cover of mythology. If that is so, let us abandon the mythological conceptions precisely because we want to retain their deeper meaning. This method of interpretation of the New Testament which tries to recover the deeper meaning behind the mythological conceptions I call "demythologizing"—an unsatisfactory word, to be sure. Its aim is not to eliminate the mythological statements but to interpret them. It is a method of hermeneutics. . . . According to mythological thinking, God has His domicile in heaven. What is the meaning of this statement? The meaning is quite clear. In a crude manner, it expresses the idea that God is beyond the world, that He is transcendent. The thinking which is not yet capable of forming the abstract idea of transcendence expresses its intention in the category of space; the transcendent God is imagined as being at an immense spatial distance, far above the world: for above this world is the world of the stars, of the light which enlightens and makes glad the life of men. When mythological thinking forms the conception of hell, it expresses the idea of the transcendence of evil as the tremendous power which again and again afflicts mankind. The location of hell and of men whom hell has seized is below the earth in darkness, because darkness is tremendous and terrible to men. These mythological conceptions of heaven and hell are no longer acceptable for modern men, since for scientific thinking to speak of 'above' and 'below' in the universe has lost all meaning, but the idea of the transcendence of God and of evil is still significant. . . . The eschatological preaching of Jesus was retained and continued by the early Christian community in its mythological form. But very soon the process of demythologizing began, partially with Paul, and radically with John. The decisive step was taken when Paul declared that the turning point from the Old World to the New was not a matter of the future but did take place in the coming of Jesus Christ. . . . An objection often heard against the attempt to demythologize is that it takes the modern world-view as the criterion of the interpretation of the Scripture and the Christian message and that Scripture and Christian message are not allowed to say anything that is in contradiction with the modern world-view. It is, of course, true that demythologizing takes the modern world-view as a criterion. To demythologize is to reject not Scripture or the Christian message as a whole, but the world-view of Scripture, which is the world-view of a past epoch, which all too often is retained in Christian dogmatics and in the preaching of the Church. . . . For the world-view of the Scripture is mythological and is therefore unacceptable to modern man, whose thinking has been shaped by science and is therefore no longer mythological. . . . Now it is the Word of God which calls man into genuine freedom, into free obedience, and the task of demythologizing has no other purpose but to make clear the call of the Word of God. It will interpret the Scripture, asking for the deeper meaning of mythological conceptions and freeing the Word of God from a bygone world-view.

But the more Bultmann has tried to give this doctrine an intellectual basis, the more he has discouraged many Christians with what they consider his essential irrationalism. In conversation with me, a sympathetic critic, the Reverend Canon Ian T. Ramsey, Nolloth Professor of the Philosophy of Christian Religion at Oxford, once told me, "Insofar as Bultmann is saying, 'Don't think the Gospels are just picture books,' exact records of, for instance, what Christ did; they are about something much more telling than this, about a mighty peculiar kind of thing, which might be called 'authentic existence,' or

MONODY

Mother mine, I have washed down
The turtles, your precious stones,
Smoked, touched dirt, painted Toby brown.
I have ignored the door and answered no phones.

I have had a filthy mind, destroyed my trains,
Seized Howard. I threw wet paper from the window,
Ruined your bedspread with stains
From Howard. I opened your letters and know

Everything. I did not eat.
I have burned my hand, burned Toby, told lies, have stolen
Something from your desk, lost your keys,
And danced in the piano. Ah, I made my eye swollen.

Mother, I heaved up on the glasses, ran
In the Green Room, scuffed the floor.
I ran frankfurters through the fan.
Oh, haven't I gone and spit, waged war?

—ROBERT DAVID COHEN

• •

what he calls 'the deeper meaning'—so far he's all right. I think he's also very *right* when he says that the kind of situation the Gospel is trying to portray is one of metaphorical—hypothetical—significance, but nevertheless one in which we are personally very involved. I think he's weak, or inadequate, at any rate, insofar as he tends to minimize the historical elements in the Bible—by taking refuge behind Heidegger, he almost cuts himself off from any possibility of arguing reasonably about this authentic existence. You see, I think that we have to pay more attention than he does to the historical elements and have to establish much better than he does what are more and what are less reliable ways of talking about this authentic existence. But in drawing people away from a mere kind of historicism, I think he is first-rate. And in suggesting that you don't understand the Bible or the New Testament unless there is some kind of personal commitment here—all this is first-rate. But I think he tends to be a bit, in the broad sense of the word, irrational. To despise the historicity arguments, as it were, and to think that whatever can be found out by historical criticism makes no difference—to think of this as of no account, so to say—I think this is irrational."

Appropriately, Bultmann's house, in Marburg, in Germany, proved to be on a hill, on Calvinstrasse. Mrs. Bultmann, a matronly lady dressed in gray, greeted me at the door,

took my coat, and at once accompanied me into her husband's study.

"Will you have a pipe?" Bultmann said, taking a few steps toward me, which revealed a pronounced limp.

"Many thanks, I don't smoke," I replied.

Bultmann looked me up and down. He had a prudent eye, and the succinct, detached manner of someone who doesn't suffer fools gladly. He was dressed, rather carelessly, in a gray pin-striped suit and a very wide gray tie. After a few moments, he sat down by a round table that was almost a duplicate of Barth's. Mrs. Bultmann took a chair near him, and so did I.

"It's not a very nice day out," Bultmann said, in a voice that was thin and querulous. "I feel the changes of the weather in my head. It's not the wetness or the winter that I mind but the continual changes of the weather from day to day. But I am over eighty now."

I asked him whether he and Mrs. Bultmann had thought of living in a warmer, more stable climate.

"My husband loves this house," Mrs. Bultmann said. "He would not be happy anywhere else. He gets fresh air here. He walks out on the terrace."

"I can't walk very much now," Bultmann said. "From my childhood, I have had trouble with my left leg."

"My husband recently celebrated his eightieth birthday," Mrs. Bultmann said. "We told all our friends that we didn't want any celebration, but we had lots of telegrams and cards and long letters and short letters. The dean of the theology faculty of the University of Marburg, the rector of the university, and the Minister of Culture from Wiesbaden all came and stayed for two hours. Two of our daughters made music for us. Our third daughter, who lectures on library science at Syracuse University, in America, arrived late and didn't have time to practice with her sisters."

"My wife and I recognized ourselves in that novel of yours, old boy."

"For my eightieth birthday my students gave me a third *Festschrift*," Bultmann said. "I've been spending all my time since then writing to each of the contributors."

To lead up to the subject of demythologizing, I asked Bultmann if he had any common ground with Barth.

"We both started out being opposed to liberal theology and its argument that men were religious by nature," he said. "Both Barth and I thought that this made religion too subjective. For us, God was an objective occurrence in the world. After that, we parted company. I don't read much Barth now. He's too orthodox—he believes in the literal word. I think philosophy and theology should be combined, but he doesn't. He doesn't like me, or Paul Tillich, for bringing in philosophy—he likes Brunner even less—but he and I still have very amusing exchanges." (Before coming to Marburg, I had spent a little time with Brunner in Zurich, where he lives. Between playing Bach's Prelude in B Minor and playing Bach's Prelude in C Major on the piano, he had told me that though Barth and he were nearly of the same age—Brunner was almost seventy-six—and of the same nationality, lived only sixty miles apart, and had both started out as dialectical theologians, they had rarely met. Explaining that such conduct was by no means an oddity in the scholarly world, Brunner had gone on to quote a sort of theological justification that Barth had offered a B.B.C. interviewer who had asked about the chilly relationship existing between the two Swiss theologians: " 'In his good creation, God saw fit to create such diverse creatures as an elephant and a whale. Each has his own function and purpose. But they are so different that they cannot communicate with each other or even fight with each other. As a result, they also cannot conclude a peace pact with each other. Why God chose to place such diverse creatures in the same universe no one knows. For the answer to this question we must wait until the eschaton. Only then will it become clear as to why God created the elephant and the whale.' " A common friend, however, in 1960, had managed to arrange a meeting between the whale and the elephant and they had got on famously, posing with Mrs. Brunner and Mrs. Barth for several photographs.)

"Yes," Mrs. Bultmann said. "When he was bringing out the booklet 'Rudolf Bultmann—An Attempt to Understand Him,' he sent a copy of it to my husband with a letter opening 'O Angel, forgive me'—a line borrowed from the last scene of 'Figaro.' "

"What are the limits of demythologizing?" I asked. "I know that students of Barth have said it can be the death of religion if it is carried too far."

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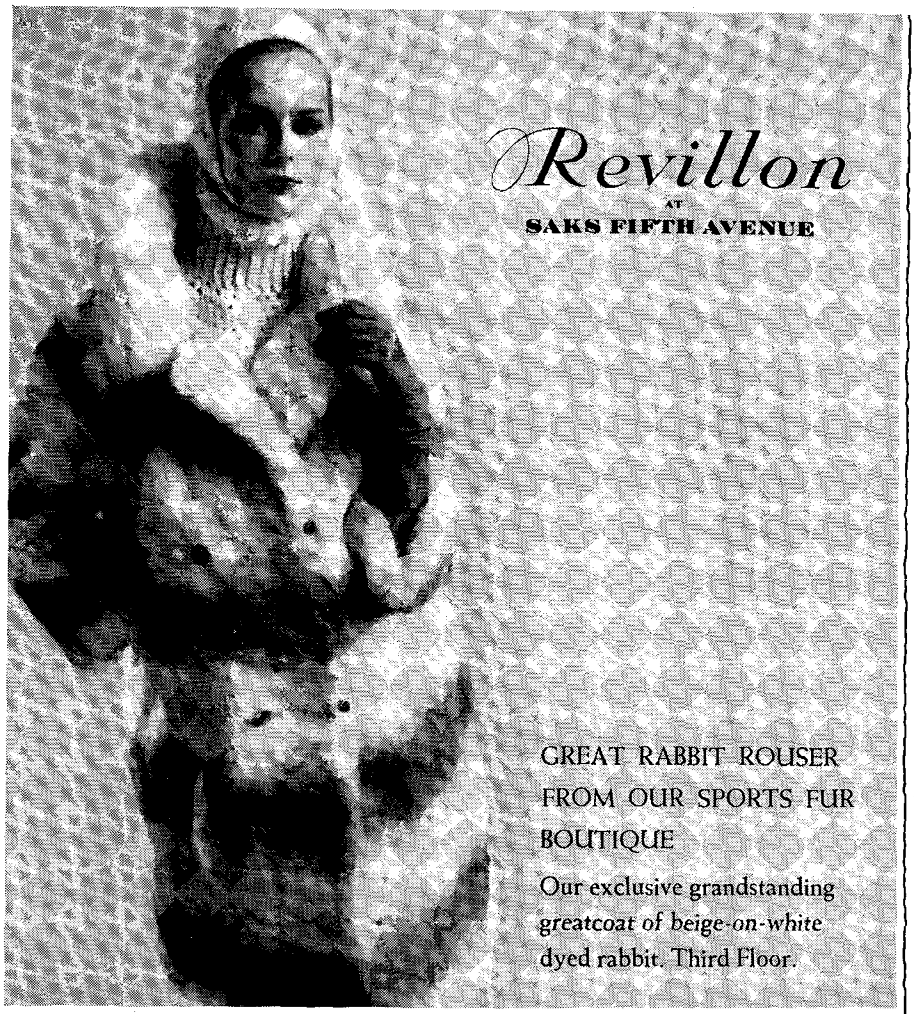

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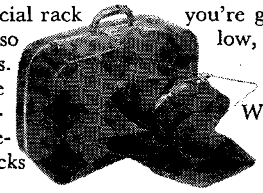

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Bultmann said. "I think we should take it as far as it can go."

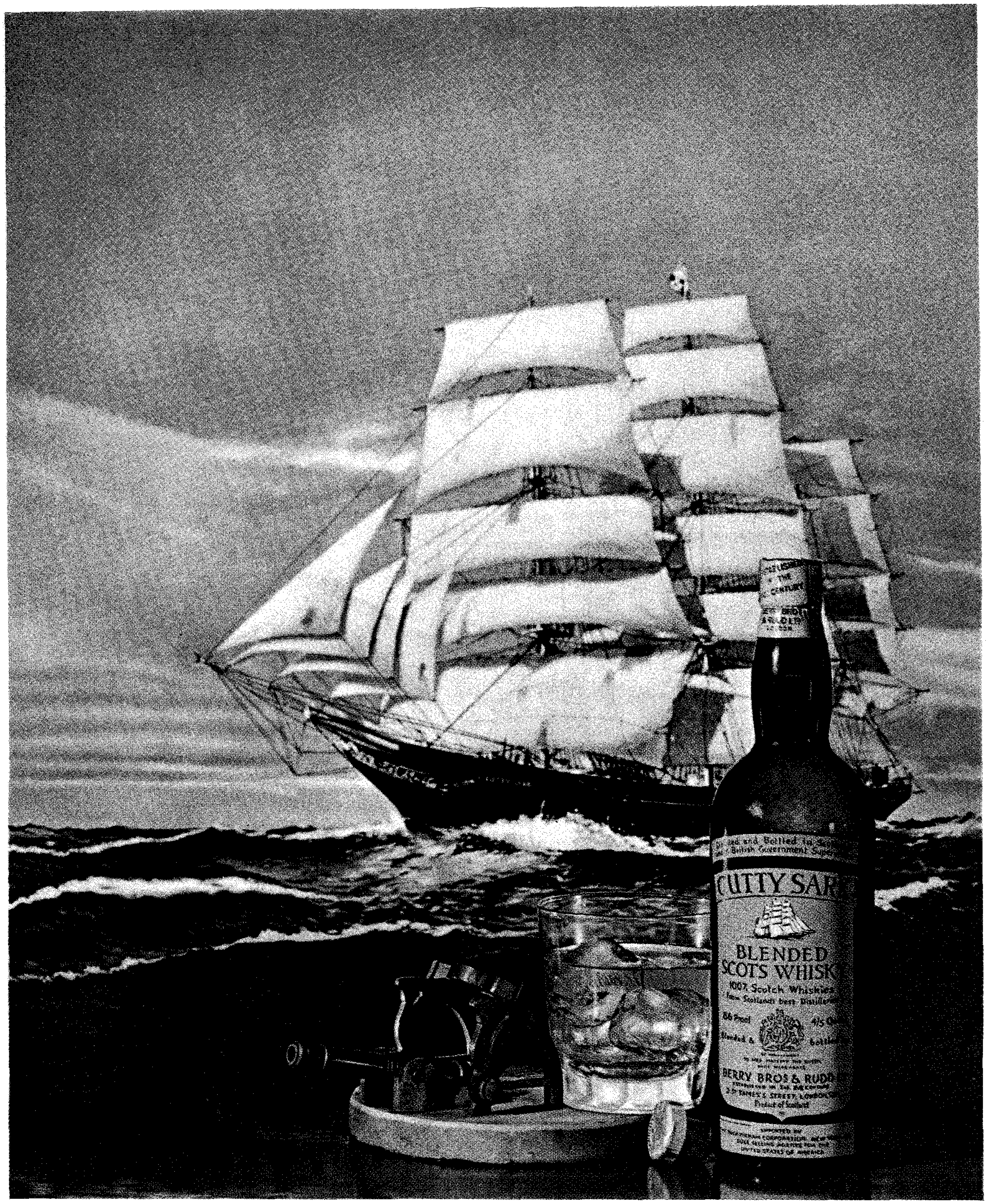
"After the Second World War, I worked in a hospital in Marburg," Mrs. Bultmann put in. "Ministers used to preach to the wounded and disabled soldiers about sin, and so on, and it didn't mean anything to them. Professor Bultmann's and Professor Tillich's religion did mean something. Every Sunday, even now, I read aloud to Professor Bultmann a sermon of Tillich's."

"In any case, all I want to say about demythologizing I have said in my books," Bultmann said. "I now have only one task left. I must finish writing my commentary on the Epistles of John. After this task is finished, my work is done."

"Last year was the first time he missed going to the reunion of his pupils," Mrs. Bultmann said. "He wasn't well enough. But I came back and told him everything that had happened—the debates and the controversies." The reunion Bultmann had missed for the first time was of his own "school"—all the people who had studied with him—which, I had discovered earlier by talking to a Bultmannian, numbered in the hundreds and met annually in a sort of academic convention. The coherence of the school could be judged by the fact that within that large school was a smaller school made up of the members of The Graeca, or "circle"—students who over the years had studied with Bultmann and had met with him once a week to read aloud classical literature over some wine.

Soon afterward, again in deference to an elderly man's health, I left Bultmann.

THE late Dietrich Bonhoeffer has probably affected more Christian theologians and, through them, more Christians of every sort than any other one theologian of our time. Indeed, Bonhoeffer was at the center of the labyrinth disclosed by "Honest to God," all paths eventually leading to him. An observer has said of him, "Bonhoeffer has been sweeping through the theological world like a fire. You have only to look at the footnotes of the books on theology published in the last decade to know this is true." And, surprisingly, the fire was kindled by one small, fragmentary volume, "Letters and Papers from Prison." It was edited posthumously by Bonhoeffer's closest friend, Pastor Eberhard Bethge, who also arranged for its publication. The book is a collection of miscellaneous jottings, poems, miniature sermons, essays, and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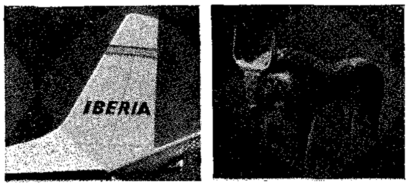

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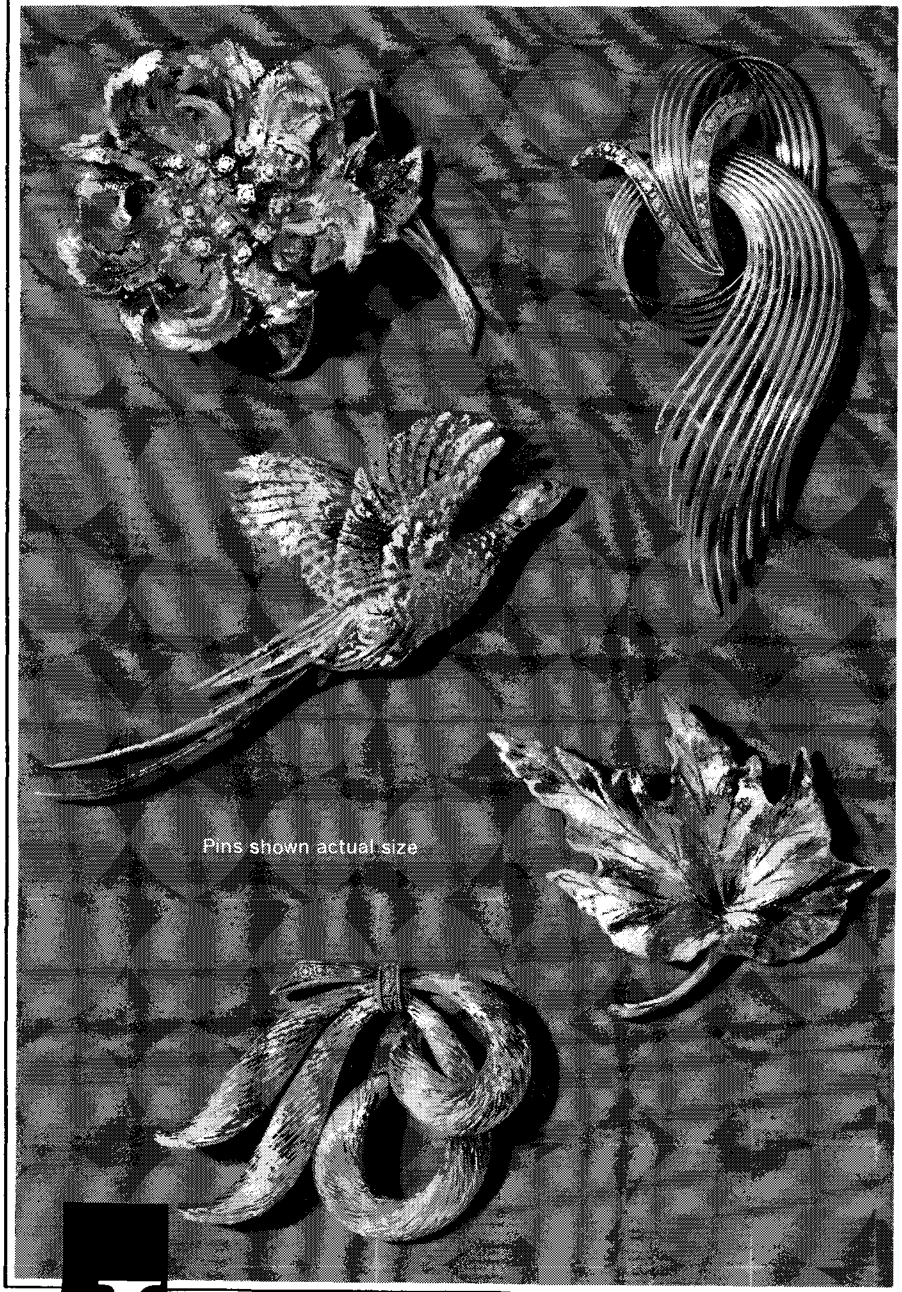
letters to his family and a friend, many of these being routine and only a few meditative—all written over a period of two years or so, beginning after he was arrested by the Nazis in April, 1943, as a suspected member of the Resistance and going up almost to the time of his death, in the concentration camp of Flossenburg, in April, 1945. Quite apart from the literary and chronological limitations that are inherent in any such collection, many of the printed letters dwell on the prisoner's daily needs, his regrets over his plight, and the wavering prospects for his release. Moreover, the editor has seen fit to omit a majority of the letters for family and other reasons, and Bonhoeffer, even though his letters were smuggled out, could not be unmindful of the prison censors. The result is that one shares Bonhoeffer's uneasy feeling that he is writing with someone reading over his shoulder. But at other times, because the letters were intended to be private, the reader feels a different embarrassment—as though he himself were an intruder. In addition, such theological reflections as Bonhoeffer was able to set down (they take up no more than fifty pages) bear the marks of intellectual isolation and of the abnormal conditions in Nazi Germany during the Second World War—circumstances that have to be taken into account in evaluating Bonhoeffer's ideas. Finally, the theological letters, instead of presenting his own views, record, as a rule, his objections to certain theologies and established religious practices, so there are only tantalizing hints of his constructive thinking. It is nothing less than extraordinary, then, that his book, with so many limitations, should have influenced a whole generation of theologians. The books of Robinson and Paul van Buren, among others, would, by their authors' own testimony, have been inconceivable without the "Letters and Papers from Prison." The Reverend David L. Edwards, the publisher of "Honest to God," sees an even closer connection between Bonhoeffer and his successors, including parallels in their lives, as when, in a conversation, he compared Robinson and Bonhoeffer: "The life Robinson led was very much like that of Bonhoeffer. Both had to come to terms with secularism, one in the Resistance, one in Southwark. Bonhoeffer, like John Robinson, came from a very well-connected background. He saw nothing but intellectuals and Christians till he decided to join the Resistance. Again, like Robinson's experience with the Southwark parishioners, Bonhoeffer found that many



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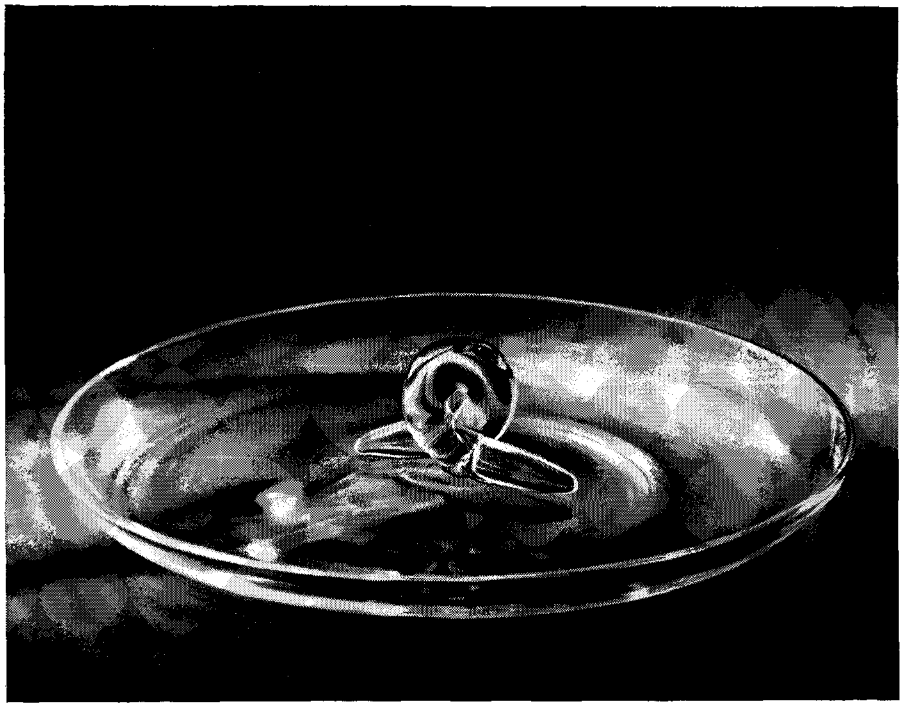

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non-believing soldiers and conspirators he was with had better values than the Christians with whom he had been brought up." However pervasive Bonhoeffer's influence, he has nevertheless had his critics, particularly among the theological elders, like the late Paul Tillich, who said, "Everyone is always quoting 'Letters and Papers from Prison.' Bonhoeffer's martyrdom has given him authority—martyrdom always gives psychological authority—but in fact he didn't live long enough for us to know what he thought." Bonhoeffer was thirty-nine when he died.

To penetrate the aura of martyrdom, I decided to seek out one or two of the men who had known Bonhoeffer. The two who had known him best, it appeared, were Pastor Bethge, who had met him in 1935, and another pastor, Wolf-Dieter Zimmermann, who had met him a few years earlier, and had recently brought out a collection of reminiscences, called "Begegnungen mit Dietrich Bonhoeffer—Ein Almanach," about the theologian by members of his family and friends who had known him since childhood. I met Pastor Wolf-Dieter Zimmermann first—at his two-story house on Wichernstrasse, in a good residential area of West Berlin. Pastor Zimmermann, a rather smooth-looking man in gray flannels, who spoke English with a sprinkling of Americanisms, made both of us comfortable in very modern chairs in his living room, and had time to tell me only that he was a religious editor for radio and television, with a two-hour radio slot to fill each week, before a lady in a red-and-blue plaid skirt and a blue sweater entered with a sprightly step, carrying a tea tray on which were not only a teapot and its accessories but a bowl of soup. This was Mrs. Zimmermann. I stood up as she entered. She put down the tray, touched me on the arm, and said, "We German women aren't used to men standing up," and left.

"If you don't mind, I'll eat my dinner now," Pastor Zimmermann said, taking some pills with the soup. "Some people smoke; I have to take pills."

I had found Zimmermann's collection of reminiscences somewhat opaque, and now I asked him if he, as an editor, was satisfied with the picture of Bonhoeffer that emerged from it.

"When I came to collect the material for that book, I discovered that it was very difficult to get information about Bonhoeffer," Pastor Zimmermann said. "Several professors whom I asked to write about him replied that they remembered him only vaguely. The three

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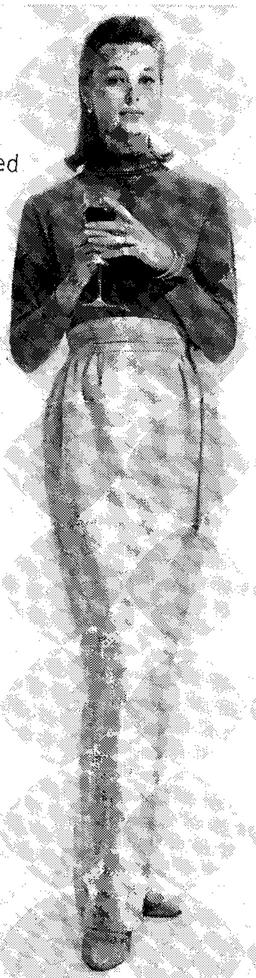

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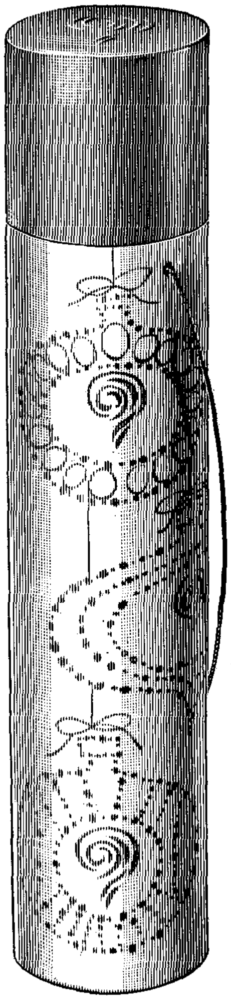

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groups who did remember him, and contributed to the collection, were his family, his pupils, and his personal friends. But his pupils never numbered more than a hundred and fifty all told, and only half of them were what one might call close to him, and half of *these* died in the war. His personal friends all remembered certain observations he made, or little things about him, that didn't suffice to make a picture. Strangely, I myself can remember him dressed only in light colors, though I know he must have had at least one dark suit for church purposes."

I asked him how he had first met Bonhoeffer.

"Well, it was in 1932, when I began attending his lectures on the Nature of the Church, at the University of Berlin," he said. "I remember that his lectures were very theoretical. At that time, he was a *Privatdozent* in Theology, and, with his kind of career behind him, it was clear that if things went along normally, he would soon be a professor. He told me he would like all of us, his students, to meet with him once a week and discuss some of the theoretical problems he was lecturing on. At the time, he was living in his parents' house in Grunewald—a prosperous and rather exclusive area, where many professors lived—and Bonhoeffer didn't want us to meet there. He didn't want to have a boss-and-student relationship, he wanted a more normal relationship, and he asked me if the group might meet in my room. I was living near the Alexanderplatz, a working-class neighborhood, and we met there. That was the situation in which I knew him, and I find that my life has been interpenetrated by his."

"What were your impressions of him at the time?" I asked.

"I don't remember him as a terribly good theologian, in the sense that he was good at theory," Pastor Zimmermann said. "Yet, as theologians go, he was a more normal person than most. He was a bit arrogant, a bit intellectual, a bit isolated and lonely, a bit narcissistic. He was the narcissistic type. He looked in his own mirror."

I asked the Pastor what he meant by that, and instead of replying he said, "You see, he did everything early. He received the Licentiate of Theology when he was twenty-one. He was quick at picking up things. He had never done any high jumping, for instance, but when, in his student days, they had a competition for high jumping at the university, he simply went out on the field and jumped higher than anyone

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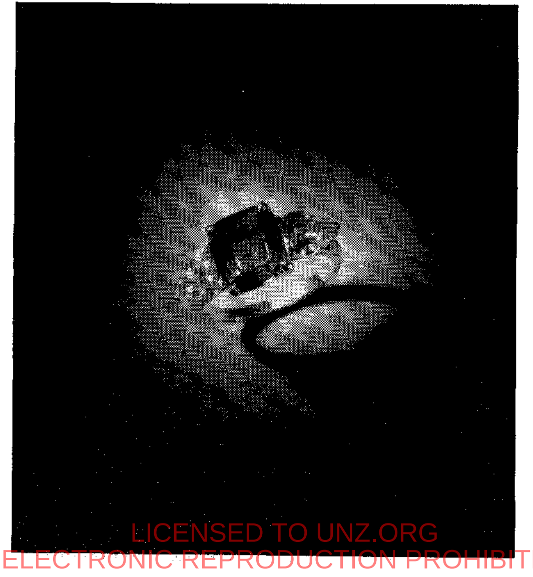

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else. He was able to do many things this way. He loved playing tennis, and he was very good at table tennis, too. He played the piano, sometimes in the morning and then after lunch and then after dinner and then at two o'clock in the morning. As a child, he went about learning things as a grownup would. He had discipline. He would set an hour a day aside to go and play tennis, say, and then he would come back and read and reread books. He read all the time. One day, Bonhoeffer and I and a friend of mine were camping in the woods two hours north of here— I say a friend of *mine* because Bonhoeffer never really made friends. Well, he did make friends with Pastor Bethge, but Bethge, a very quiet, shy man, was a good sounding board for Bonhoeffer. Anyway, the three of us were sitting on a little hill by a brook at sunset, and my friend said to Bonhoeffer, who was reading a book on Christology, 'Bonhoeffer, look, there is such a lovely sunset.' Bonhoeffer looked up for barely a second. A thrilled expression came over his face, but he immediately went back to reading. That was typical of him. He had seen the sunset and had been thrilled by it, and now could go back to Christology."

I asked what he thought was the extent of Bonhoeffer's influence in Germany now.

"As it happens, in West Germany today his influence is fragmentary," Pastor Zimmermann said. "There are a lot of youth hostels named 'Bonhoeffer,' and the German Evangelical Church accepts certain elements of his theology, but no one in West Germany accepts him completely. Curiously, his influence is considerable in the Communist countries. In East Germany, the C.D.U.—the Christian Democratic Union—has taken Bonhoeffer over. So has the Prague Peace Movement. They find Bonhoeffer's religionless Christianity perfect for them."

I had to catch my breath. I had come across some pat speculation in newspapers that Communism, as it finally moved into the twentieth century, was discarding some of its nineteenth-century luggage, like the dogma of scientific materialism, just as capitalism had abandoned some of its inherited doctrines, such as rugged individualism; in different ways, it was thought, both were putting aside antiquated ideologies, and from opposite sides both were developing the same sort of welfare state. It was, in fact, argued that in this convergence lay the hope for a reunified Germany, which might one day become a bridge be-

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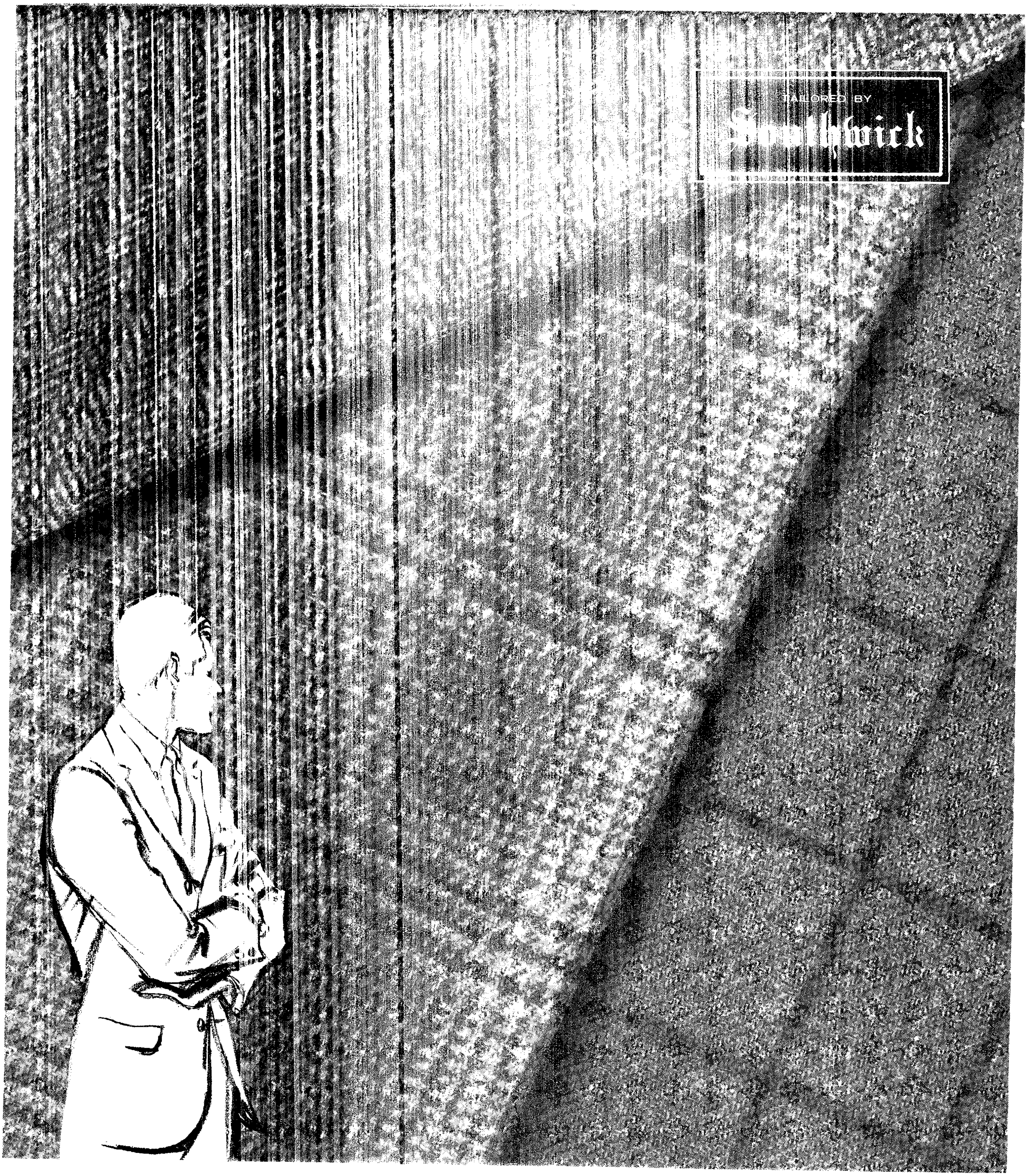

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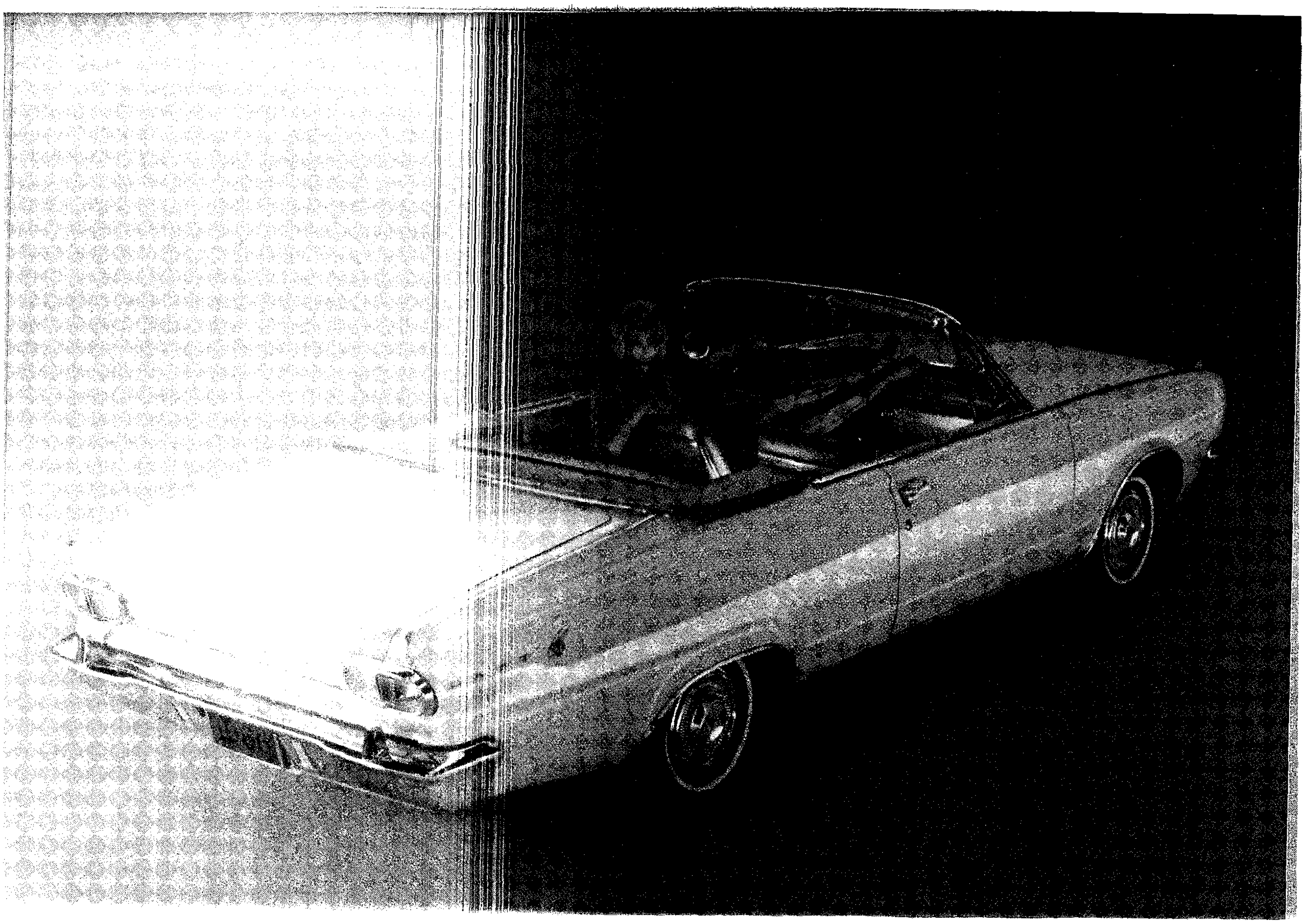
tween the East and the West. Even in the context of such speculation, however, the adoption of a Christian martyr by a Communist country seemed bizarre, and now I said as much to Pastor Zimmermann.

"You know, in our scholarly tradition in Germany we divide theoretical thinking from practical action," he said. "This goes so far that a professor isn't supposed to do anything practical. I mean, things have changed a bit since the war, but before that we used to have people who would just sit somewhere and think. Kant was such a thinker—you know, he spent all his time sitting and thinking in Königsberg, that one little town. He never left the town—wrote all his books there. Similarly, for centuries after the Reformation the churches of the German states were separated from real life. They were governed by the states. In all that time, the only alternative to the state ethics was pietism. In 1919, when the Kirchenbund, a very loose federation of the independent provincial churches, established in 1871, finally got a little authority, and there could be such a thing as a church social ethic that was different from the social ethic of the state, this independence created a lot of problems, because the Church had had no experience in ruling itself. Bonhoeffer's book 'Act and Being' was concerned with this problem: What is a Christian ethic in everyday life? This problem became all the more important when the Church capitulated to the state once again, under Nazism, at which time the dream of the National Church was finally realized. The German Evangelical Church was established only in 1945, but it still does not enjoy much authority, as the provincial churches go on maintaining quite a lot of their independence."

Pastor Zimmermann concluded, "You know, Bonhoeffer told me dozens of times, beginning as early as 1933, that he wanted to die at the age of thirty-nine. He did die at the age of thirty-nine. When I asked him why he wanted to die early, he said that life should be going up and up and up, that he didn't want to grow old, lose some of his powers, become senile, lose some of his intelligence, lose a certain physical facility. He didn't want to go down."

BONHOEFFER had been dead just twenty years. He had left behind him a fairly substantial record, in the letters and papers he wrote, and in such of his books as "Sanctorum Communio," "Act and Being," "Life Together," and "The Cost of Disciple-



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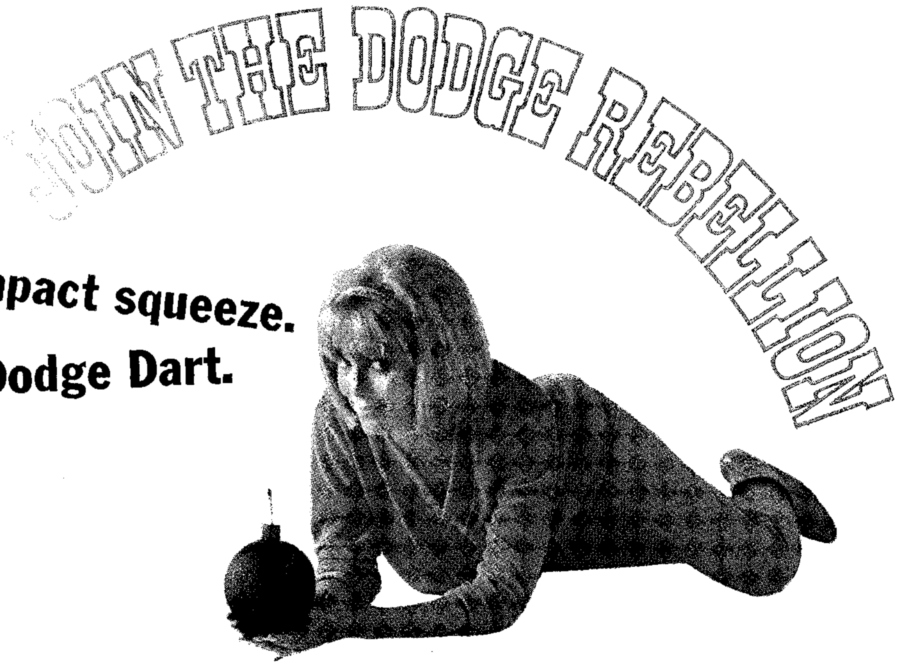

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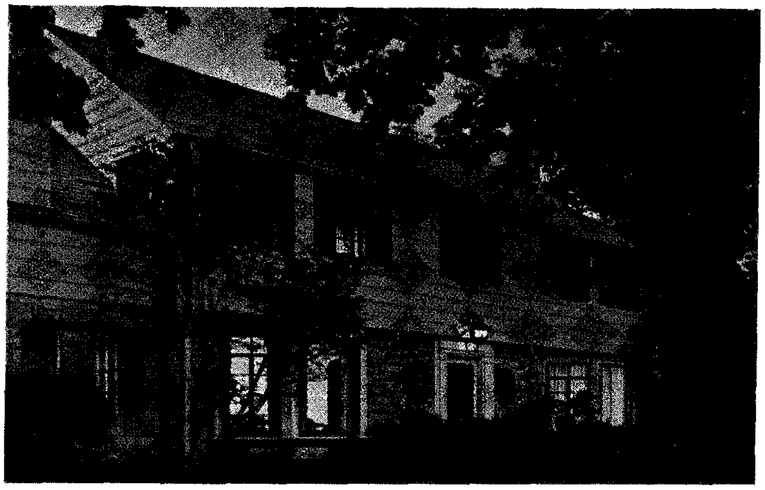

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ship," yet the outline of his life had already begun to lose sharp definition. (Even the translations of his books fail to do him justice. The English one of "Letters and Papers" abounds in errors, such as "piano" for "*Klavichord*," and "sensitive gums" for "*empfindlichen Gaumen.*") Pastor Zimmermann, for example, considered Bonhoeffer to have predicted his death at the age of thirty-nine, whereas a number of theologians I had talked with who had also known Bonhoeffer gave different versions, one saying that Bonhoeffer had always hoped to live to be fifty, another declaring he had never given a thought to death, and Roger Manvell and Heinrich Fraenkel, in their book "The Men Who Tried to Kill Hitler," wrote, "Even as early as 1933 he [Bonhoeffer] had told his friend Pastor Zimmermann that he wanted, after a full life, to die young at the age of thirty-eight. This was his age when the Nazis assassinated him in 1945." It brought one up short, especially since Terence Prittie, in another book on the Resistance, "Germans Against Hitler," had also written that Bonhoeffer "was under thirty-eight when he was murdered." Actually, both discrepancies could best be explained as printing errors, since all the accounts recorded Bonhoeffer's dates accurately as February, 1906, to April, 1945. And, in any event, if Bonhoeffer had expected to die at an early age, why should the "Letters and Papers," chronicling his last two years, have centered, as they did, on aspirations for the future? Some letters showed him considering the coming years with hope, as he awaited the emergence of a better Germany. Some revealed his thoughts on what the role of the Church should be in a defeated Germany. Other papers were, in fact, notes or outlines for books he expected to write one day.

Even allowing for the fact that a martyr by the manner of his death brings idolaters to life (and in the past it has sometimes taken centuries to see through to the martyr as he was), it was still jarring to come up against such conflicts of testimony. Then I recalled one of Bonhoeffer's letters, written a few months before his death: "I remember talking to a young French pastor at A. thirteen years ago. We were discussing what our real purpose was in life. He said he would like to become a saint. I think it is quite likely he did become one. At the time I was very much impressed, though I disagreed with him, and said I should prefer to have faith, or words to that effect." The portentousness of the remark—

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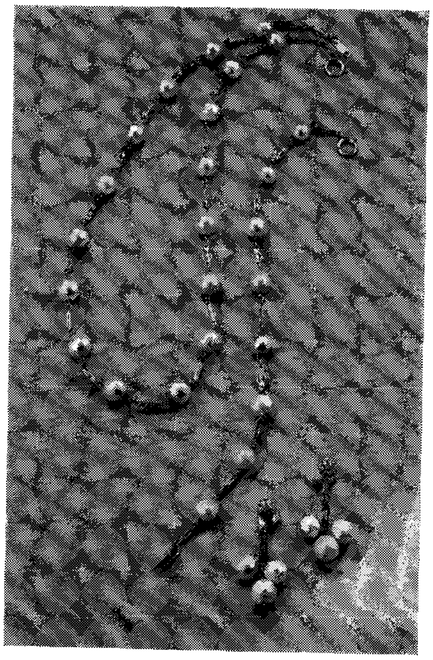

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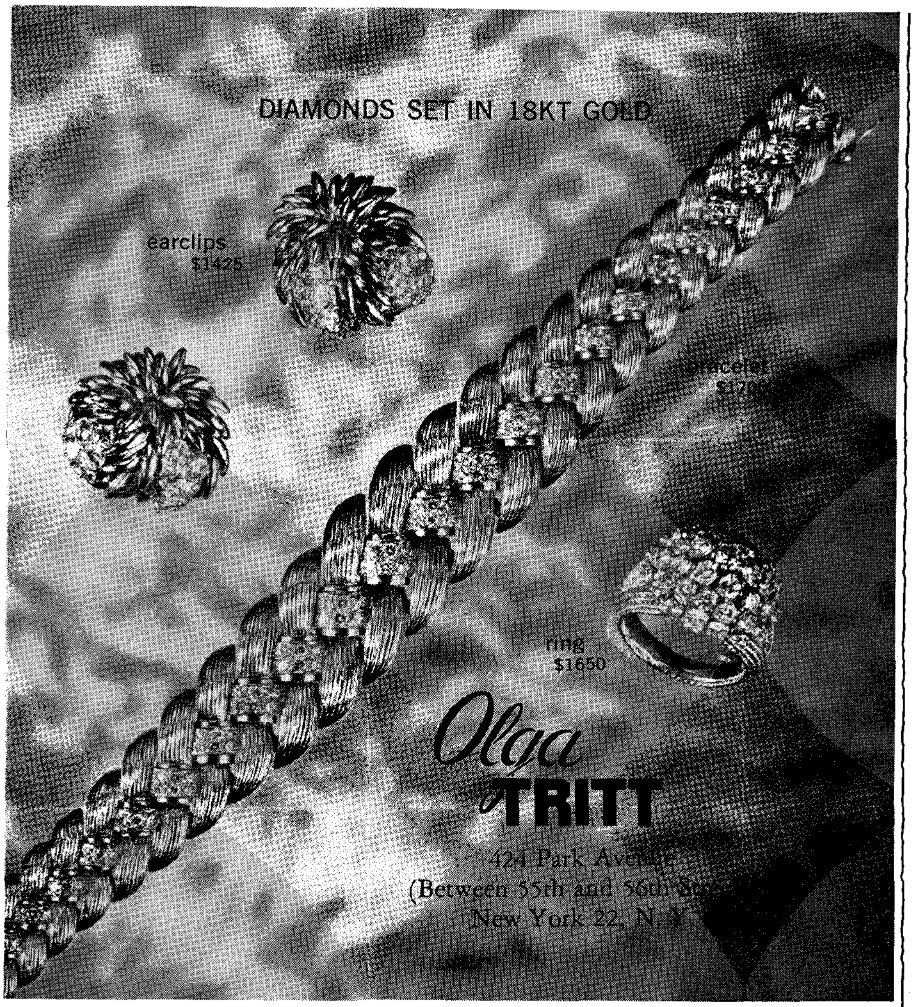
and, one could almost say, the prescience of it—unsettled me further. I felt I was just beginning to see the deeper meaning of the ungainly word "demythologize." I began to wonder if, without quite being aware of it, I might not have been put in touch with the authentic Bonhoeffer by something that Paul Lehmann, a professor of theology at Union Theological Seminary, had once told me. He had been Bonhoeffer's best American friend—he insisted that Bonhoeffer had a great capacity for friendship—and he had seen him for the last time on Bonhoeffer's second, and last, visit to America, in 1939. Lehmann had said to me, "Dietrich had come from a country where only the best was encouraged, only the best could get on. This was very evident in him. He once said to me that somebody who was as bad at tennis as I was had no business occupying the court. This was characteristic of him, and very Germanic. He was very good at tennis." But then Lehmann, too, had turned reverent: "You see, Dietrich was rather like a Greek god. His blond hair was the only physical thing that told you he was German. He had perfect proportions; he was a very handsome man. In 1949, I met Pastor Bethge for the first time. I took to him in exactly the same way I had taken to Bonhoeffer. It was as though Pastor Bethge and I had known each other from the very start, and, in a sense, we had, for we were both close friends of Dietrich's. Our immediately taking to one another like that was the kind of spiritual community that Bonhoeffer had written about in 'Sanctorum Communio.' "

It was Pastor Bethge who, through the "Letters and Papers," was responsible for first bringing Bonhoeffer to public notice, and he had since established himself as the principal authority on Bonhoeffer. He was married to one of Bonhoeffer's nieces, and had access to all the family letters and papers. From 1945 on, he had devoted himself to studying the life and work of his friend, and now he was engaged in collecting and editing his papers, and in writing his biography. Bonhoeffer, over the last ten years of his life, when he was struggling toward his fateful decision to commit himself to the Resistance, made Bethge his confidant, and over his last two years, when, as a prisoner, he was denied a "father confessor," gratefully allowed Bethge, through correspondence, to take on that office as well. (Though the identity of the recipient of some of the most important letters in "Letters and Pa-



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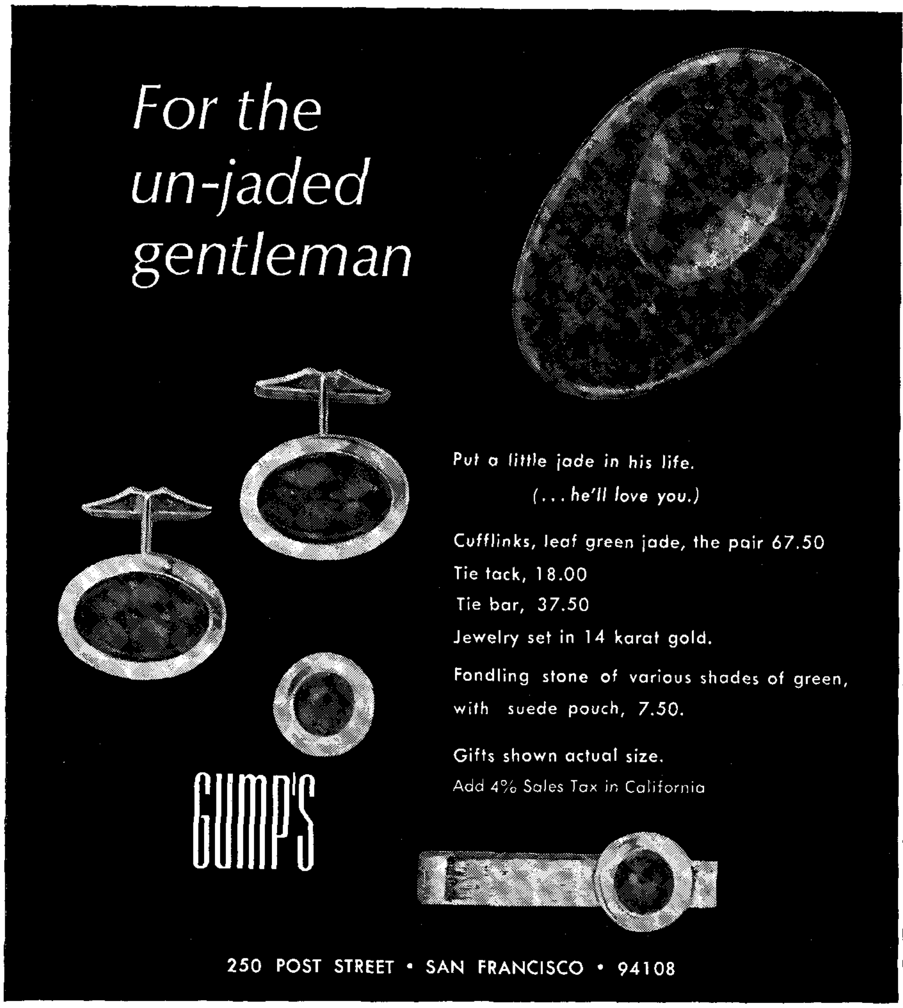
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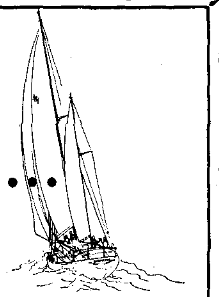
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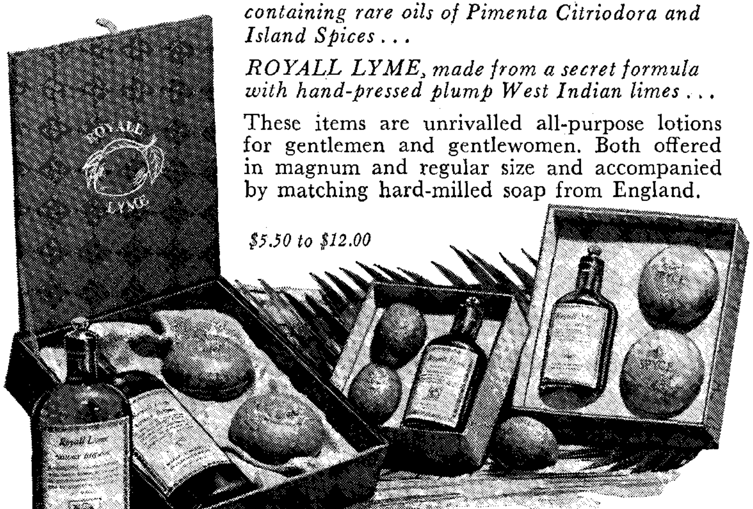
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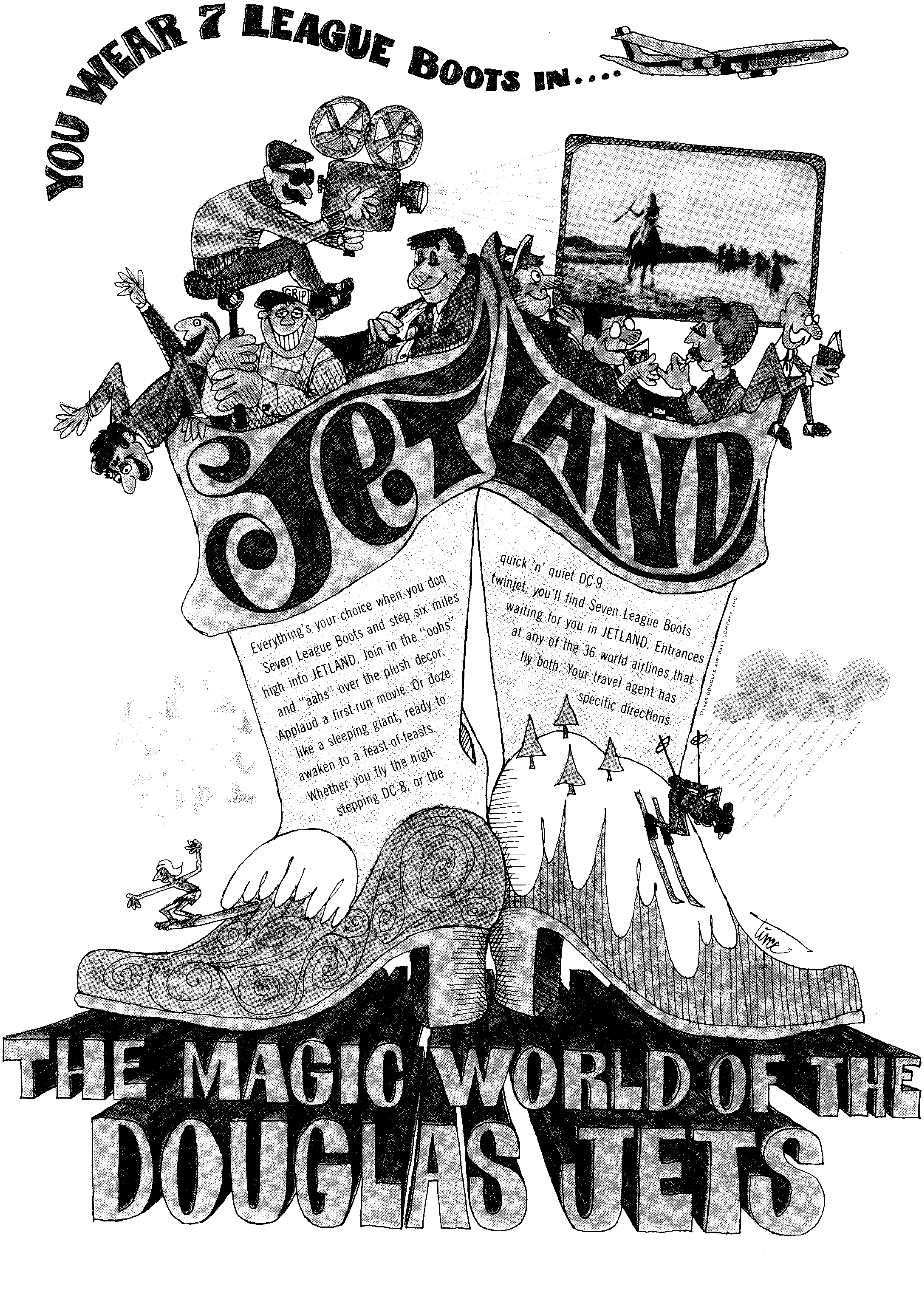
pers" was originally withheld, it was revealed, as soon as the book became well known, that they were addressed to the editor himself.)

Recently, when, after immersing myself in Bonhoeffer literature, I spent some time with Pastor Bethge in Germany and, in the hope of unwinding the tangled skein of Bonhoeffer's life, I asked Pastor Bethge to "interpret" Bonhoeffer (in the special Bultmannian sense, as it were) for me and explain the contradictions in the theologian's life, Pastor Bethge told me that Bonhoeffer's life could be understood in terms of the Bonhoeffer family. The traits of his character, his decision to take up the study of theology, even his martyrdom—all had their sources in the family, in some cases as far back as four generations (most of the Bonhoeffer family was involved in the Resistance, and a brother and two brothers-in-law were imprisoned with Dietrich).

His father, Karl Bonhoeffer, was descended from a Dutch clan that settled in Württemberg, Germany, in 1513. Originally goldsmiths, in time they had become a leading family of lawyers, ministers, and doctors in the Freie Reichsstadt, with a *Bonhoeffer*, or beanfield, as the family seal. Karl had grown up in Swabia, a predominantly agricultural or forested region that contains the Black Forest, and is associated with the names of such literary and philosophical figures as Schelling, Schiller, Hegel, and now Bultmann. As a child, Karl was regularly required by his father to walk forty kilometres from the family home, in Tübingen, to Stuttgart, where his grandmother lived. Karl's father was himself so fond of walking that, for short journeys, he thought trains too slow; it was said that in the spring he would go for walks in the Schwäbische Alb carrying bags of radish seeds that he would sow along the way, returning in autumn for the harvest. Karl took after his father, and, as a man, used to go for long walks, gathering mushrooms. Sometimes he would take Dietrich with him, and instruct his son in how to distinguish the edible varieties from the poisonous ones. The mushrooms would be brought home, dried, and served at the table. Dietrich grew up to be a great walker and a mushroom collector. Karl, after an exacting university career, had become a well-known physician, an authority on neurology and psychiatry. (There was an indirect mention of him in Ernest Jones' biography of Freud.) Because of the background of the father, the Bonhoeffer household was solidly grounded in science. Karl's working day was fair-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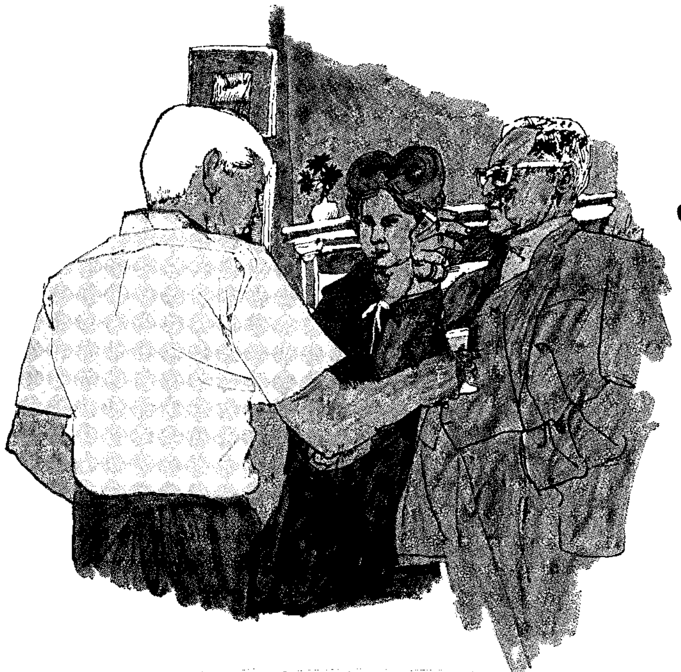
THE GROWNUPS' HOUR:

When Generations Meet



THE MARTINI could speak volumes if it could tell its own tale—the story of the *grownups'* hour: a pause where the business of the day drops away and the flow of events moves forward free of trivial concerns.

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Fathers and sons

One young householder, newly moved with his growing family to a large apartment, learned this when he mixed a martini for the first time in his new establishment.

Children were tucked away, dinner was coming along. All was in order for an enjoyable evening. But a gin, a good, ordinary, serviceable gin, produced a dull martini. Simply not up to the job.

Kindness prevailed—as it will on such occasions. The father went out to get something better in gin.

Pitcher and glasses went back to the refrigerator, where they acquired the deep chill that preserves the excellent *coldness* of a great martini.

And as soon as the father returned, a great martini was made. The ice *smoked* as the gin was poured over it, in a pitcher of ample size. Chilled glasses received the new martini.

Not another word was spoken on the subject. An excellent gin made all the statement that was needed.

The grownups' conversation went on to children and grandparents when *they* were children and other things that really matter. And another chapter was added to the continuing story of the grownups' hour.

NOTE: In this family, the martini was mixed six parts gin to one part vermouth, a not unreasonable proportion when an excellent gin sets the tone. Lemon rind was rubbed around the edges of the glasses. One way to enjoy a great martini. (But if you share this taste, be sure it's just the *rind* of the lemon. The lemon itself will drown the clear note of gin and produce an interesting drink but not a martini.)

A family tradition

The tradition of good cheer that comes to the fore as generations meet at this time of year has its counterpart in the world of business. But kindness in *business* has its limits.

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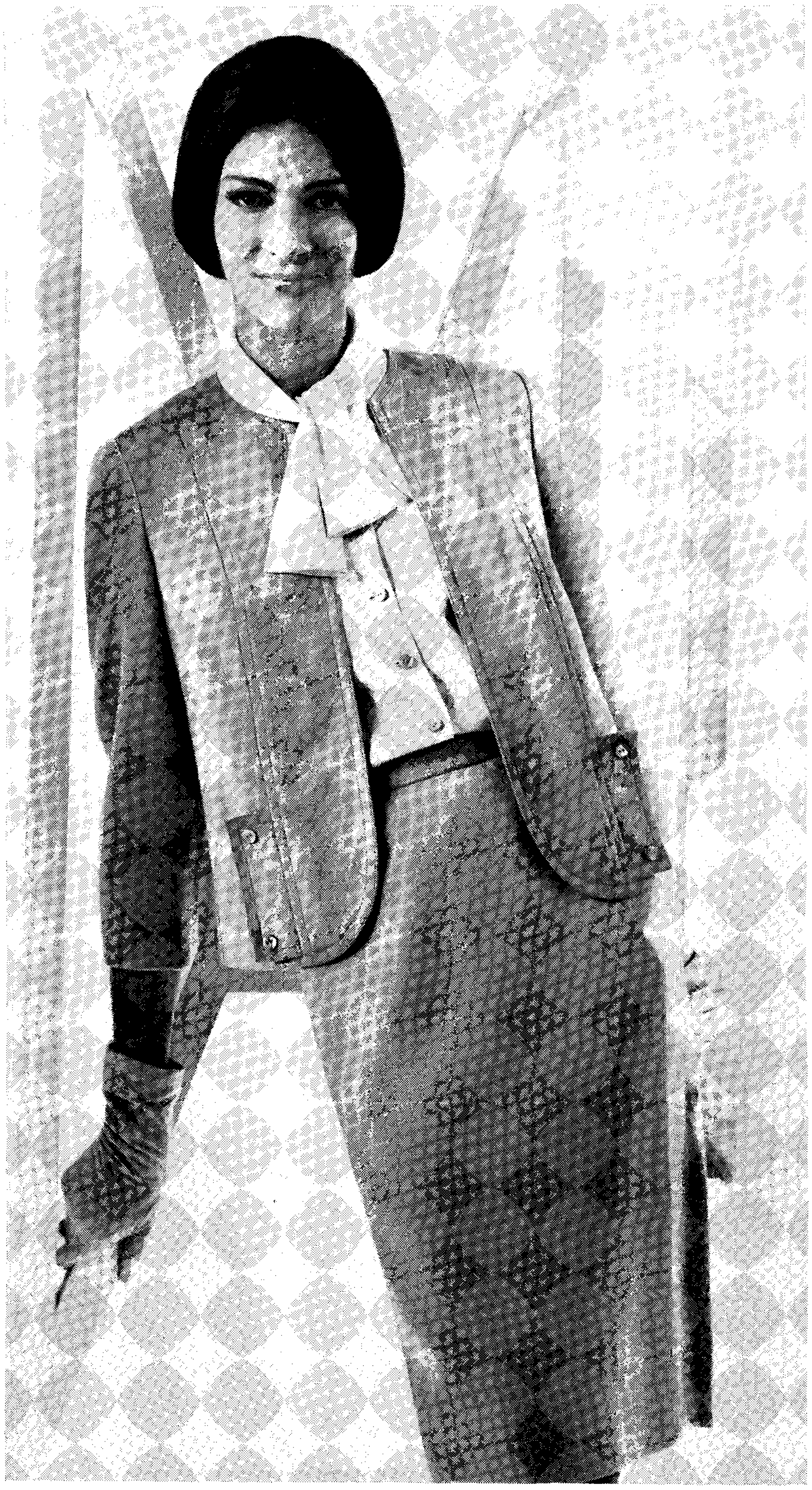
FOR FREE REPRINT WRITE KOBRAND, 134 E. 40TH ST., N.Y.C. 10016 • IMPORTED BY KOBRAND • 94 PROOF • 100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS ly leisurely. He would go to the local clinic, in Breslau, where Karl Bonhoeffer had made his home and where the family lived until Dietrich was six, at nine-thirty and return home at two. He might see two or three patients in the afternoon, but that was all. Like an Englishman, he always had the air, however busy he might be, of someone with unlimited time at his disposal. He was a man of few words, however, and always talked to the point. If the children spoke up too vociferously at the dinner table, Karl brushed their remarks aside with a few well-chosen words that left them in no doubt that what they had said was nonsense. Later on, his letters to imprisoned members of his family were simple and controlled. He was incapable of grandiose words or sentiments.

Dietrich's mother was the former Paula von Hase, the daughter of Klara von Hase, née Countess Kalckreuth. Paula's father had been a chaplain to the Emperor, and her grandfather a nineteenth-century church historian of some distinction. She had blond hair and blue eyes, whereas her husband had black hair and brown eyes, and she was a contrast to him in practically every other way as well. Dietrich's looks, his feeling for music, and his exuberant spirits are said to have come from her. She had a keen interest in other people and a way of coming up with quick solutions to their problems. She was spirited, and she had an engaging manner. She was, as a rule, controlled, and when, during the First World War, Walter, her second son, who was a patriot and something of a poet, was dying in France of wounds received in battle, her sense of duty to Germany restrained her from rushing to his bedside, as her instincts prompted her to do. After Walter's death, however, she bitterly regretted this restraint, for she felt she might have nursed her son back to health, and as a consequence she was ill for half a year. It was the family custom to write down the significant events in the life of the family at the end of each year, but for ten years after Walter's death there were no entries. During the Second World War, when she found out that two of her other sons, Dietrich and Klaus, and also her two sons-in-law, Hans von Dohnányi and Rüdiger Schleicher, had been imprisoned under suspicion of plotting against Hitler, she thrust herself upon the City Commandant of Berlin, Paul von Hase, who was her cousin, and, demanding that he intervene, succeeded in having the conditions of their im-



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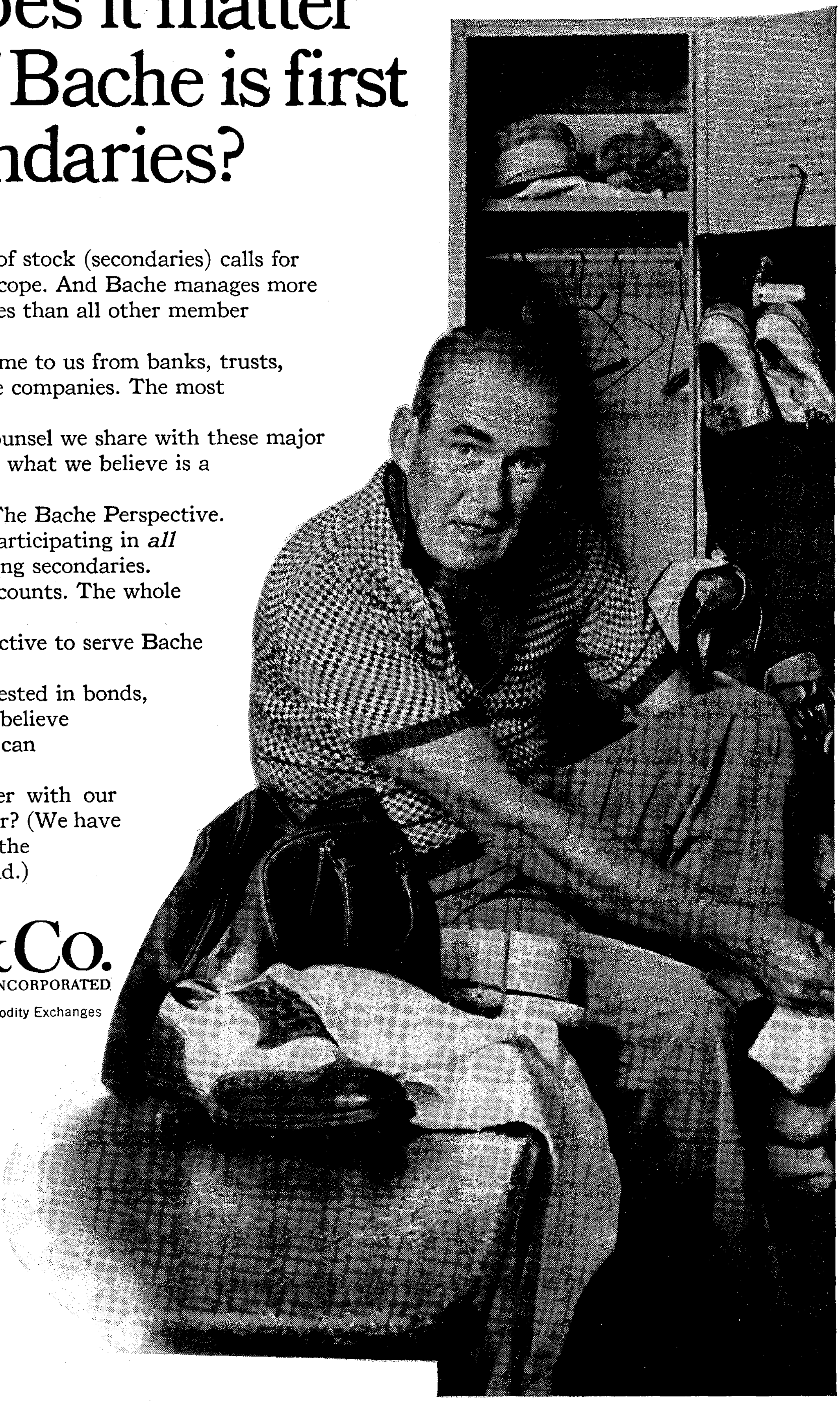

prisonment made less rigorous. All during their imprisonment, she poured her heart out to them in high-flown letters, but after they died, she tried hard not to give way as she had after Walter died. She had always been musical (Saturday evenings in the Bonhoeffer household were set aside for music) and had a special weakness for Schumann lieder. She had often sung, with Dietrich accompanying her on the piano. Later, when he was in Finkenwalde Seminary, he kept up the family tradition by organizing a quintet, of which he was the pianist. No matter how inadequate the other players were, it is said, he was able to lead them into giving a respectable performance.

Dietrich grew up in Berlin, to which the family moved from Breslau. In Berlin, the Bonhoeffers lived on Wangenheimstrasse, in the Grunewald district, in a large house appointed with heavy oak furniture and heavy velvet draperies. The walls were hung with paintings, among them pleasant landscapes by Dietrich's great-grandfather Stanislaus Graf Kalckreuth and portraits by his great-uncle Leopold Graf Kalckreuth, of which some hang today in an art gallery in Hamburg. There were five servants, including a governess, who spoke French with the children, and a personal maid for Mrs. Bonhoeffer. The district, like the house, was upper bourgeois, with an academic flavor (Harnack and Max Planck lived there), and the Bonhoeffers themselves were members of the cultivated upper middle class. Altogether, there were eight Bonhoeffer children—Karl Friedrich, Walter, Klaus, Ursula, Christine, Dietrich and his twin sister Sabine, and Suzanne, in that order. Every one of Dietrich's brothers and sisters had an important place in his life.

Karl Friedrich grew up to be a biochemist. He had studied with Max Planck and was on friendly terms with Einstein. He undertook research on heavy water, but in the thirties he left it for the study of the interaction between leaves and the air. Karl Friedrich had been in the First World War, with Walter, and because of that he enjoyed a certain prestige in the Bonhoeffer household. It was due to his influence that Dietrich, to assert himself and have a domain of his own, first turned to theology—something so out of favor among the Bonhoeffers that it was mentioned only to be ridiculed. The Bonhoeffers were not a churchgoing family, and all the family baptisms, weddings, and funerals were performed in the house by an uncle,

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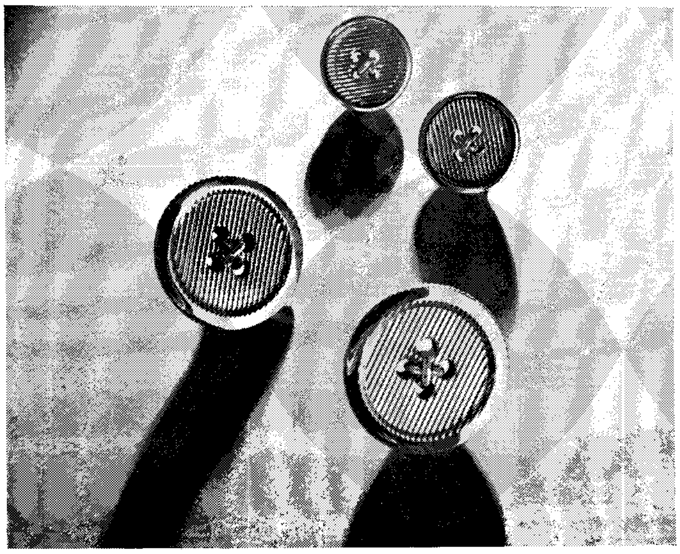

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who was a pastor, and, even so, was the victim of a certain amount of derision, as was another uncle, whose interest in the family genealogy had led him to claim that the Bonhoeffers were descendants—very remote ones—of Luther.

Walter, who aspired to be a biologist or a zoologist, modelled his poems after Hölderlin, who, in his turn, had been influenced by Schiller. Walter was a bit of a stoic. The hours before his death found him composing a letter about how he had anesthetized the pain of his wounds by thinking about his comrades-in-arms. Owing to his influence, Dietrich was a nationalist in the twenties, though in the thirties his detestation of Nazism made him turn pacifist for a time.

Klaus was the adventurer in the family. He was fond of travelling, and had once gone to Spain, where he became an enthusiast of bullfighting, bought a painting by the then unknown Picasso (or he later came to think that it was by Picasso), and enjoyed the society of aristocrats; in fact, he made a hobby of studying the aristocracies of other countries. Klaus was responsible, along with Ursula and Christine and their husbands, for Dietrich's becoming involved in the Resistance. Christine, the cleverest of the Bonhoeffer girls, as the wife of Hans von Dohnányi (Hans' father, Ernst, was the well-known pianist and composer, and Hans' son, Christoph, is now a conductor of the West German Radio Orchestra in Cologne) was the Bonhoeffer woman closest to the plot, and it was her great sorrow that she had not been born a man.

Next in line were the twins, Dietrich and Sabine, he taking after his mother in appearance, she after her father. Sabine, too, had her part in the conspiracy of the family. She had married a Jew—Gerhard Leibholz, the youngest professor of political economy in Berlin (he is now a judge of the West German Supreme Court), and when the Bonhoeffers learned that Hitler was about to decree that all Jews must have their passports stamped "J" (for men) or "S" (for women), they got Sabine and her husband across the French border, from which they made their way to England. Not only did the Leibholzes, who passed the war in Oxford, dramatize the Jewish predicament for Dietrich but Gerhard Leibholz wrote speeches for George K. A. Bell, the Bishop of Chichester, who became a British spokesman for the plotters.

Suzanne, who married a church his-

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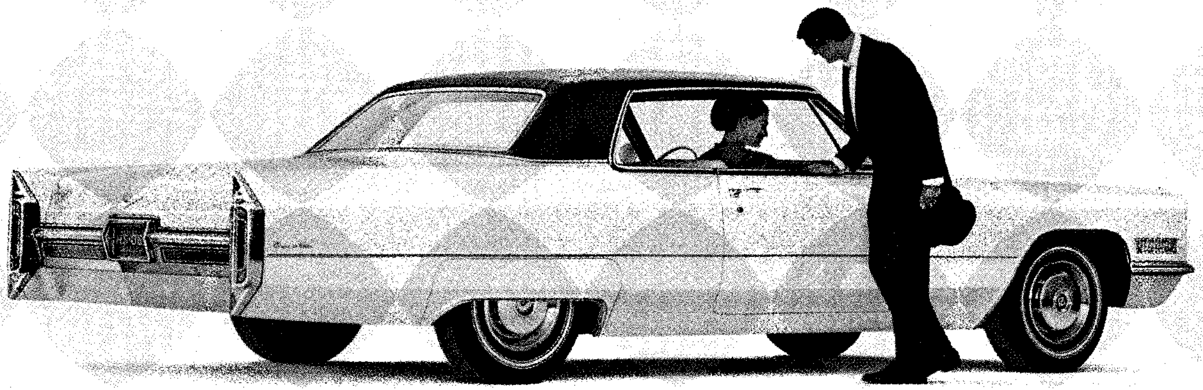

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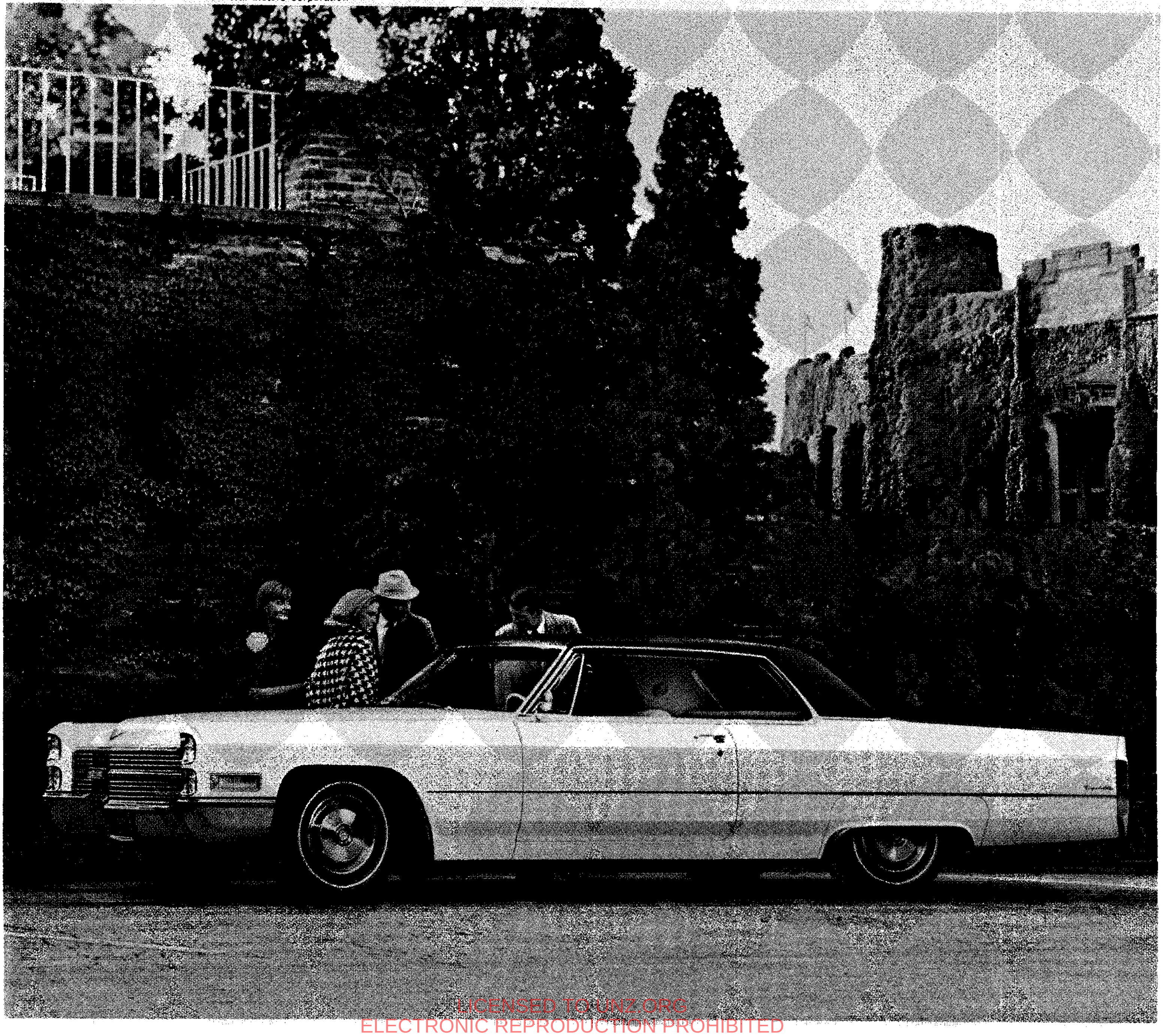

torian named Walter Dress, also played a role in the plot, but a very minor one—she infrequently smuggled messages to and from her imprisoned brothers. During the war, she was busy with the bringing up of two small children.

In the eyes of the Bonhoeffer parents, Dietrich was neither the cleverest of their children (Karl Friedrich was regarded as that) nor the most daring or heroic (Walter had died at the front). In fact, after the war they felt surprised that Dietrich, because of Bethge, should have become the best-known member of the family. Even as children, the dominant figures in the household had been the three elder brothers, in contrast to whom Dietrich was classed with Sabine and Suzanne as one of "the little ones." The elder brothers were all aggressively agnostic and intellectual, and were all interested in science. They contributed to the secular atmosphere of the household, and at Christmas, more often than not, the boys' presents were books on science. From the very beginning, Dietrich exchanged his books for Suzanne's, which were likely to be more reflective and literary.

Although Dr. and Mrs. Bonhoeffer were not inclined to force their children in any direction, they did once present Dietrich to Leonid Kreutzer, the distinguished pianist, then a professor at the State Academy of Music, in Berlin, to find out how gifted the boy was in music and whether he should think about becoming a pianist. Dietrich, however, took his future into his own hands. As a matter of course, all boys studied Latin, Greek, and French in the *Gymnasium*, and in the last two years of school they added a fourth language, of their choice, which was most often English, but Dietrich returned from school one day and informed his mother that as his fourth language he had chosen Hebrew. The decision meant only one thing—that Dietrich was going to be a theologian—and he had reached it all alone. An average student, he made his *Abitur* in 1923 and proceeded to the University of Tübingen, as his brothers had before him. He studied there for a year, attending lectures in theology, as well as in philosophy and epistemology. After a summer in Italy and North Africa, he moved to the University of Berlin, where he studied first with the aging Harnack, and then, in turn, with Karl Holl and Reinhold Seeberg, both of them leaders of the Lutheran renaissance. He received the Licentiate of Theology in 1927, at the age of twen-

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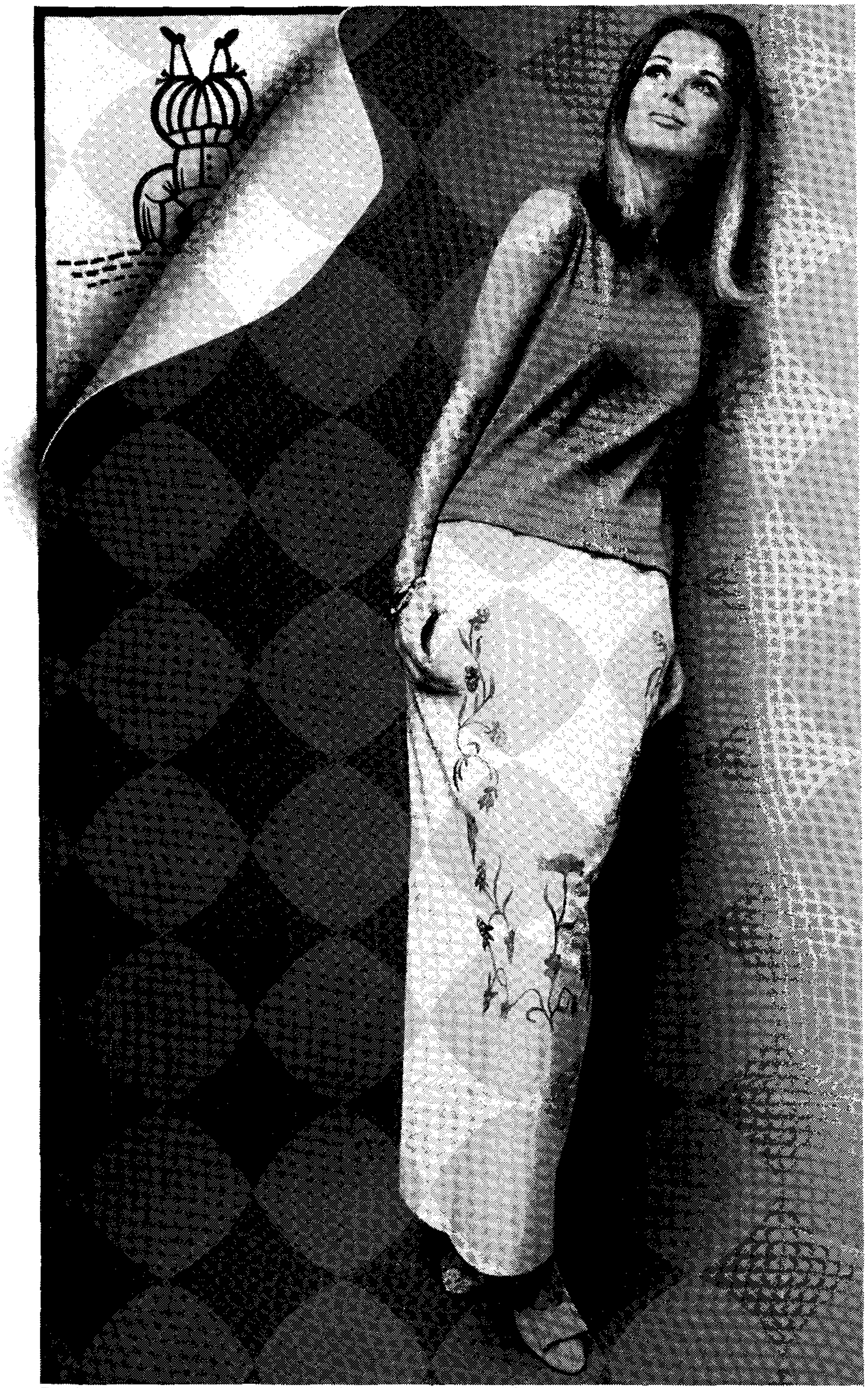

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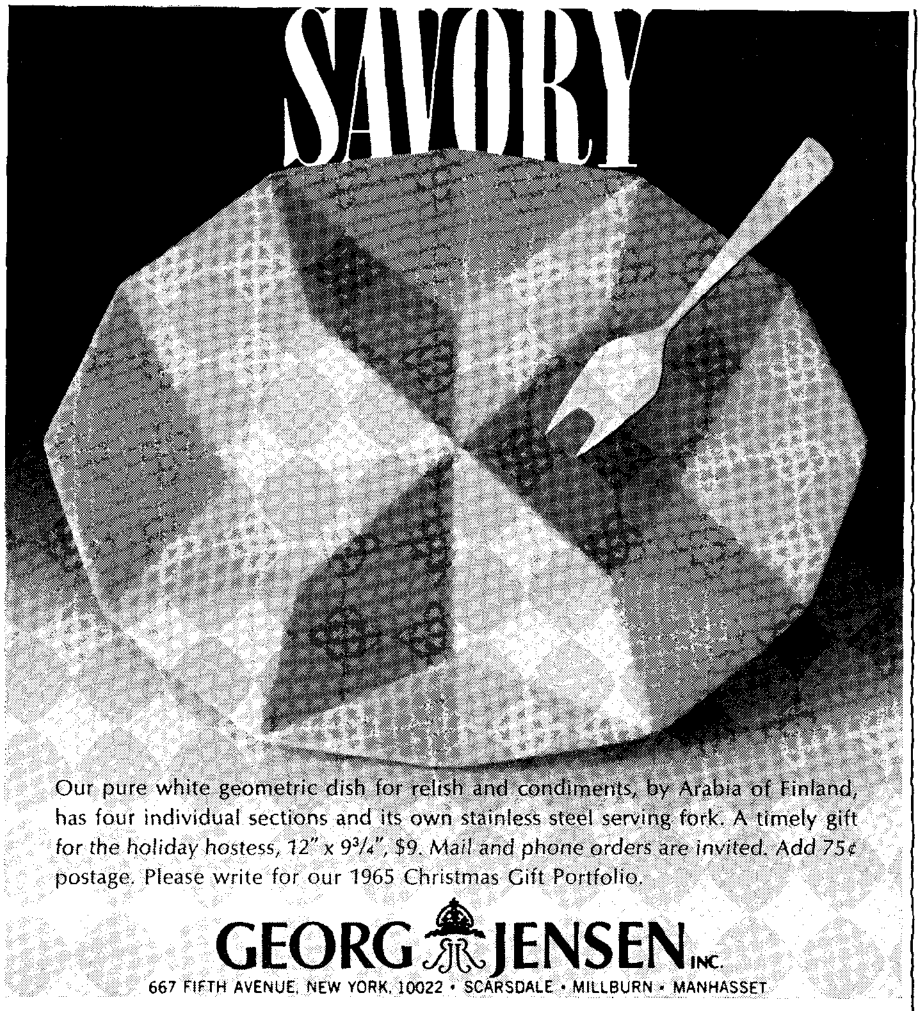

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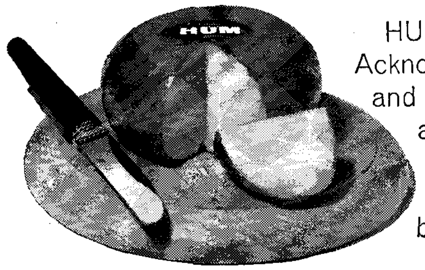

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ty-one, having studied for it under Seeberg's direction. Bonhoeffer had settled on Seeberg because Seeberg seemed to him the weakest professor and therefore the one who would allow him the greatest independence. Bonhoeffer's thesis, entitled "Sanctorum Communio: A Dogmatic Investigation of the Sociology of the Church" and written, oddly, in the incompatible traditions of Barth and Troeltsch, was concerned with the Church in its dual role as a heavenly institution and an earthly power. (Barth, who during the lifetime of Bonhoeffer was cool to his work, called this dissertation in 1955 "far more instructive and stimulating and illuminating and genuinely edifying reading today than many of the more famous works which have since been written on the problem of the church.") In 1927, Bonhoeffer took the first of two theological examinations that were required of anyone wishing to become a pastor, and went as a curate to Barcelona, which had a German colony estimated at six thousand. The Protestant congregation, however, numbered no more than three hundred, of whom less than fifty were regular churchgoers. There he read the late Albert Schweitzer and began questioning the kind of future that Christianity could have in Europe. He also read a good deal about Buddhism in an effort to discover in that religion an alternative to the Christian solution to the problem of power and, more specifically, to the Lutheran solution to the problem: that the exercise of power was sinful but men had to exercise it in the name of responsibility. His wish to find an alternative to the Christian solution rose out of his dissatisfaction with the hierarchy of the established church and its system of privileges, though at the time he took it for granted that organized religion was necessary. He apparently made a great impression on the children in his congregation by telling them Bible stories as though they were fairy tales.

After a year in Spain, Bonhoeffer returned to Berlin, where he worked on and finished his *Habilitationsschrift*—a dissertation required for admission to a theological faculty in Germany. Published as "Act and Being: Transcendental Philosophy and Ontology in Systematic Theology," it dealt with the problem of God's continuity and contingency in the world, and ended what Bethge came to regard as the first of Bonhoeffer's three theological phases. This phase, which began with "Sanctorum Communio," was a mixture of Barth's "Word of God," or "revelation," theology—dominant in

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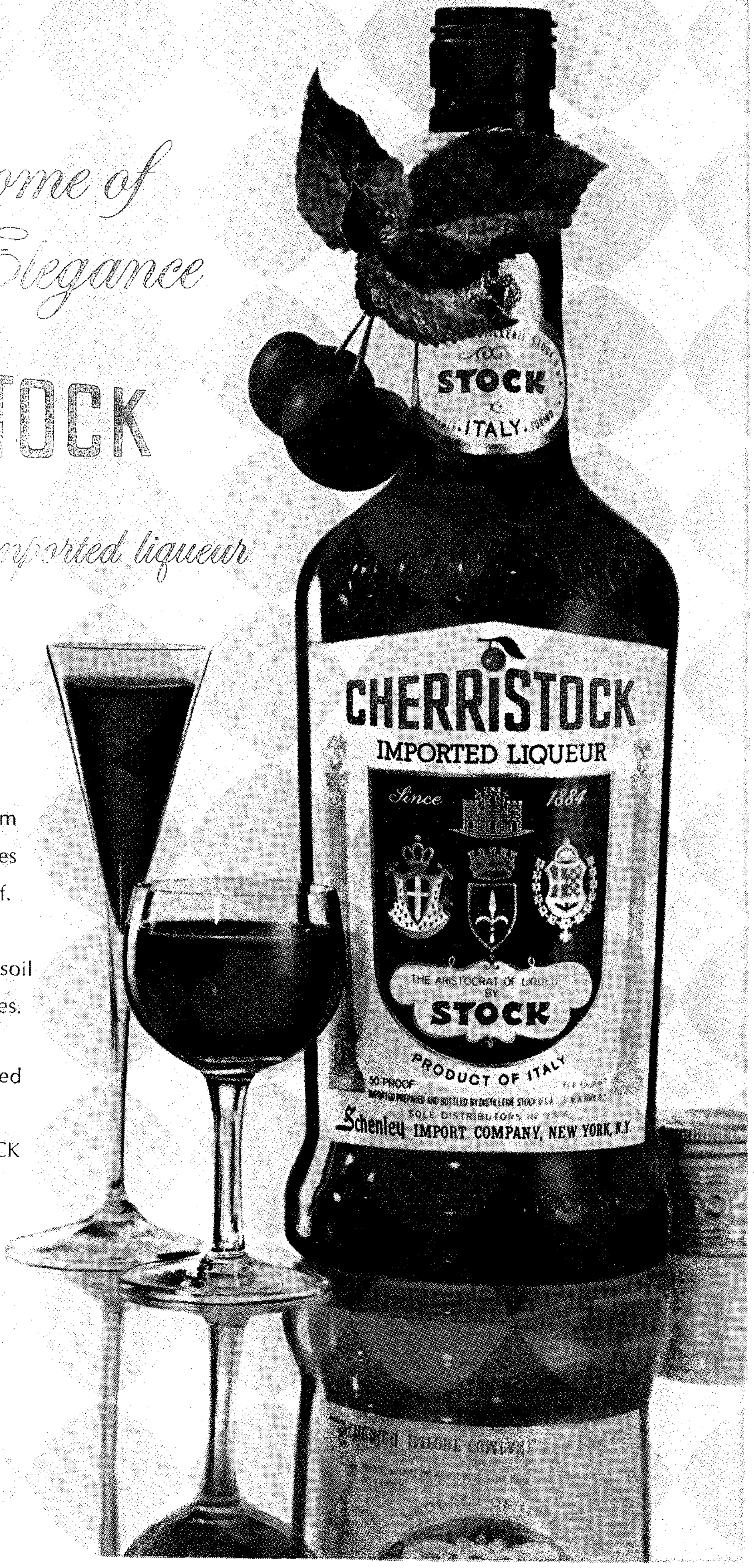
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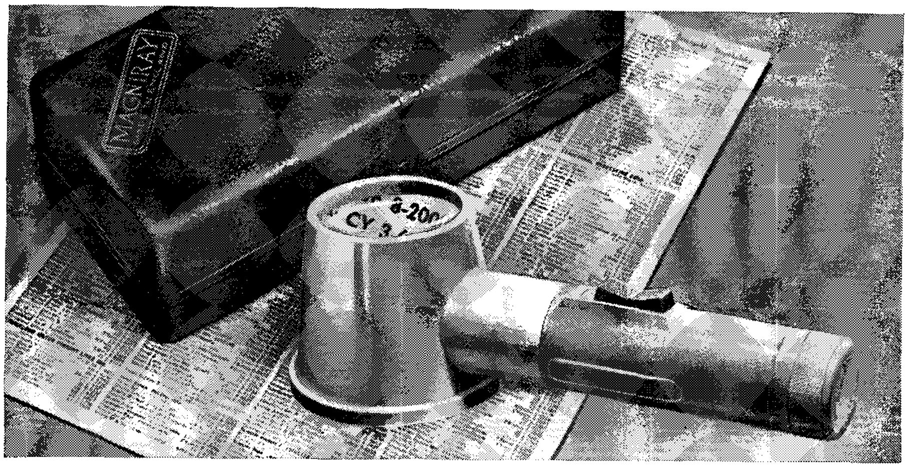

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the twenties—with Troeltsch's sociological approach. Of Bonhoeffer's thought in this period Bethge has written, "We usually think of concreteness in terms of the application after the explanation of the text. But this separation into two additional activities in order to grasp the revelation is precisely what Bonhoeffer was fighting. . . . Concreteness is to be understood not as an addition or second activity but as a genuine attribute of revelation itself. . . . There is no God, Bonhoeffer emphasizes, other than the incarnated one known to us and meeting and claiming us in the 'Christ existing as the community of men,' the Church."

The middle period was a sort of bridge between the relatively peaceful existence of an academic theologian and the perilous life of a conspirator. It was a restive period, in which an intellectual was transformed into a practical churchman, and in which Bonhoeffer was forced by circumstances to take positions that in retrospect seemed to have made his role in the Resistance inevitable. In 1930, Bonhoeffer was awarded a fellowship to Union Theological Seminary in New York, and came to the United States for a year. He was not excited by the American theologians he encountered. On the contrary, he found them inadequately informed about the theology of revelation, and, though he himself was now moving away from it, he started defending it, in order to introduce American theologians to Barth. He found nearly all the sermons in America vacuous, probably because sermons in Germany, though dull, always had intellectual substance, and the American tradition of inspirational preaching was wholly unfamiliar to him. He made friends with Lehmann and also with the pacifist Jean Lasserre. (With Lasserre he drove to Mexico during the spring holidays.) He was drawn to Negro churches, and spent Sundays in Harlem, where he acquired a taste for Negro spirituals. At the end of his year in America, he thought of going home by way of India, in order to deepen his understanding, this time, of Gandhiism and Hinduism, but he did not want to go alone and could not find anyone to make the journey with him, so he went home the way he had come, except that he spent some time in Bonn with Barth, and attended a World Alliance Conference in Cambridge, before settling down in Berlin. There, after passing another theological examination, he taught courses in Systematic Theology at the University of Berlin, served as a student-

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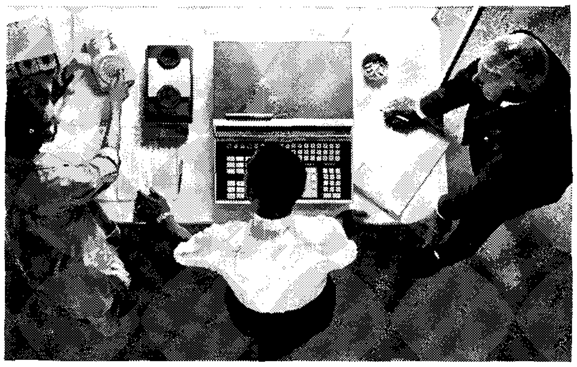

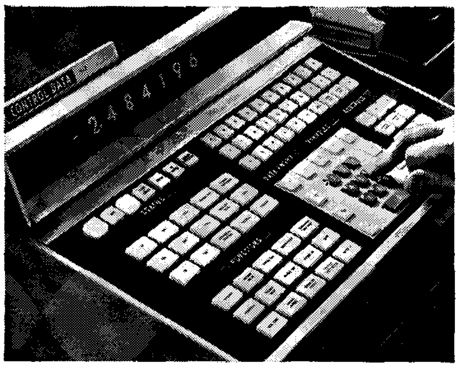

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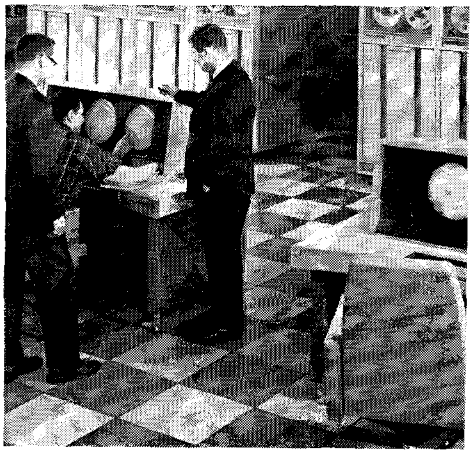

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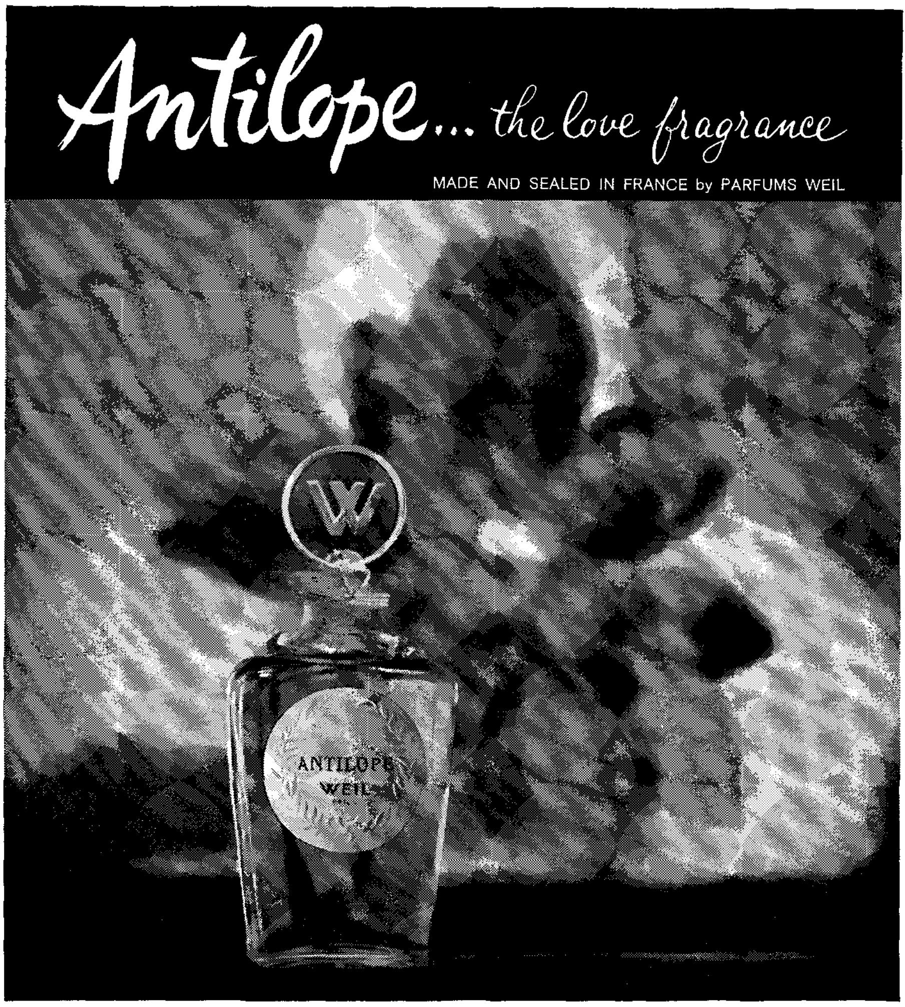
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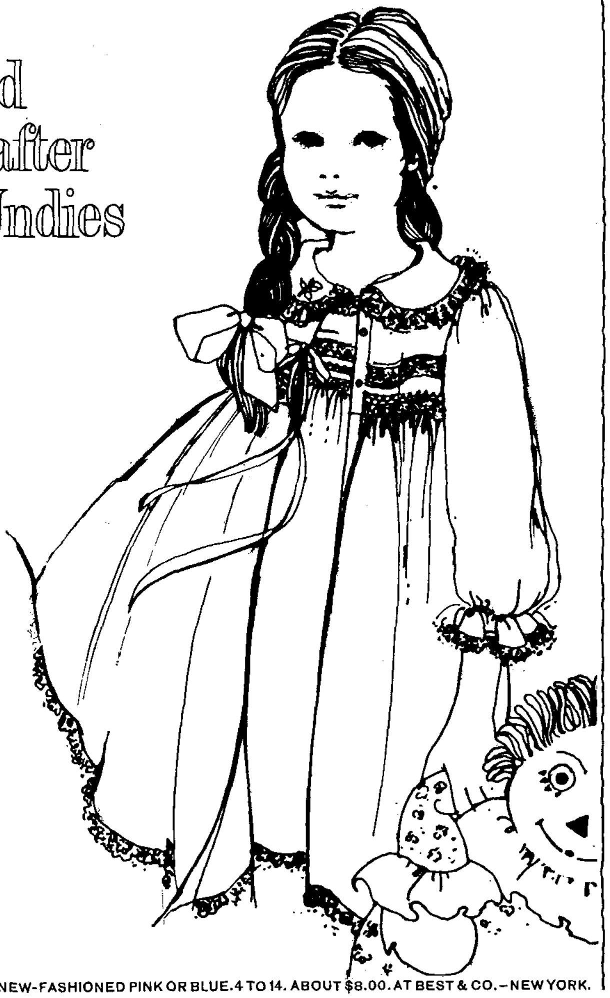

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chaplain—preaching regularly—at the Technical Academy in Berlin-Charlottenburg, conducted a confirmation class in Wedding, founded a settlement house there, and became a secretary of the Youth Commission of the World Alliance for International Friendship Through the Churches and of the Universal Christian Council for Life and Work. He was a *Privatdozent* at the University of Berlin (a step toward an eventual professorship), and was still living in the genteel bourgeois ambience he had known as a boy, but he was gradually beginning to be caught up in practical work for the Church. In Berlin, as in Barcelona, he made an impression on the children. He read opera librettos with his confirmation candidates, and took them to hear performances. Most of the boys died at the front or in concentration camps, but a number of letters they wrote to Bonhoeffer survive and testify that his influence on them lasted as long as they lived.

What was now happening in Germany was so momentous that no one could stand aloof, least of all a Christian interested in pastoral work. In July, 1933, church elections were held all over Germany, and as a result of Hitler's intervention Nazis took over more than seventy per cent of the positions on the ecclesiastical governing bodies—a prelude to the "Brown Synod," so named because the majority of the delegates attended wearing the brown shirts of the S.A. This General Synod of the Prussian Provincial Church (Preussische Landeskirche), which was by far the largest provincial church, was assembled that September in Berlin, and it introduced into the Church constitution the Aryan clause, already operative in the state. Since there were only something like twenty pastors with Jewish blood out of a total of twenty thousand, and since they alone were affected, most pastors, taking the view that the action of the Brown Synod made little actual difference, were prepared to prove their Aryan heritage. Bonhoeffer was so deeply disappointed by the reactions of his superiors in the university and in the Church that he decided to leave them both and become pastor of two small, independent German-speaking congregations in London. Over the protests of his colleagues, but with the encouragement of his parents, who wanted him out of Nazi Germany, he broke with his country and his past, choosing the simple life of a pastor and practical involvement in the Church in preference to the comfortable academic career for which his family background and his years of study had prepared him. He went to England in October, 1933, accompanied by a pastor, who is half Jewish, named Franz Hildebrandt. Pastor Hildebrandt took up in London some of the clerical duties of Dietrich, who, in turn, shared with him both his house and his salary. Through Sabine and her husband, who were already living in England, he formed a friendship with George Bell, the Bishop of Chichester, and he also met C. F. Andrews, the biographer of Gandhi, and Marilyn Slade, the Englishwoman who had taken the Indian name Mirabhi and had become a follower of Gandhi. The influence of Andrews and Mirabhi led Bonhoeffer to toy once more with the idea of going to India, particularly since he now thought that Gandhi's ideas about non-violence might be used to resist Hitler in Germany. In the meantime, in Germany, the Brown Synod had provoked the beginnings of organized resistance within the Church by a group originally two thousand strong called the Pastors' Emergency League, which by the end of that year had tripled its clerical strength. Then, in May and October, 1934, this group had convened synods of its own, in Barmen and Dahlen, which solemnly declared the Deutsche Christen, or Nazi church government, to be heretical, and set up an emergency church government—the Brethren Councils of the Confessing Church. (In subsequent years, as Hitler consolidated his hold on Germany, the group all but disappeared.) In April, 1935, Bonhoeffer received and accepted a call from the Confessing Church to come back to Germany and head a seminary, and in June he became the guiding spirit of a small, newly founded seminary for Confessing Church ordinants in Finkenwalde in Pomerania. It was here that he first met Pastor Bethge.

In Finkenwalde, Bonhoeffer established a community within a community—the Bruderhaus, or Brethren House, a sort of island of withdrawal from the world, which later became quite well known through his little book "Life Together." The tradition of monastic life was not associated with Protestantism. Indeed, ever since Luther's day any kind of monastic order was assumed by Germans to be Roman. Yet Bonhoeffer now tried to revive monastic life in Finkenwalde. While the members of the order did not take vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience, and were free to marry and leave the community at any time, they did try to live simply and own everything in common, the day being planned around prayer,

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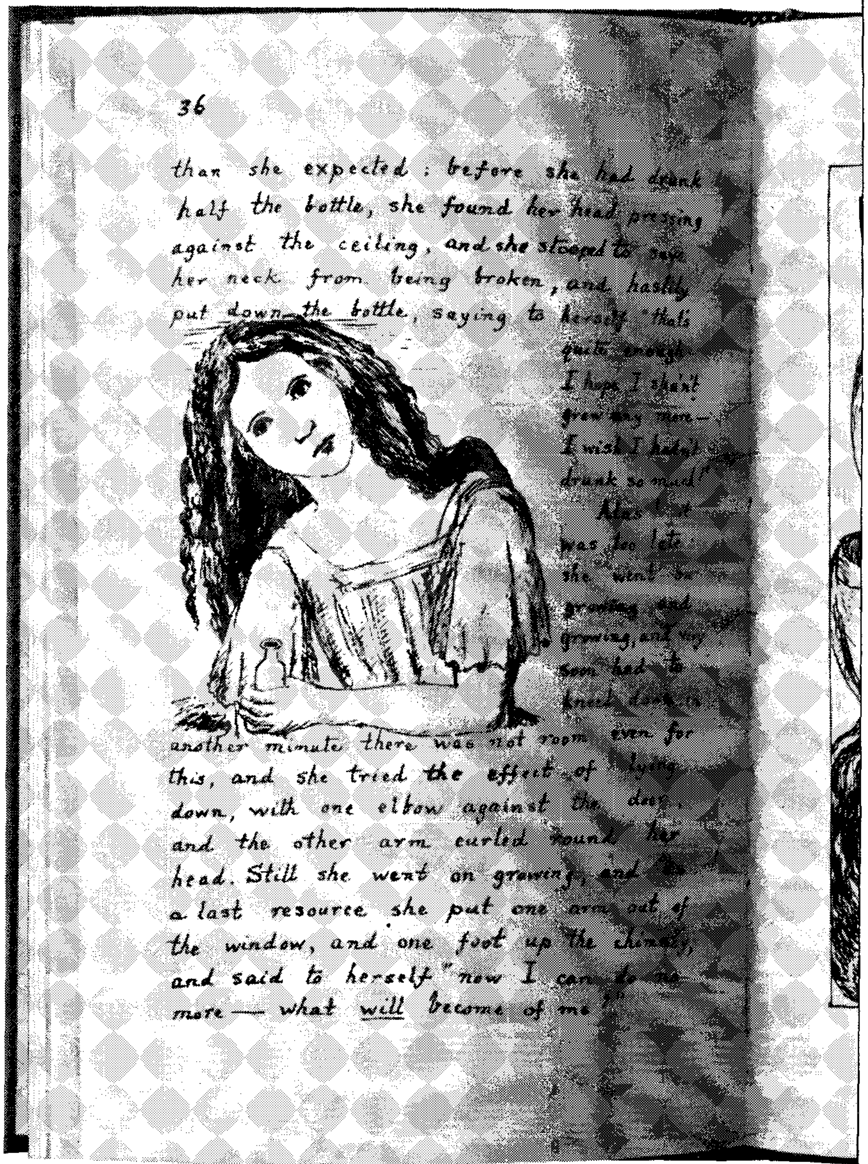

36

than she expected: before she had drunk half the bottle, she found her head pressing against the ceiling, and she stooped to save her neck from being broken, and hastily put down the bottle, saying to herself "that's quite enough — I hope I shan't grow any more — I wish I hadn't drunk so much!" Alas! it was too late: she went on growing and growing, and very soon had to kneel down: in another minute there was not room even for this, and she tried the effect of lying down, with one elbow against the door, and the other arm curled round her head. Still she went on growing, and as a last resource she put one arm out of the window, and one foot up the chimney, and said to herself "now I can do no more — what will become of me?"

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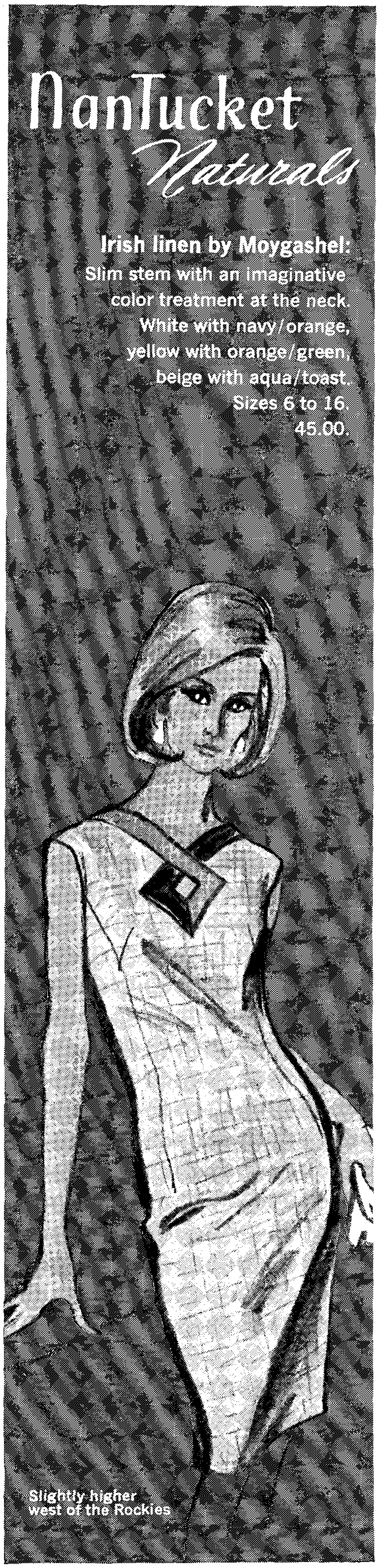
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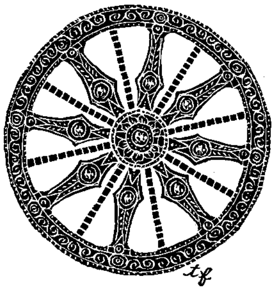
the singing of hymns, and other devotional exercises. The inspiration for this life evidently emanated almost completely from Bonhoeffer himself. Pastor Bethge remembers that Bonhoeffer introduced a period of meditation as part of the daily routine, and that when he went away for a time the period of meditation was quickly abandoned. On his return, the members confessed to him that they didn't know what to meditate about. He instructed them: “Run after your thoughts, get them back, concentrate.” But the natural exuberance of Bonhoeffer would often break up the routine that he himself had brought into existence. Sometimes for days it would be replaced by hiking or tennis or practicing chamber music together. In the evenings, the members might play bridge or quiz games. Characteristically, Bonhoeffer never laid down any rules. He made up procedures as he went along and revised them as practice required. Intellectual matters were not stressed, and he led the community in prayer in a childlike way that its members found touching. As part of the loose-knit routine, he introduced the custom of confession, and he made Pastor Bethge his confessor. He confided to Pastor Bethge that he distrusted theory in theology, that religion sometimes seemed to him “a big lie,” that he felt himself guilty of doubt, pride, ambition, and intellectual arrogance. And a book he wrote during this period, “The Cost of Discipleship,” which offers perhaps the best and most coherent statement of his views, shows him to be turning more and more to the person of Christ as the paradigm for all men—mapping out, in the words of Karl Barth, “a program in which we try to shape our lives by the example of the life of Jesus as sketched in the Gospels and the commandments which He gave to His own people and to all men generally.” In Barth's estimation, the book was easily the best one ever written on the subject. About the first and the more original part of the book, he went on to add, again in a posthumous salute in 1955, “The matter is handled with such depth and precision that I am almost tempted simply to reproduce them [the opening sections] in an extended quotation. For I cannot hope to say anything better on the subject than what is said here by a man who, having written on discipleship, was ready to achieve it in his own life, and did in his own way achieve it even to the point of death.”



In 1937, the Nazis launched a campaign against the Confessing Church. They arrested hundreds of its pastors, sought to limit the effectiveness of others by forbidding them to travel, and, in October, dissolved Finkenwalde by force, though they let Bonhoeffer go free. The two years that followed were uncertain and confused for Bonhoeffer, but they were the gestation period of what was probably the most important decision of his life—to become a political conspirator against Hitler in the name of Christianity. As it happened, most of the people who took a leading part in the plot were Christians and intellectuals. Manvell and Fraenkel explained, “In its various forms, the heart of the German Resistance drew its strength from the Christian faith. . . . Though many thousands of men and women shared in the resistance movement as a whole, those who finally took action as principals in July, 1944, found the courage and resources to do so because of the reserves of the human spirit on which they knew they could draw in the event of catastrophe, torture, and violent death.” Yet in Bonhoeffer's case the decision was apparently taken more on the basis of accidental and personal factors than as a result of careful deliberation either on the consequences of his participation or on any justification for it to be found in Christian doctrine. In 1938, he met some of the principals in the conspiracy, among them Colonel Hans Oster, second in command of the *Abwehr*, or Military Intelligence Department. The *Abwehr* was headed by Admiral Wilhelm Canaris, who, though he was considered one of Hitler's right-hand men, was willing to avert his eyes from some of the treasonous activities that were going on in his department. Later, Oster was to take Bonhoeffer on as a secret agent and so put him beyond the reach of the Gestapo, and give him the opportunity—denied to all Germans, let alone the persecuted pastors of the Confessing Church—to travel in Europe and evade military service.

In March, 1939, Bonhoeffer went to London to visit his former congregations, and he also called on Reinhold Niebuhr, who happened to be teaching in Scotland at the time, and asked for help in getting to America for a year. Niebuhr immediately made plans for

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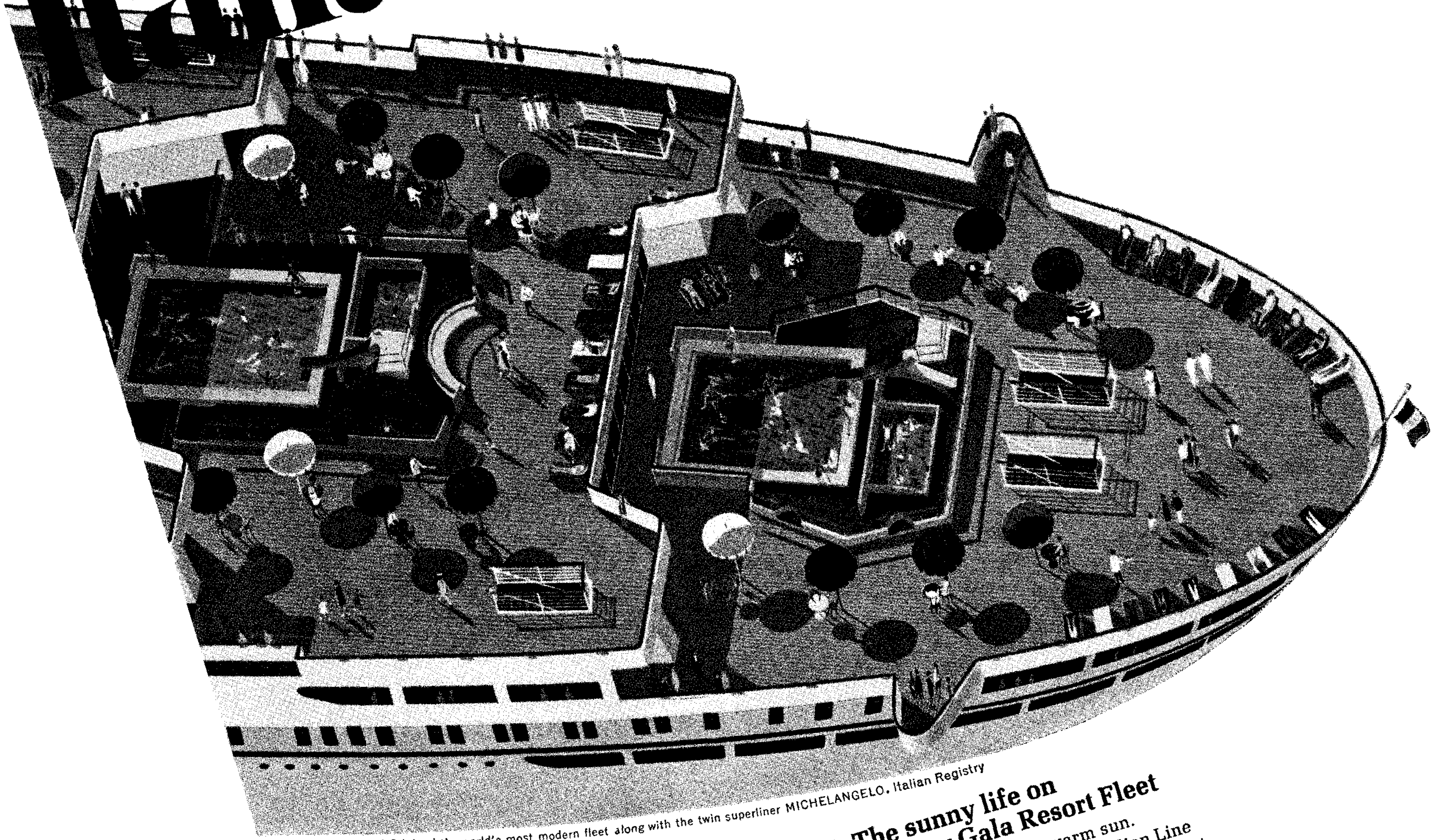

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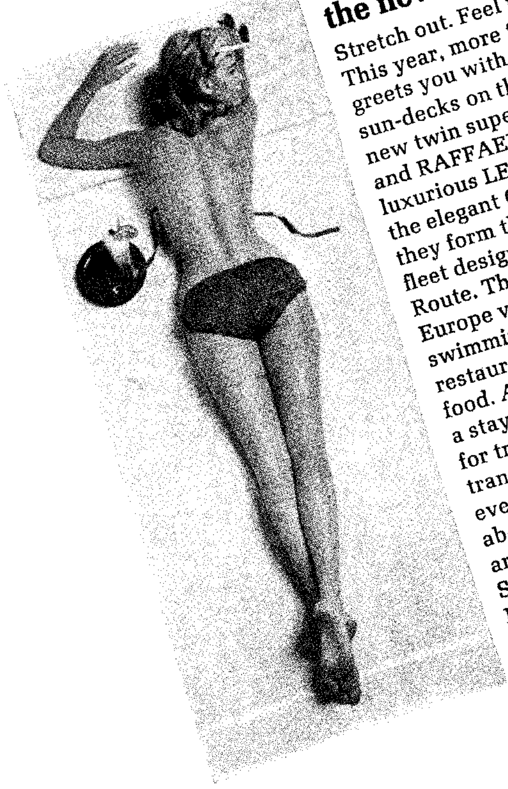

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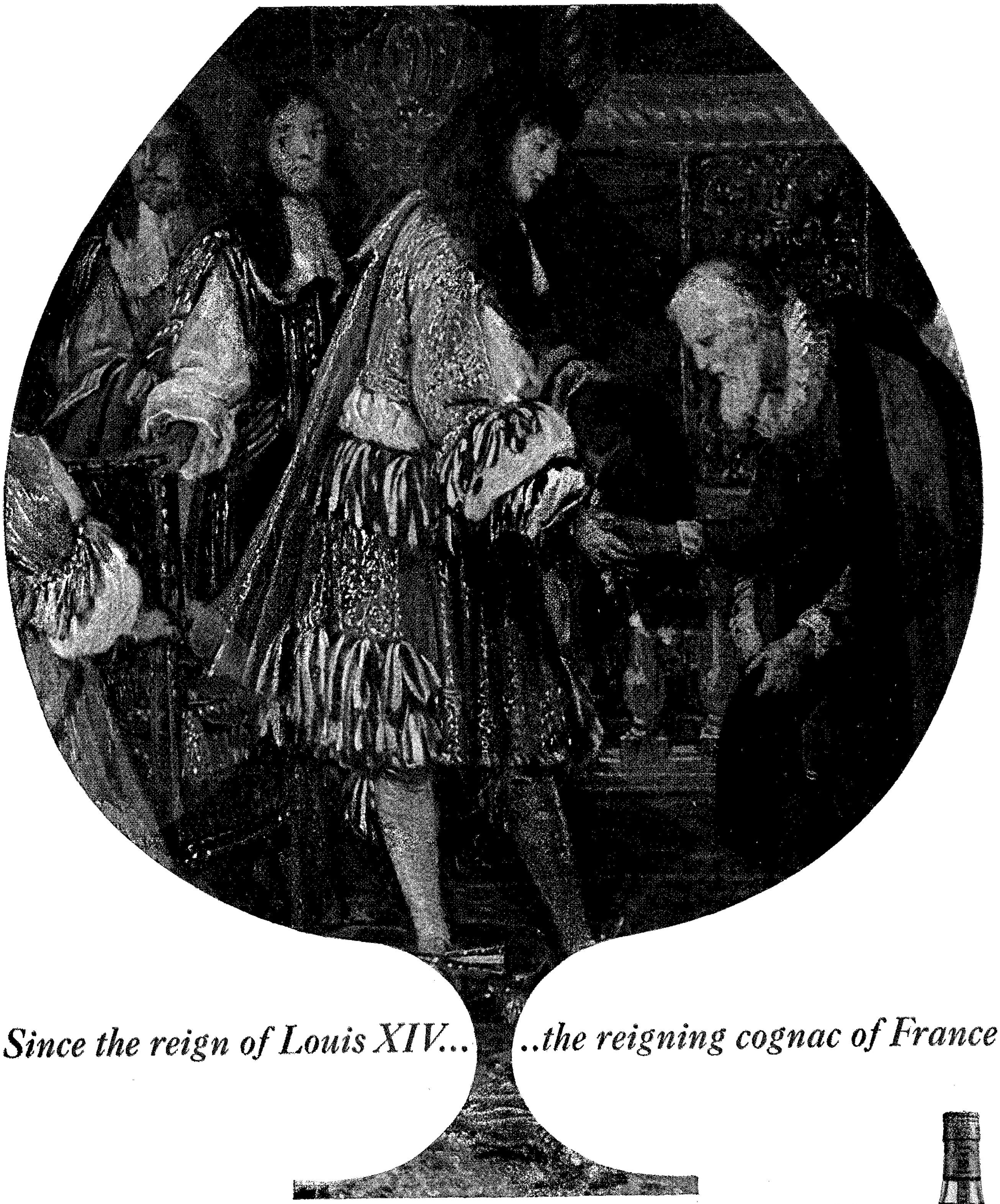

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Bonhoeffer to teach at Union Theological Seminary that summer, and wrote to Lehmann about ways of arranging a longer stay for Bonhoeffer: "My concern is in regard to Bonhoeffer. He . . . is anxious to come to America to evade for the time being a call to the colors. . . . I am wondering whether you would be willing to constitute a committee with me, call me the chairman and yourself the secretary, and send out a mimeographed letter offering Bonhoeffer's services to colleges and universities. . . . You could have him give you topics and a description of his activities in behalf of the confessional synod. . . . Don't write him too much, but if you are willing to do this just tell him that you will get in touch with him as soon as he arrives at Union to work out plans which I have suggested. There will be some difficulty in getting him out, and if he fails he will land in prison. He has done a great work for the Church."

Lehmann could not have been more coöperative, and the suggested mimeographed letter was sent out in June, 1939, over his signature. It was an excellent introduction to Bonhoeffer at that time:

> A committee, of which Dr. Reinhold Niebuhr, Professor of Applied Christianity at the Union Theological Seminary, New York, is the chairman, is venturing to bring to your attention the Reverend Dietrich Bonhoeffer, Licentiate in Theology. Reverend Mr. Bonhoeffer is one of the ablest of the younger theologians and one of the most courageous of the younger pastors who have undertaken the task of the faithful exposition and perpetuation of the Christian faith in the present critical time in Germany. He comes from a distinguished line of forebears both in the pulpit and in the university. . . . Among the more notable of Mr. Bonhoeffer's contributions to theological learning are three brilliant and profound volumes on "The Communion of Saints," "Act and Being," and one published only recently under the title "Life Together." During the academic year, 1930-1931, Mr. Bonhoeffer was a fellow in theology at Union Theological Seminary and after his return to Germany he began a promising theological career as *Privatdozent* in the theological faculty at Berlin. Political circumstances have interrupted these hopes. After a pastorate in the German Church in London, Mr. Bonhoeffer returned to his country and assumed the difficult responsibility of teaching the future ministers of the Confessional Church. Some time ago, his little seminary was closed by the government and he has been continuing his work since then in a private capacity in the parsonages of Pomerania. . . . If your institution has a lecture foundation or lecture series on a variety of problems, will you give favorable consideration to an invitation to Mr. Bonhoeffer to appear? He is in full command of the

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English language and prepared to discuss in a reliable and challenging manner problems of theology, philosophy, and the contemporary situation of Christianity in Germany. The committee is venturing to suggest an honorarium of not less than twenty-five dollars and, wherever possible, of fifty dollars. I hope very urgently that we may have some word from you at the earliest possible moment. . . . Your active coöperation in this venture will be a real expression of the spirit of ecumenical Christianity.

In the meantime, Bonhoeffer had reached America and had already begun to agonize over whether he should have come at all. He had thought that in the United States he would be able to make friends for the beleaguered Confessing Church as well as to find sanctuary from German military service, but one of the jobs that were found for him in America involved work with German refugees, and he was tormented with the fear that his association with these exiles would bar his return to Germany. He wrote to one of his American benefactors:

> Before I left Germany, I had long talks with my brethren from the Brethren Council and pledged myself to return to Germany after about a year's time to take up the training work in the Confessing Church again. . . . From the point of view of the Confessing Church, my trip to America was meant to be an ecumenical link between our isolated Church in Germany and our friends over here. . . . All of us, of course, were well aware of the fact that it means running a risk for a Confessional pastor to go to America with the intention to go back to Germany, and we all agreed that I should take that risk and pay the price for it, if necessary, if it is of a true value to the Church of Christ there and here. But, of course, I must not for the sake of loyalty to the Confessing Church accept a post which on principle would make my return to Germany impossible. Now, my question is whether that would not be the case with any post that is officially concerned with refugee work? As a matter of fact, I am afraid, it would be so. Now, if that is true, what can we do about it? . . . Finally, let me add a very personal remark. My best friend in Germany, a young Confessional pastor, who has been working with me for many years [this was Pastor Bethge], will be in the same conflict with regard to military service, etc. at the latest by next spring, possibly in the fall of this year. I feel it would be an utmost disloyalty to leave him alone in Germany when the conflict comes up for him. I should either have to go back to stand by him and to act with him or to get him out and to share my living with him, whatever it be, though I do not know if he would be willing to leave Germany.

Bonhoeffer was on the verge of making his critical decision. Only a week after his arrival in America, he decided to call off his visit, cancel all the arrangements made for him, and

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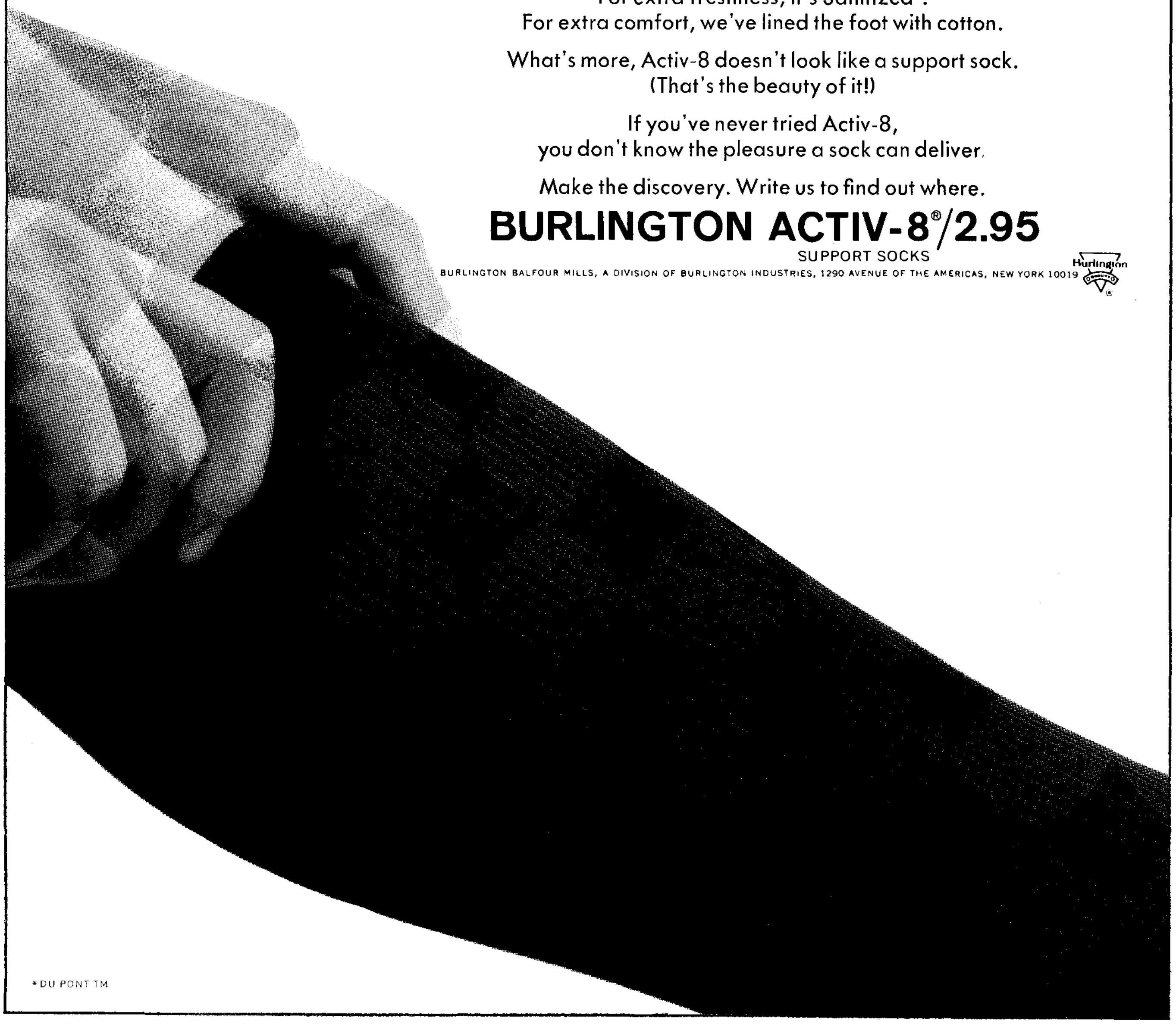

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rush back to Germany while he was still able to do so. He wrote that night in the Prophets Chamber at Union, "Quite obviously, one was disappointed, even cross. For me it means more than I can realize at present." And later he wrote to Niebuhr, "I have had the time to think and to pray about my situation and that of my nation and to have God's will for me clarified. I have come to the conclusion that I have made a mistake in coming to America. I must live through this difficult period of our national history with the Christian people of Germany. I will have no right to participate in the reconstruction of Christian life in Germany after the war if I do not share the trials of this time with my people. . . . Christians in Germany will face the terrible alternative of either willing the defeat of their nation in order that Christian civilization *may survive, or willing the victory* of their nation and thereby destroying our civilization. I know which of these alternatives I must choose; but I cannot make that choice in security."

The unease that Bonhoeffer felt throughout the American episode was betrayed in his style, which was so repetitious and overfull that not only did his touch sometimes appear lacking in grace and tact but he left the impression that he himself was not convinced by the reasons he gave for having come to America in the first place and for then having abruptly chosen to return. It happened that during Bonhoeffer's stay at Union, Lehmann was teaching in Illinois, so that the two men had to explain everything to each other by letters, and in informing Lehmann of his decision Bonhoeffer wrote:

> Thank you so much for your good letter, which is so full of friendship and hope for the future. I find it very hard to tell you that I have decided in the meantime to return to Germany in a few weeks. The invitation I got to come to America was based on the misunderstanding that I would stay here for good. I was supposed to supervise the social welfare of the Christian refugees, which meant that I could never go back to Germany. Now all necessary decisions have been made and I have informed the Church about it, and I shall return in July or August. I regret it for various reasons; on the other hand, I am very glad to give a helping hand over there. I am drawn toward my fighting brothers; I am sure you will understand me. And now I have a very urgent request to make: In your very kind letters to the colleges you mentioned my work in Pomerania. If such a letter gets into the hands of the German authorities, the whole of my job would be finished. Will you understand me if I ask you kindly and at the same time urgently, to write to the same people that I have returned

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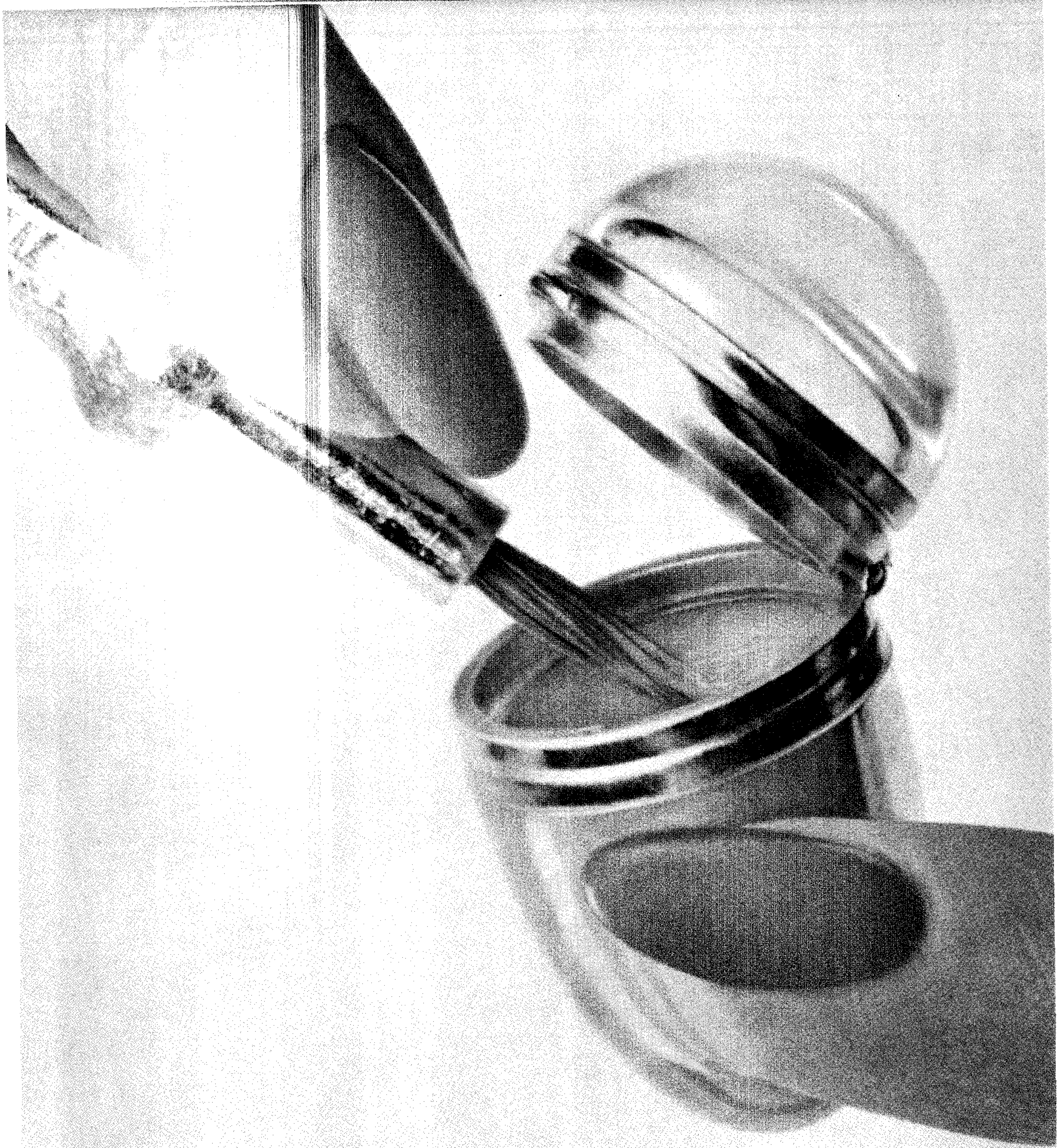

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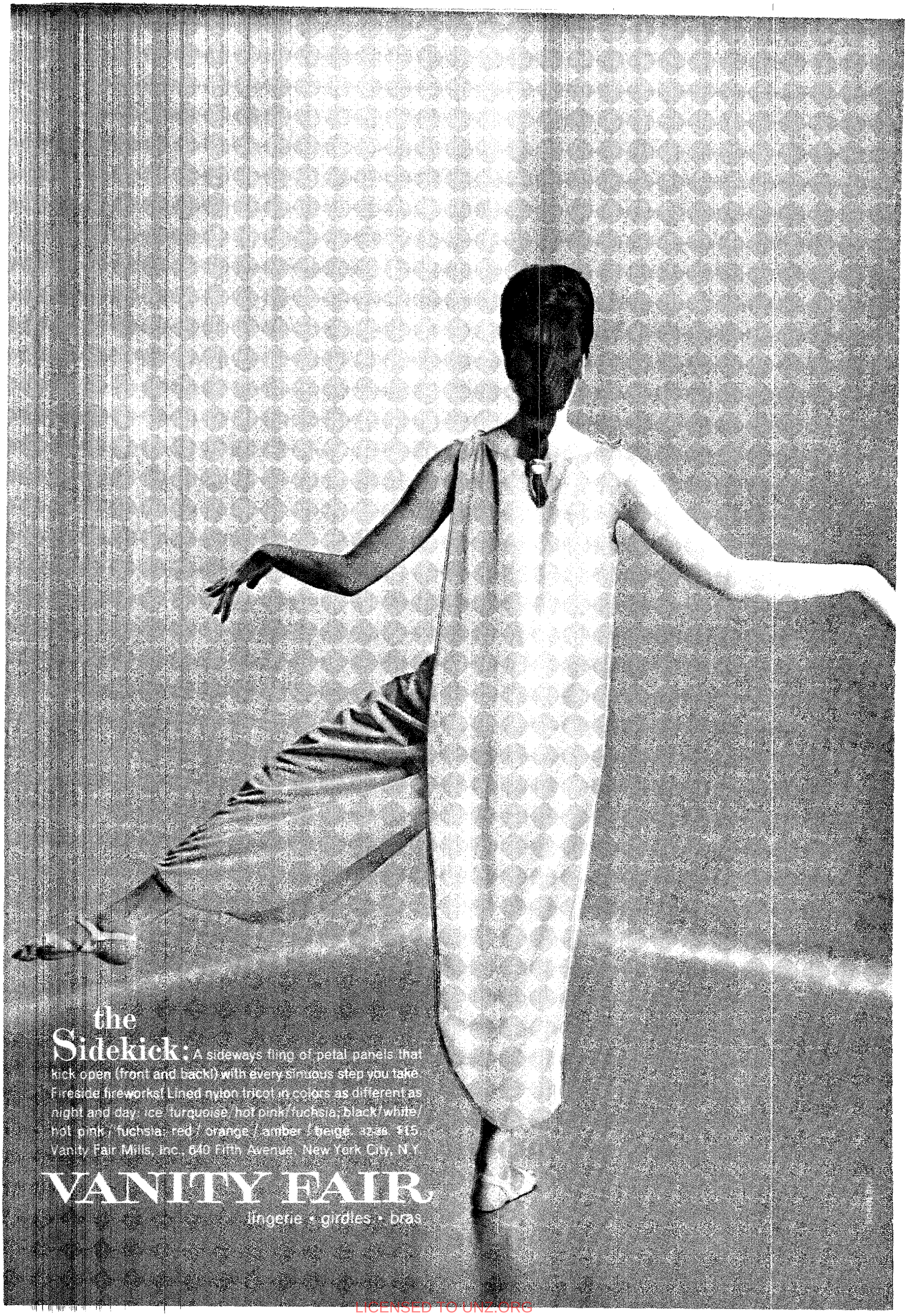

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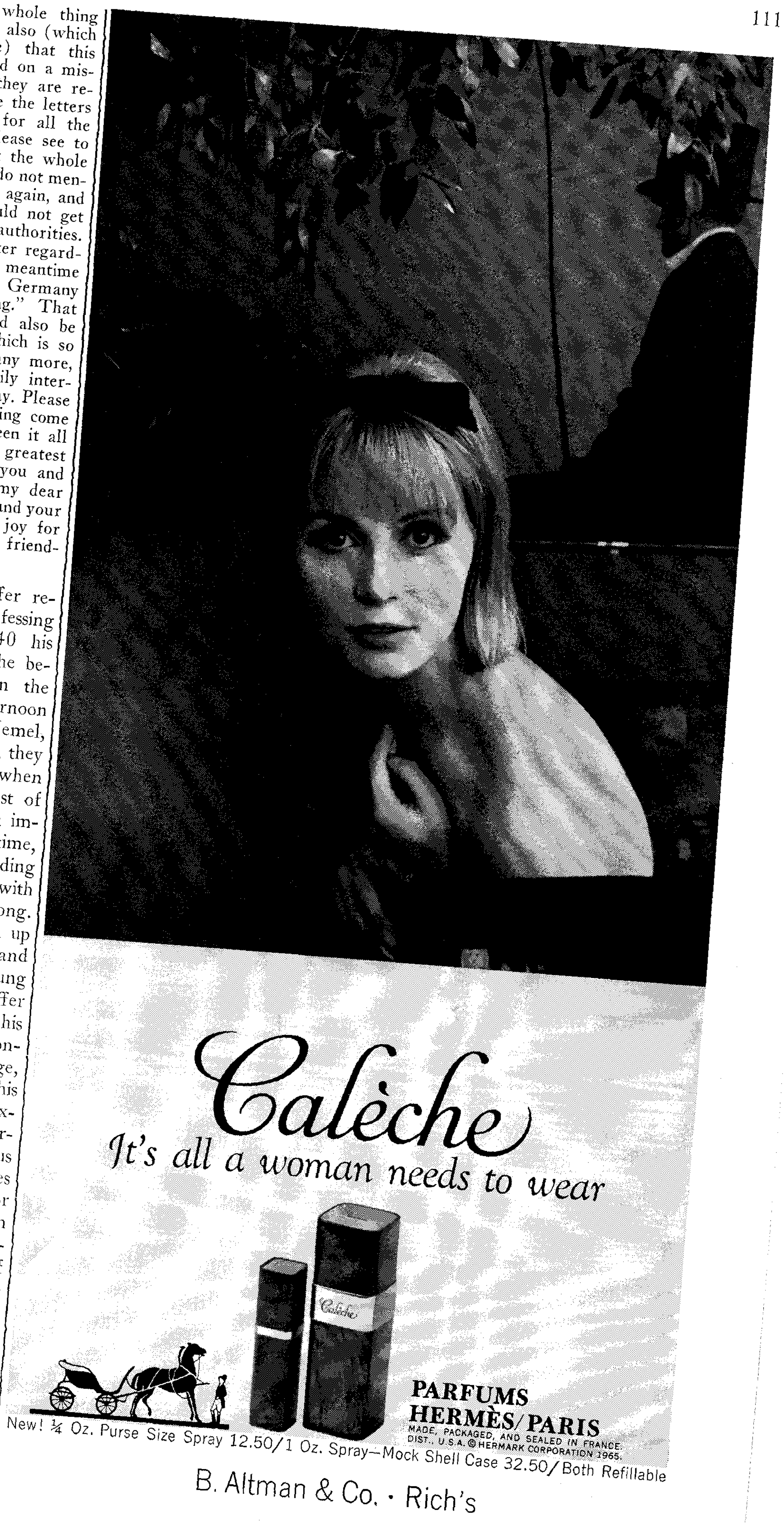
in the meantime and the whole thing did not come off and perhaps also (which would be important to me) that this whole undertaking was based on a misunderstanding. I hope that they are reliable enough not to circulate the letters any further. . . . I am sorry for all the trouble I have given you. Please see to it that people just think that the whole matter is finished. And please do not mention in your letter Pomerania again, and also not that the matter should not get into the hands of the German authorities. Just say simply that "the matter regarding Mr. D. B. was in the meantime settled as he has returned to Germany due to some misunderstanding." That would suit me best and would also be more helpful for my work, which is so urgent just now. If you say any more, somebody might be unnecessarily interested. And please do it right away. Please do not think that I regret having come here. I am very glad to have seen it all and I have learnt a lot. My greatest worry is that I have not seen you and your wife. And now farewell, my dear Paul. May God take care of you and your wife and give you strength and joy for your work and also keep up our friendship as it always has been.

Back in Germany, Bonhoeffer resumed his teaching of Confessing Church ordinants, but in 1940 his work was again dissolved and he became a wandering preacher in the northern provinces. One afternoon while he and Bethge were in Memel, in Prussia, on an evangelical tour, they were seated in a crowded café when they heard on the radio the blast of trumpets that always preceded an important news announcement. This time, it was the fall of France. According to ritual, the broadcast concluded with the singing of the Horst Wessel Song. The customers in the café jumped up jubilantly, raised their right arms, and joined in the singing. Bethge hung back, but then saw that Bonhoeffer not only was on his feet but had his arm up and was singing loudly. Bonhoeffer managed to whisper to Bethge, "Are you mad?" Bethge followed his example, and afterward Bonhoeffer explained, "We mustn't sacrifice ourselves in protest against such ridiculous things. We have to sacrifice ourselves for something far graver." Pastor Bethge knew that whatever hesitation Bonhoeffer might have had about living a life of deception in the name of Christianity had vanished, and that he was now launched on his treasonous career. (Later, it would be called the third and last phase of his life.) By now, Bonhoeffer had come to believe that his service to God could not be divorced from his political beliefs and actions. He knew that if he was captured he would have to lie and deceive and become a part of what he called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"the great masquerade of evil;" he believed that under the circumstances this was his duty as a Christian. For a cleric, he held unconventional moral opinions, personal as well as political. He believed that men should live well—should eat, drink, and love well. (Twice, he seems to have considered marriage; the second time—in 1942—he was actually engaged to a nineteen-year-old girl, Maria von Wedemeyer, against the wishes of her mother, who disapproved, at first, because of the pair's difference in age.) In a chapter of a projected book on ethics he wrote:

> Love that is really lived does not withdraw from reality to dwell in noble souls secluded from the world. It suffers the reality of the world in all its harshness. The world exhausts its fury against the body of Christ, and the Church must be willing to risk its existence for the sake of the world.

That he had a chance to put this theory into practice was due to the fact that he was still able to escape military duty, though when his pastoral activities were completely suspended in 1940 he was required to report regularly to the police. He would have been conscripted long before if in 1938 he had not been taken, as noted earlier, under the protection of the *Abwehr*. Oster's group, which included Hans von Dohnányi, was known to Britain as the center of the resistance to Hitler, because it supplied the governments of enemy and neutral countries with accurate information regarding Germany's impending invasions of Norway, Denmark, Holland, and Belgium. However, when the fall of these countries brought Churchill to power, the new Prime Minister had immediately proclaimed unconditional surrender as the policy of his government, which, by putting all Germans, whether pro- or anti-Hitler, on an equal footing, had deprived the resisters of any hope that a government made up of Germans who had succeeded in overthrowing Hitler could negotiate an honorable peace. Since Oster's group, early in its existence, had claimed Bonhoeffer for the *Abwehr* and had made him nominally one of its secret agents, partly to put his knowledge of Britain and his connections there to use on behalf of the Resistance, the resisters looked to him, among others, to obtain from the Churchill government some sort of modification of the policy of unconditional surrender. Now he made his cause one with theirs, and this was to have a remarkable effect on his theological outlook.

The extent of Bonhoeffer's active

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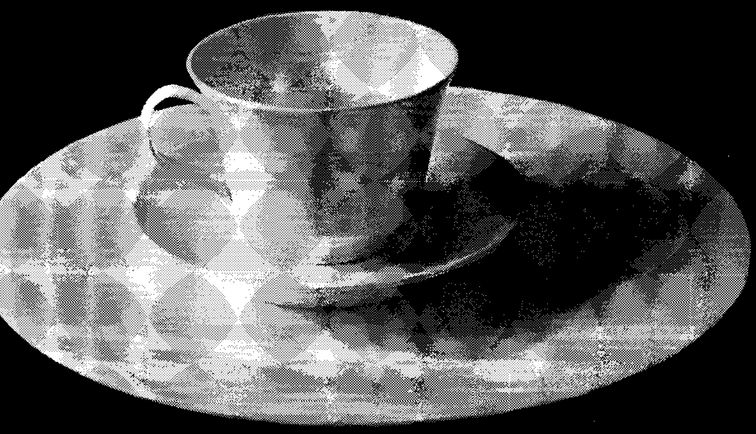

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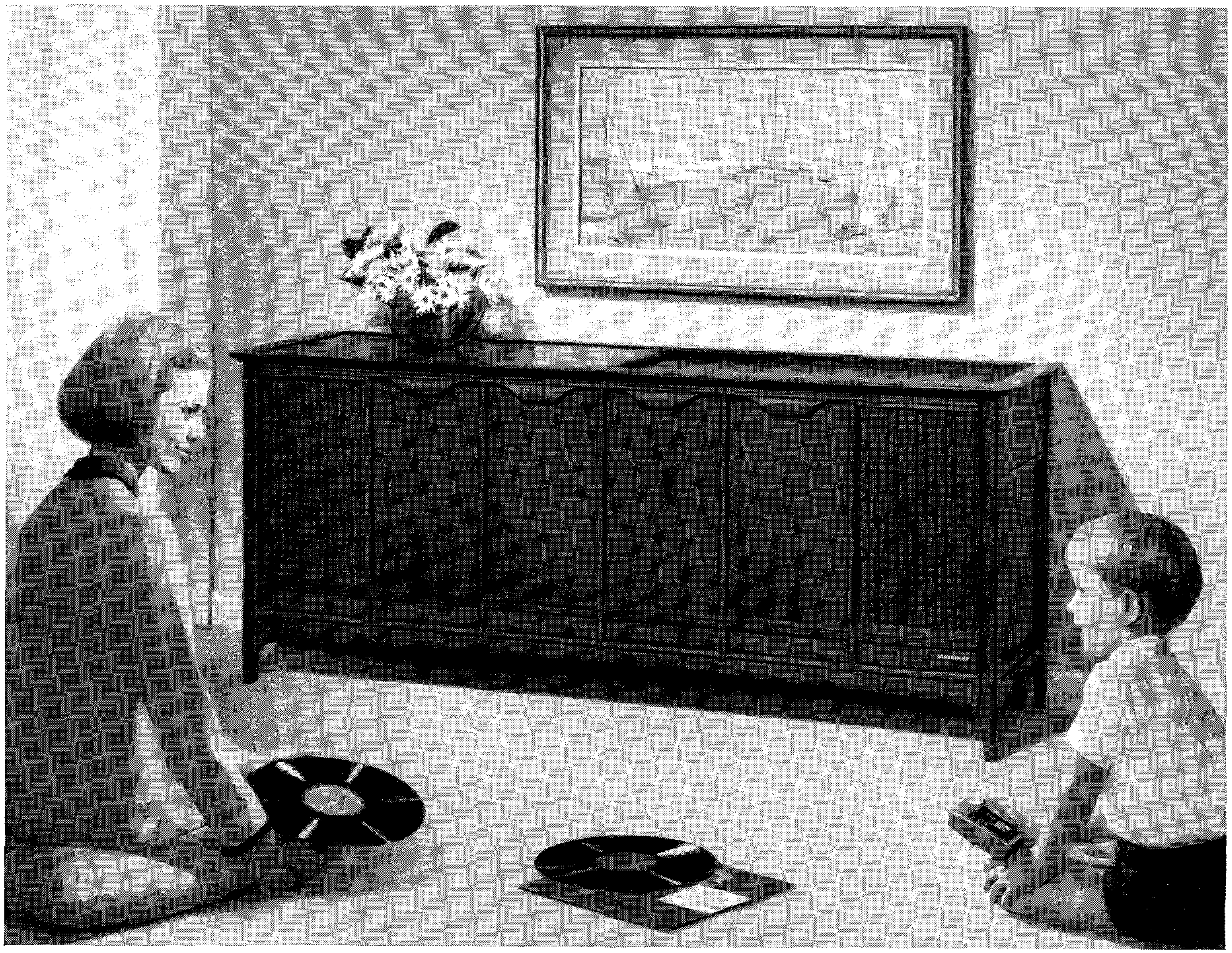
participation in the Resistance was limited to carrying out a secret mission in June of 1942, when he travelled to Sweden and met in the little town of Sigtuna a secret agent from Britain, his old, trusted friend, the Bishop of Chichester. Bonhoeffer told the Bishop about the size of the Resistance and its need for British support, yet in a sense he undermined his own mission, because he was filled with doubt about whether Britain should, in fact, grant special treatment to any Germans who had managed to liquidate Hitler. For some time, he had been praying for the defeat of Germany, and he had already declared at an ecumenical meeting in Geneva, in 1941, "Only in defeat can we atone for the terrible crimes we have committed against Europe and the world." He now said to the Bishop, almost in Old Testament accents, "There must be punishment by God. We do not want to escape repentance. . . . Christians do not want to escape repentance, or chaos, if it is God's will to bring it upon us. We must take this judgment as Christians." In any event, the Bishop's subsequent entreaties, at home, to support the Resistance fell on deaf ears. He was told merely that the pastors were being "used . . . without their knowledge." But even if England had given the assurances asked, it is debatable whether they would have so stiffened the resolution of the resisters that they might have actually brought about the assassination of Hitler, for Bonhoeffer, who urged assassination, stood in the minority; most Christians could not find any sanction in their religion for such a violent act. Even after 1943, when the Resistance passed into the hands of young staff officers who had the resources to bring about a *coup d'état*, no coup could be arranged, for the plotters were frustrated not simply by Hitler's uncanny luck but by their own quarrels and ineptitude and by a poor grasp of the political realities.

The S.D., which handled foreign and domestic security for the S.S., had never liked the independence of the *Abwehr*. It eventually got one of the *Abwehr* agents to talk, and as a result, in April, 1943, Bonhoeffer was arrested, though the Gestapo was unable to come up with any charge against him more serious than evasion of military duty. The next eighteen months, Bonhoeffer was in the military section of Tegel Prison, near Berlin, where he occupied himself in fabricating a defense, by attending meaningless preliminary hearings, by waiting for a trial that never took place, and in writing



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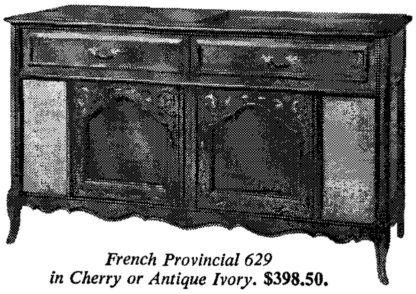

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letters. These centered on two parallel themes—one suggested by his cry, in a poem, "Lord Jesus Christ/Thou wast poor/and in misery, a captive and forsaken as I am," the other embodied in his oblique remark, "Talk of a heroic defeat is not heroic, because it means failure to face the future." (Commentators have seen in this remark a warning both to the members of the Resistance and to the German survivors of the two world wars.) That he was able to write at all was due to the special privileges he enjoyed as a prisoner, which were granted him within a few days of his arrival at Tegel, when it became known that General von Hase, the City Commandant of Berlin, was his mother's cousin. His mother or father or Ursula (who now lived next door to them in Marienburger Allee) or Maria von Wedemeyer was permitted each week to leave for him clean clothes, papers, and books, the books being also message-carriers, since, according to a system worked out in advance between the family and Bonhoeffer, words on alternate pages had been marked. Soon Bonhoeffer turned his cell into a small study, and how he adapted himself to his new surroundings is shown in several letters he wrote to his parents in the period that closed with his first Christmas in prison. On August 3rd, he wrote:

> I eat and drink very little, and sit quietly at my desk, and in this way manage to work without hindrance. From time to time I refresh both body and soul with your wonderful things.

On August 17th:

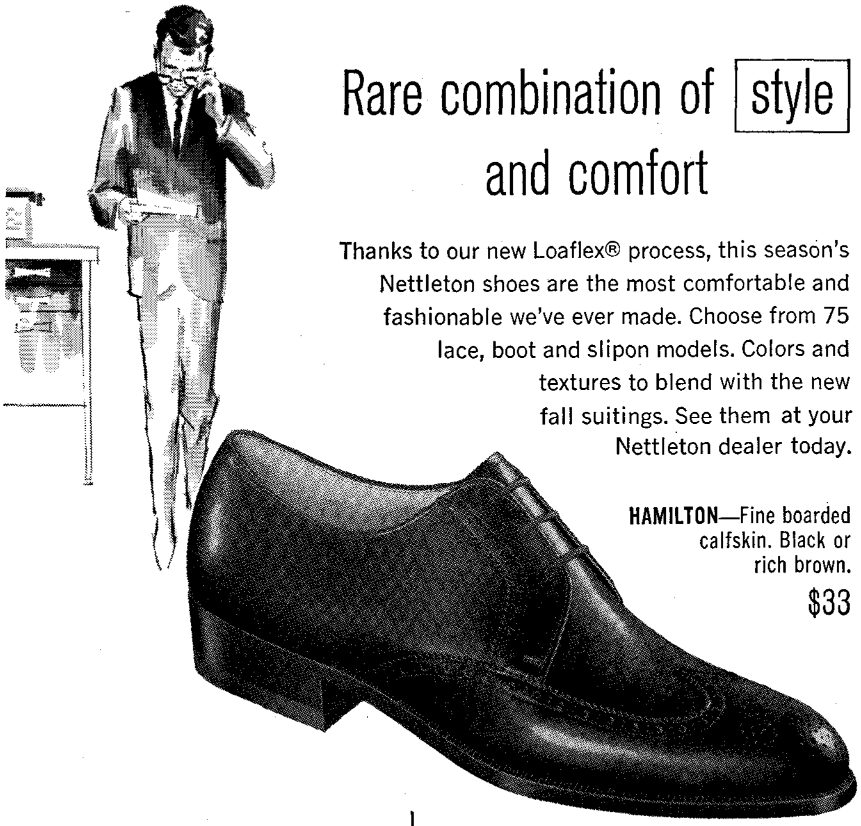
> Above all, please don't worry over me unduly.... Prison life seems to give one a certain detachment from the alarums and excitements of the day.

On August 31st:

> I...have got quite a lot of writing done.... It is quite interesting to watch this gradual process of self-adaptation. I was given a knife and fork to eat with a week ago—a new concession—and they seemed almost unnecessary, it had become so natural to spread bread etc. with a spoon.

And on December 17th:

> For a Christian there is nothing peculiarly difficult about Christmas in a prison cell. I daresay it will have more meaning and will be observed with greater sincerity here in this prison than in places where all that survives of the feast is its name. That misery, suffering, poverty, loneliness, helplessness, and guilt look very different to the eyes of God from what they do to man, that God should come down to the very place which men usually abhor, that Christ was born in a stable because there was no room for



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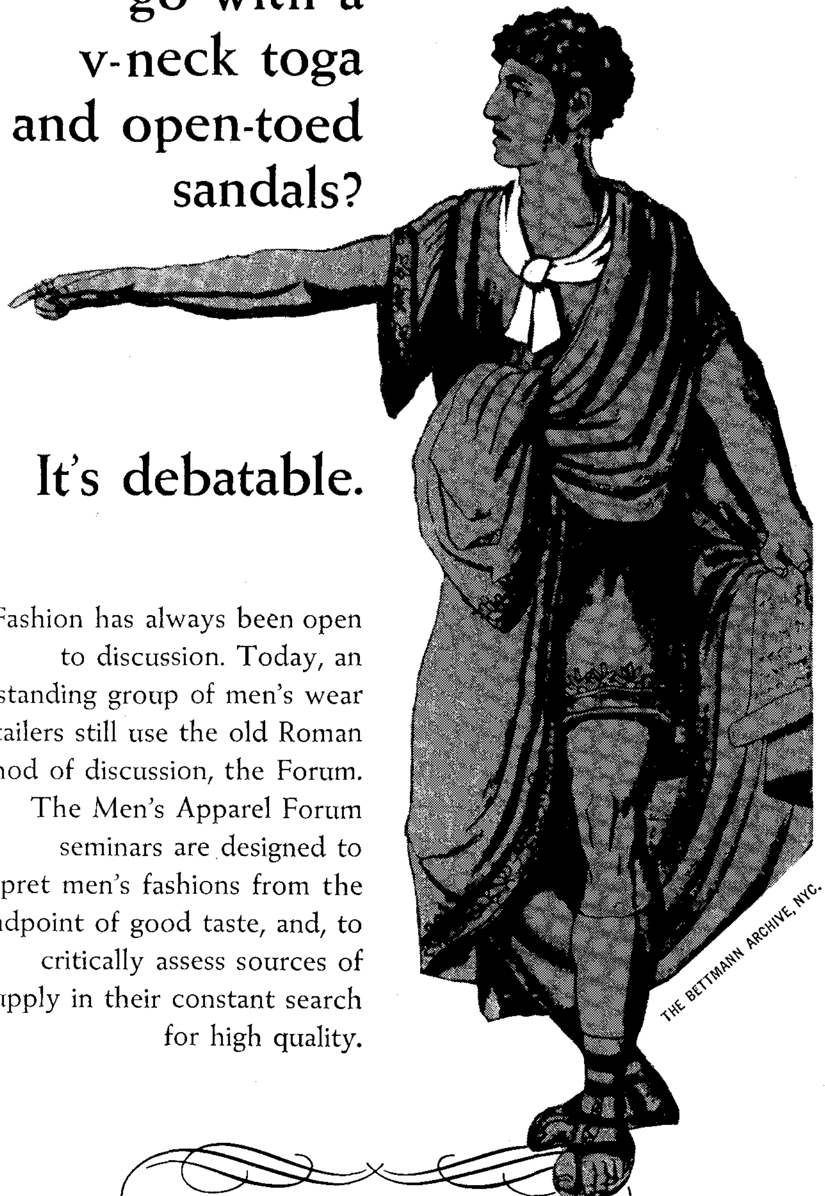
him in the inn—these are things which a prisoner can understand better than anyone else.

During this period, German defeats on the Western front and the appearance among the resisters of a remarkable officer, Colonel Claus von Stauffenberg, who had lost in the war the use of his left eye, his right hand and forearm, and two fingers from his left hand, made it seem likely that the resisters would be able to assassinate Hitler at last. Indeed, Stauffenberg, on July 20, 1944, went so far as to smuggle a bomb in his briefcase into Hitler's isolated headquarters—the Wolf's Lair, as it was called, nine miles from Rastenburg, set deep in the forest, and surrounded by minefields, barbed wire, electrified fencing, and many security checkpoints—when he went to a staff officers' meeting with Hitler, where Stauffenberg was expected to report on the state of certain divisions in the Reserve Army. He managed to get some privacy to start the time fuse of the bomb, to carry the well-filled briefcase into the conference room—a wooden structure built aboveground and reinforced with concrete—to take his place at Hitler's table, and to slip under that table the briefcase, even arranging it to face Hitler, and then to leave the conference room on the pretext of a telephone call and watch the explosion from a distance of a hundred yards. The cataclysm that followed so convinced him that Hitler was dead that Stauffenberg confidently helped to put into operation the mechanism worked out by the resisters for wresting power from the Nazis. Hitler, however, though injured, lived, apparently due to the mere circumstance that an officer in the conference room, in order to get closer to the table, had moved the briefcase slightly so that it faced away from Hitler. He now visited revenge on the plotters. He ordered an exhaustive Gestapo investigation, which, as one of its minor results, turned up some secret papers directly implicating Hans von Dohnányi, Rüdiger Schleicher, and Klaus and Dietrich Bonhoeffer. All four would have been executed immediately if it were not that Hitler had just come to realize the extent of the conspiracy and wanted further intelligence. The Gestapo, though recognizing that the part the Bonhoeffer family might have played in the conspiracy must have been a negligible one, let them live on—they were carted from one prison or camp to another for six wearing months—just on the chance that they should prove of some value to the investiga-



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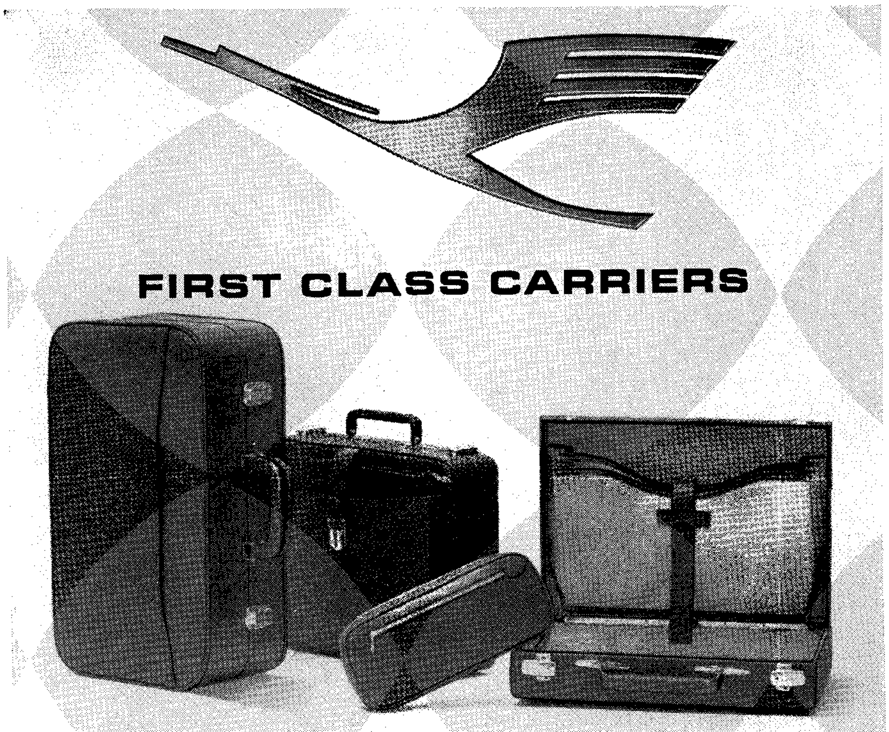

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tion. In October, Dietrich Bonhoeffer was transferred from Tegel to a prison in Gestapo Headquarters, on Prinz Albrechtstrasse, in Berlin, and in February, during the intensive bombing of Berlin, he was taken to Buchenwald, where he apparently made a great impression on Captain S. Payne Best, an agent of the British Secret Service who was interned there as a special prisoner of war and who lived to write, "Bonhoeffer . . . was all humility and sweetness; he always seemed to me to diffuse an atmosphere of happiness, of joy in every smallest event in life, and of deep gratitude for the mere fact that he was alive. There was something doglike in the look of fidelity in his eyes and his gladness if you showed that you liked him. He was one of the very few men that I have ever met to whom his God was real and ever close to him."

It is part of the charm of Bonhoeffer's letters, which go up almost to his transfer to Buchenwald, that he reveals himself to be absolutely human. One finds him by turns complacent ("I can't help feeling that everything has taken its natural course; it has all been inevitable, straightforward, directed by a higher Providence"), nostalgic ("I recall those quiet summer evenings in Friedrichsbrunn, then all the different parishes I have worked in, and then all our family occasions, weddings, christenings, and confirmations"), introspective ("I wonder if we have become too rational. When you have deliberately suppressed every desire for so long, it burns you up inside, or else you get so bottled up that one day there is a terrific explosion"), stoical to the point of harshness ("I told him in no uncertain terms what I thought of people who can be very hard on others and make grand speeches about living dangerously, etc., etc., and then crumple up themselves under the slightest test of endurance. . . . I don't believe I find it easy to despise anyone in real trouble, and I have made that perfectly clear, which no doubt made his hair stand on end; but I can only regard that as contemptible"), despondent ("I should tell you how my grim experiences often follow me into the night, and the only way I can shake them off is by reciting one hymn after another, and that when I wake up it is generally with a sigh, rather than a hymn of praise"), impractical ("The clergy should live solely on the free-will offerings of their congregations"), contradictory ("It's true that the importance of illusion in human life is not to be underestimated, but for the Christian it is essential to

[Paul Masson and the New Leisure]

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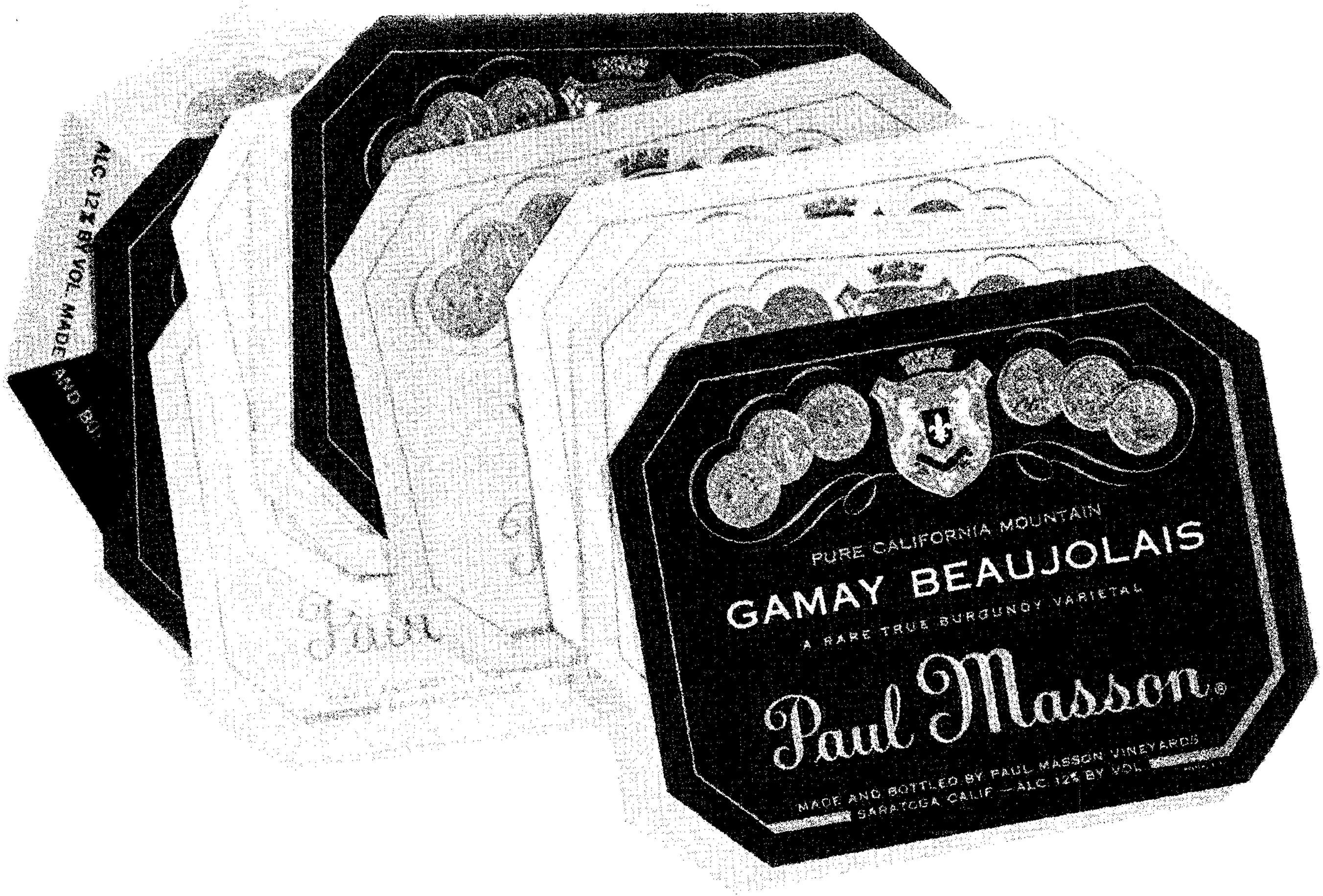
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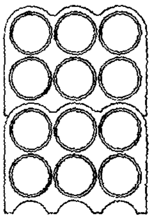

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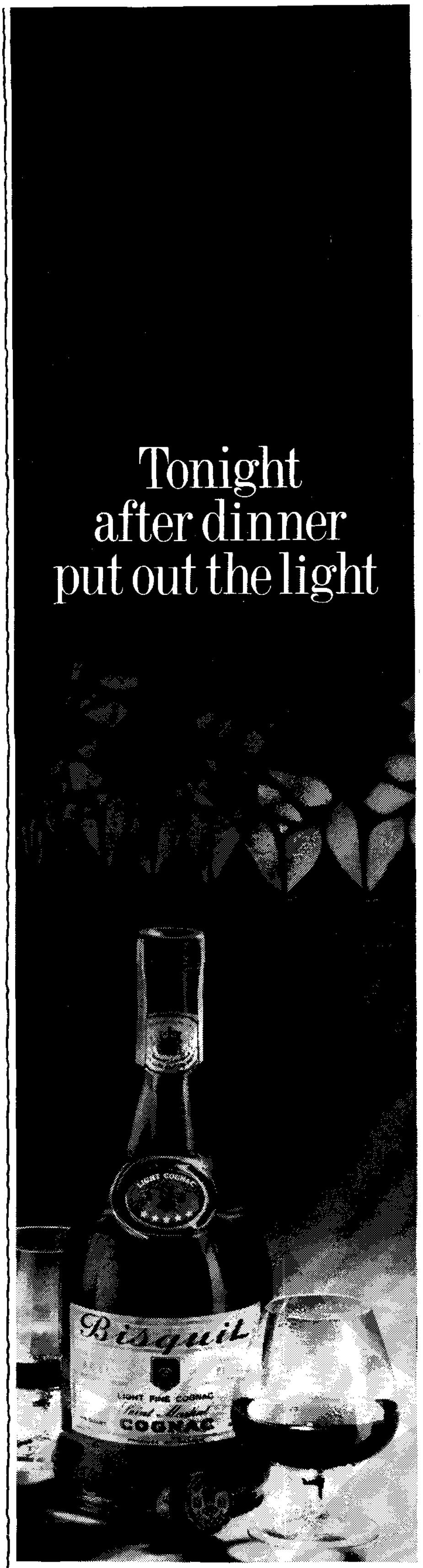
have a hope which is based on solid foundations"), serene ("I am going through another spell of finding it difficult to read the Bible. I never know quite what to make of it. I don't feel guilty at all about it, and I know it won't be long before I return to it again with renewed zest"), and, occasionally, prudish, snobbish, tasteless, and polemical as well ("When God was driven out of the world, and from the public side of human life, an attempt was made to retain Him at least in the sphere of the 'personal,' the 'inner life,' the private life. And since every man still has a private sphere, it was thought that he was most vulnerable at this point. The secrets known by a man's valet, that is, to put it crudely, the area of his intimate life—from prayer to his sexual life—have become the hunting ground of modern psychotherapists. In this way they resemble, though quite involuntarily, the dirtiest gutter journalists. Think of the newspapers which specialize in bringing to light the most intimate details about prominent people. They practice social, financial, and political blackmail on their victims: the psychotherapists practice religious blackmail. Forgive me, but I cannot say less about them. From the sociological point of view, this is a revolution from below, a revolt of inferiority. Just as the vulgar mentality is never satisfied until it has seen some highly placed personage in his bathing attire, or in other compromising situations, so it is here. There is a kind of malicious satisfaction in knowing that everyone has his weaknesses and nakednesses. In my contacts with the outcasts of society, its pariahs, I have often noticed how mistrust is the dominant motive in their judgments of other people. Every act of a person of high repute, be it never so altruistic, is suspected from the outset. Incidentally, I find such outcasts in all ranks of society. In a flower garden they grub around for the dung on which the flowers grow. The less responsible a man's life, the more easily he falls a victim to this attitude. This irresponsibility and absence of bonds has its counterpart among the clergy in what I should call the 'priestly' snuffing around in the sins of men in order to catch them out. . . . It is the same kind of thing you find in the novels of the last fifty years, which think they have only depicted their characters properly when they have described them in bed, or in films where it is thought necessary to include undressing scenes"). In the last letter included in the book, there is a poignant sentence



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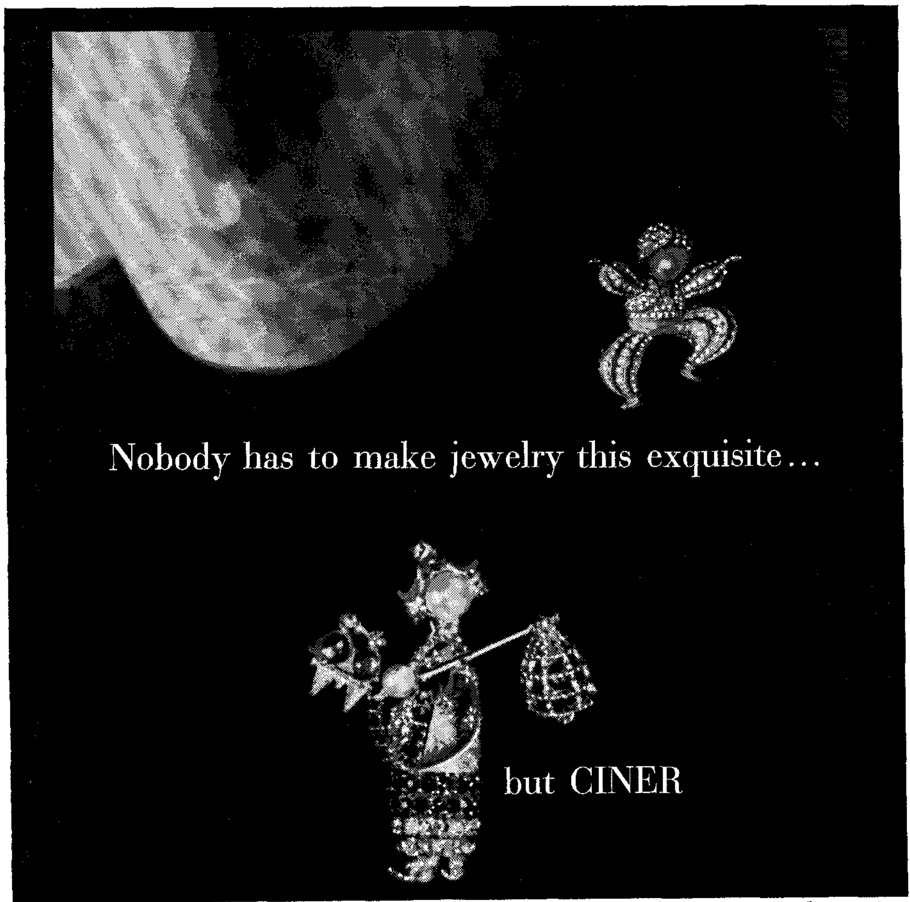

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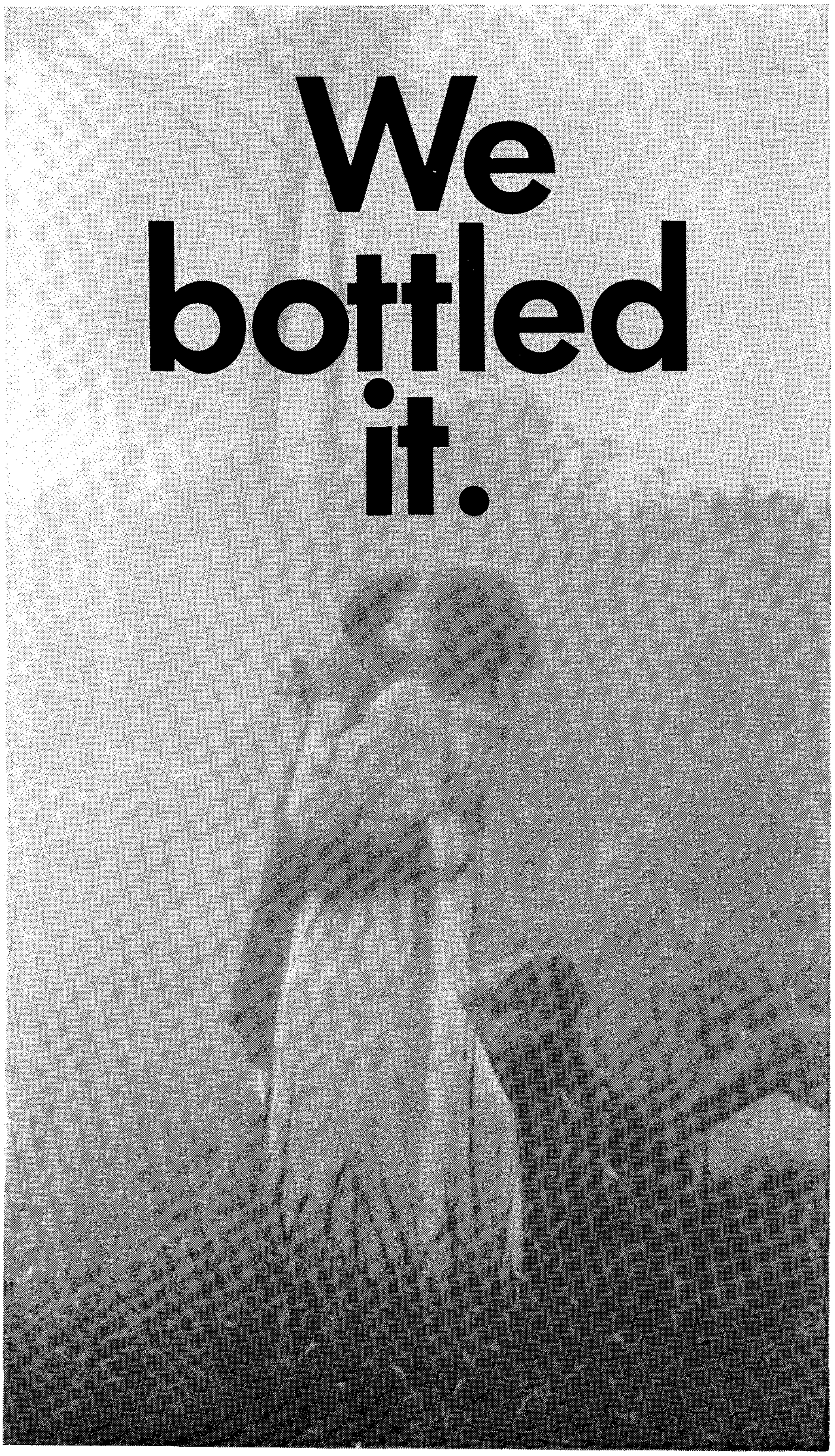
that might be said to epitomize Bonhoeffer, fated prisoner that he was: "Could I please have some toothpaste and a few coffee beans?"

In the last days of the war, with the American forces moving rapidly across Germany, Bonhoeffer was transferred again and again. The hellish journey started on Tuesday, April 3rd, when Bonhoeffer and fifteen other Buchenwald inmates, including Payne Best, were crowded in a prison van powered by a wood generator, and headed for Weiden, the village nearest Flossenburg. The front part of the van was packed with billets of wood, while the prisoners, with all their luggage, were squeezed into the small back section of the van so tightly that their legs were pushed up against the baggage and their arms pinned to their sides. The van, filled with exhaust fumes, could move only fifteen miles an hour, and had to be stopped every hour in order to refire the generator and clean the flues, and still the engine had to be raced fifteen minutes more before they could set out again. The journey was long and the prisoners had nothing to eat or drink. Bonhoeffer, a smoker, had saved up his scanty ration of tobacco, which he now shared, touching his companions with his generosity and goodness. They reached Weiden on Wednesday, but the Flossenburg camp was too full to receive them; three were admitted the next day, and the rest were again on the road in the van, proceeding southward in search of accommodations. The thirteen inmates spent Thursday night in the Regensburg state prison, five to a cell, but the next day they were sent on again, only to have the van break down on the road and to spend a cold, stormy night among the bomb craters. Saturday, a replacement for the van arrived, a bus with plate-glass windows and upholstered seats and guards with tommy guns. The entire day was spent trying to get the prisoners across the Danube and behind the crumbling German frontier. At last, a pontoon was found which had escaped bombing, and that night they slept in the local schoolhouse of the Bavarian village of Schönberg. The next day was Sunday, April 8th, and Payne Best recounts: "Pastor Bonhoeffer held a little service and spoke to us in a manner which reached the hearts of all, finding just the right words to express the spirit of our imprisonment and the thoughts and resolutions which it had brought. He had hardly finished his last prayer when the door opened and two evil-looking men in civilian clothes came in and said: 'Prisoner Bonhoeffer. Get ready to come with us.' Those words 'come with us'—for all prisoners they had come to mean one thing only—the scaffold. We bade him goodbye—he drew me aside—'This is the end,' he said. 'For me the beginning of life,' and then he gave me a message to give, if I could, to the Bishop of Chichester."

Bonhoeffer was once more on the road. He was driven back to Flossenburg, through the narrow stretch of territory still under German control, and reached the concentration camp that night. The next morning, the camp doctor saw him praying in his cell, and later his Bible and a volume of Goethe in which his name was inscribed were found in the guardroom, among the small belongings of the dead, by the liberating armies, who took possession of Flossenburg a few days later.

The exact circumstances of his death—the manner of his execution, and whether he died at the hands of capricious officers acting on their own or by official order of the Nazi government—remain in doubt. But this uncertainty is important only to those skeptics who would resort to a technicality to deny Bonhoeffer even political martyrdom. Niebuhr wrote soon after Bonhoeffer's death, "The story of Bonhoeffer . . . belongs to the modern Acts of the Apostles. . . . It is safe to say that his life and death will become one of the sources of grace for the new church in a new Germany."

BONHOEFFER's afterlife on this earth begins in what has come to be called the theology of liberation, which was conceived in prison and expounded in the form of letters to Pastor Bethge. Because he was a theologian of distinction who had been alternately Barthian and Bultmannian, there had been those who thought he might be able to effect a sort of synthesis of the thought of the two adversaries: of, on the one hand, accepting the really inaccessible word of God as revealed in the Bible, and, on the other, treating that word existentially—that is, discounting everything in the Bible as mythological except insofar as it speaks to us in the accents of our own time. It was thought that such a conjunction, if achieved by him, might give theology a lease on life valid for our century. Since Bonhoeffer's death, the number of theologians who think he might have been able to combine the two schools has increased, and not only have his letters on Barth and Bultmann—which, in a sense, are the



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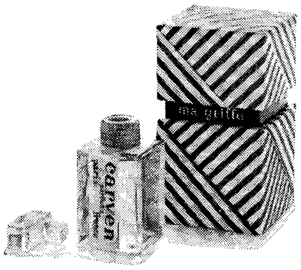

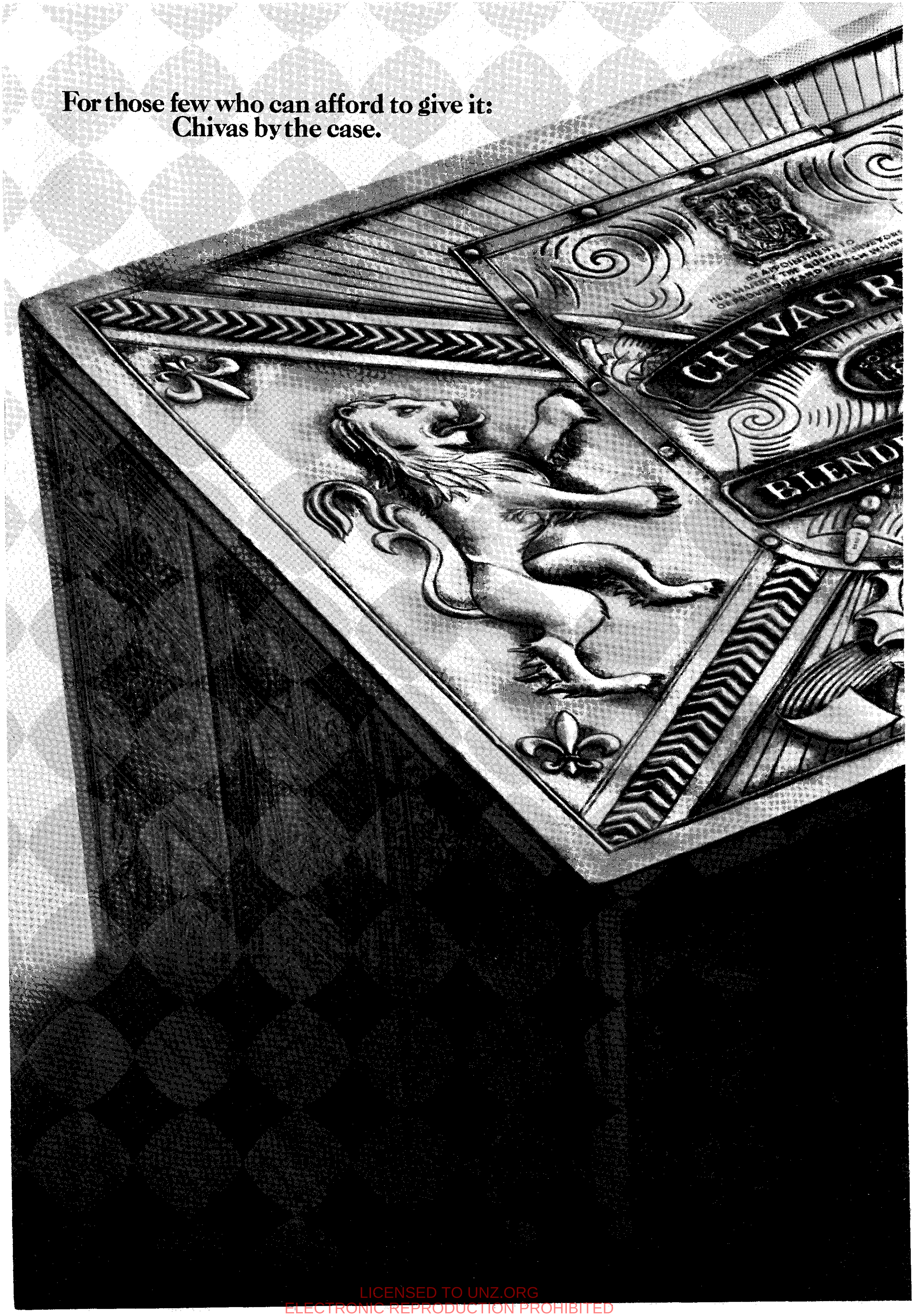
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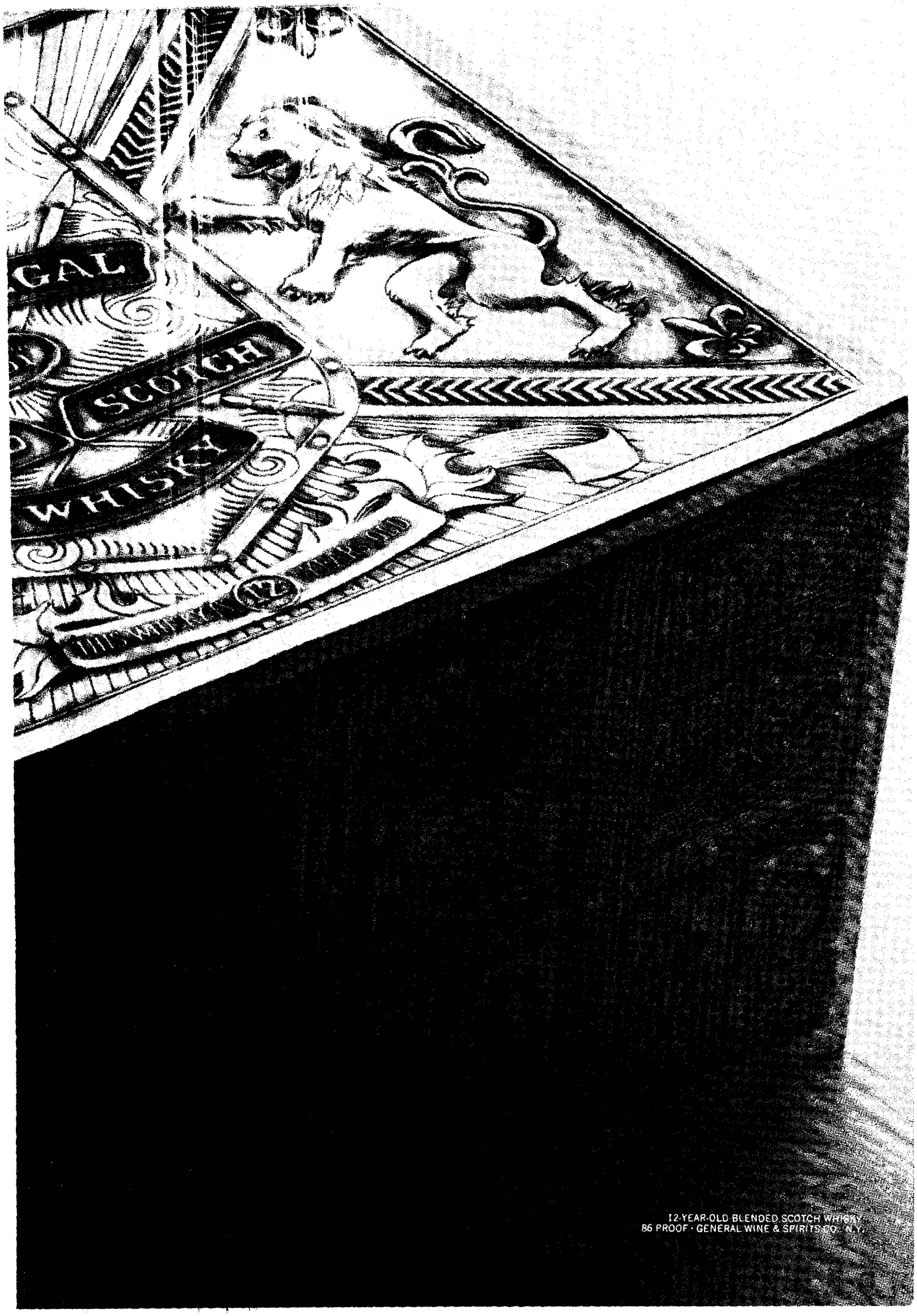
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core of the theological letters—been scoured for clues to what direction he might have taken if he had been allowed to live but his criticisms of the two men, registered there, are still constantly debated in the theological world. In fact, it is impossible to understand Bonhoeffer's influence without looking at them closely. In one important letter, he contends that Barth is still a child of nineteenth-century theology, and Bultmann, at best, perhaps a very reluctant child of the twentieth. He writes to Pastor Bethge:

> I expect you remember Bultmann's paper on the demythologizing of the New Testament? My view of it today would be not that he went too far, as most people seem to think, but that he did not go far enough. It is not only the mythological conceptions, such as the miracles, the ascension and the like (which are not in principle separable from the conceptions of God, faith, and so on) that are problematic, but the "religious" conceptions themselves. You cannot, as Bultmann imagines, separate God and miracles, but you do have to be able to interpret and proclaim *both* of them in a "non-religious" sense.... What do I mean by "interpret in a religious sense"? In my view, that means to speak on the one hand metaphysically, and on the other individualistically. Neither of these is relevant to the Bible message or to the man of today.... Barth was the first theologian to begin the criticism of religion—and that remains his really great merit—but he set in its place the positivist doctrine of revelation which says in effect, "Take it or leave it": Virgin Birth, Trinity or anything else, everything which is an equally significant and necessary part of the whole, which latter has to be swallowed as a whole or not at all. That is not in accordance with the Bible. There are degrees of perception and degrees of significance, i.e., a secret discipline must be reëstablished whereby the *mysteries* of the Christian faith are preserved from profanation. The positivist doctrine of revelation makes it too easy for itself, setting up, as in the ultimate analysis it does, a law of faith, and mutilating what is, by the incarnation of Christ, a gift for us. The place of religion is taken by the Church—that is, in itself, as the Bible teaches it should be—but the world is made to depend upon itself and left to its own devices, and that is all wrong.

In another letter he returns to his criticisms of Barth and Bultmann, this time setting them in a much wider historical context and subsuming them under his own ideas. There is hardly a passage in recent theological literature that has received more attention than this one, and the letter deserves to be reproduced almost in its entirety:

> I will try to define my position from the historical angle.
>
> The movement beginning about the thirteenth century ... towards the autonomy of man (under which head I place

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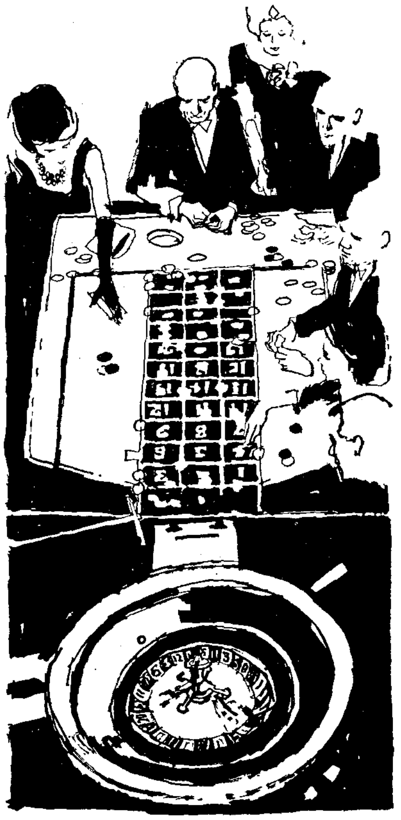

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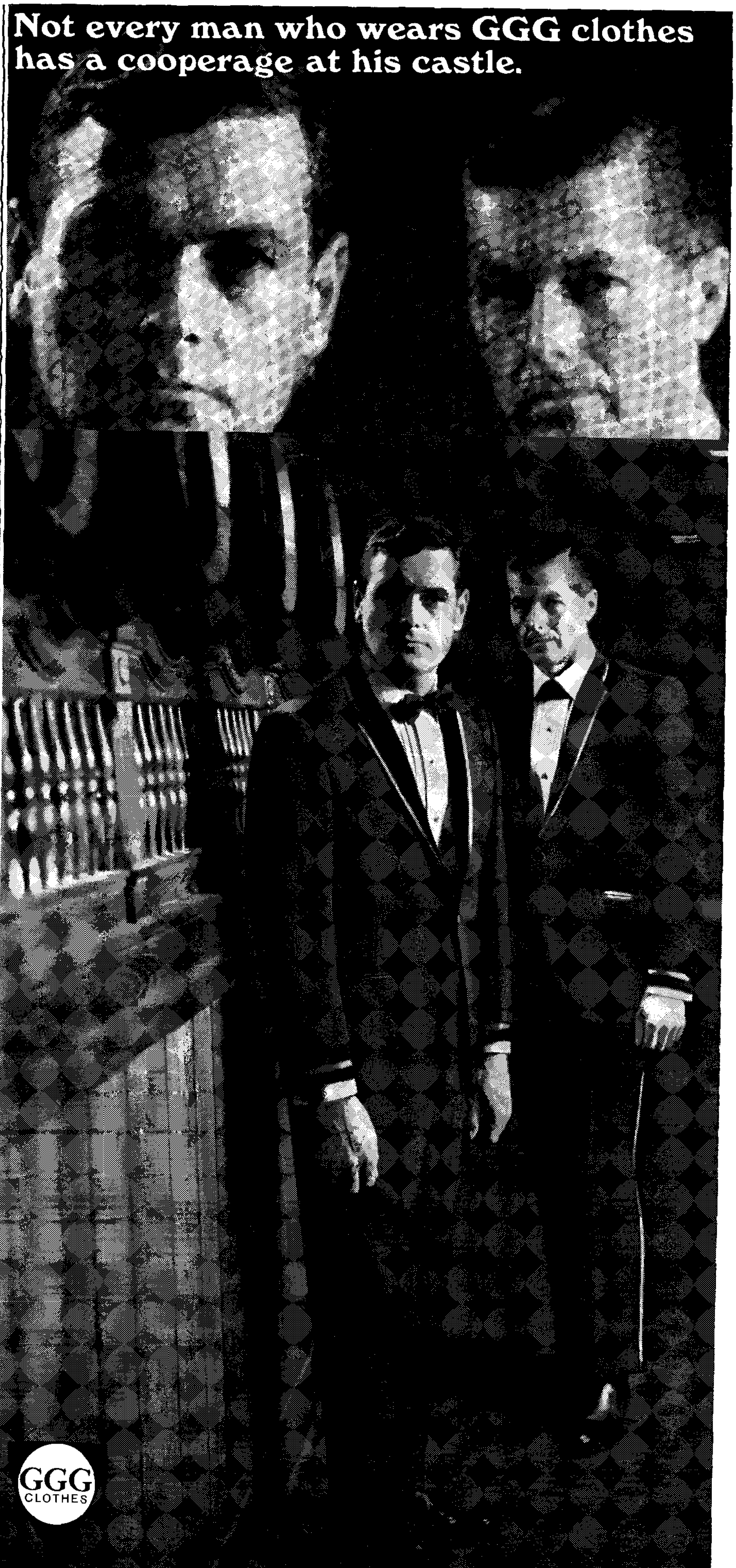
the discovery of the laws by which the world lives and manages in science, social and political affairs, art, ethics and religion) has in our time reached a certain completion. Man has learned to cope with all questions of importance without recourse to God as a working hypothesis. In questions concerning science, art, and even ethics, this has become an understood thing which one scarcely dares to tilt at any more. But for the last hundred years or so it has been increasingly true of religious questions also: it is becoming evident that everything gets along without "God," and just as well as before. As in the scientific field, so in human affairs generally, what we call "God" is being more and more edged out of life, losing more and more ground.

Catholic and Protestant historians are agreed that it is in this development that the great defection from God, from Christ, is to be discerned, and the more they bring in and make use of God and Christ in opposition to this trend, the more the trend itself considers itself to be anti-Christian. The world which has attained to a realization of itself and of the laws which govern its existence is so sure of itself that we become frightened. False starts and failures do not make the world deviate from the path and development it is following; they are accepted with fortitude and detachment as part of the bargain, and even an event like the present war is no exception. Christian apologetic has taken the most varying forms of opposition to this self-assurance. Efforts are made to prove to a world thus come of age that it cannot live without the tutelage of "God." Even though there has been surrender on all secular problems, there still remain the so-called ultimate questions—death, guilt—on which only "God" can furnish an answer, and which are the reasons why God and the Church and the pastor are needed. Thus we live, to some extent, by these ultimate questions of humanity. But what if one day they no longer exist as such, if they too can be answered without "God"? We have of course the secularized offshoots of Christian theology, the existentialist philosophers and the psychotherapists, who demonstrate to secure, contented, happy mankind that it is really unhappy and desperate, and merely unwilling to realize that it is in severe straits it knows nothing at all about, from which only they can rescue it. Wherever there is health, strength, security, simplicity, they spy luscious fruit to gnaw at or to lay their pernicious eggs in. They make it their object first of all to drive men to inward despair, and then it is all theirs. That is secularized methodism. And whom does it touch? A small number of intellectuals, of degenerates, of people who regard themselves as the most important thing in the world and hence like looking after themselves. The ordinary man who spends his everyday life at work, and with his family, and of course with all kinds of hobbies and other interests too, is not affected. He has neither time nor inclination for thinking about his intellectual despair and regarding his modest share of happiness as a trial, a trouble, or a disaster.

The attack by Christian apologetic upon the adulthood of the world I con-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sider to be in the first place pointless, in the second ignoble, and in the third un-Christian. Pointless, because it looks to me like an attempt to put a grown-up man back into adolescence, i.e., to make him dependent on things on which he is not in fact dependent any more, thrusting him back into the midst of problems which are in fact not problems for him any more. Ignoble, because this amounts to an effort to exploit the weakness of man for purposes alien to him and not freely subscribed to by him. Un-Christian, because for Christ himself is being substituted one particular stage in the religiousness of man, i.e., a human law. Of this more later.

But first a word or two on the historical situation. The question is, Christ and the newly matured world. It was the weak point of liberal theology that it allowed the world the right to assign Christ his place in that world: in the dispute between Christ and the world it accepted the comparatively clement peace dictated by the world. It was its strong point that it did not seek to put back the clock, and genuinely accepted the battle (Troeltsch), even though this came to an end with its overthrow.

Overthrow resulted in capitulation and an attempt at a completely fresh start based on consideration of the Bible and Reformation fundamentals of the faith. . . . Tillich set out to interpret the evolution of the world itself—against its will—in a religious sense, to give it its whole shape through religion. That was very courageous of him, but the world unseated him and went on by itself: he, too, sought to understand the world better than it understood itself, but it felt entirely *mis*understood, and rejected the imputation. (Of course the world does need to be understood better than it understands itself, but not "religiously," as the religious socialists desired.) Barth was the first to realize the mistake that all these efforts (which were all unintentionally sailing in the channel of liberal theology) were making in having as their objective the clearing of a space for religion in the world or against the world.

He called the God of Jesus Christ into the lists against religion, "*pneuma* against *sarx*." That was and is his greatest service (the second edition of his "Epistle to the Romans," in spite of all its neo-Kantian shavings). Through his later "dogmatics," he enabled the Church to effect this distinction in principle all along the line. It was not that he subsequently, as is often claimed, failed in ethics, for his ethical observations—so far as he has made any—are just as significant as his dogmatic ones; it was that he gave no concrete guidance, either in dogmatics or in ethics, on the non-religious interpretation of theological concepts. There lies his limitation, and because of it his theology of revelation becomes positivist, a "positivism of revelation," as I put it. . . .

Bultmann would seem to have felt Barth's limitations in some way, but he misconstrues them in the light of liberal theology, and hence goes off into the typical liberal reduction process (the "mythological" elements of Christianity are dropped, and Christianity is reduced to its "essence"). I am of the view that

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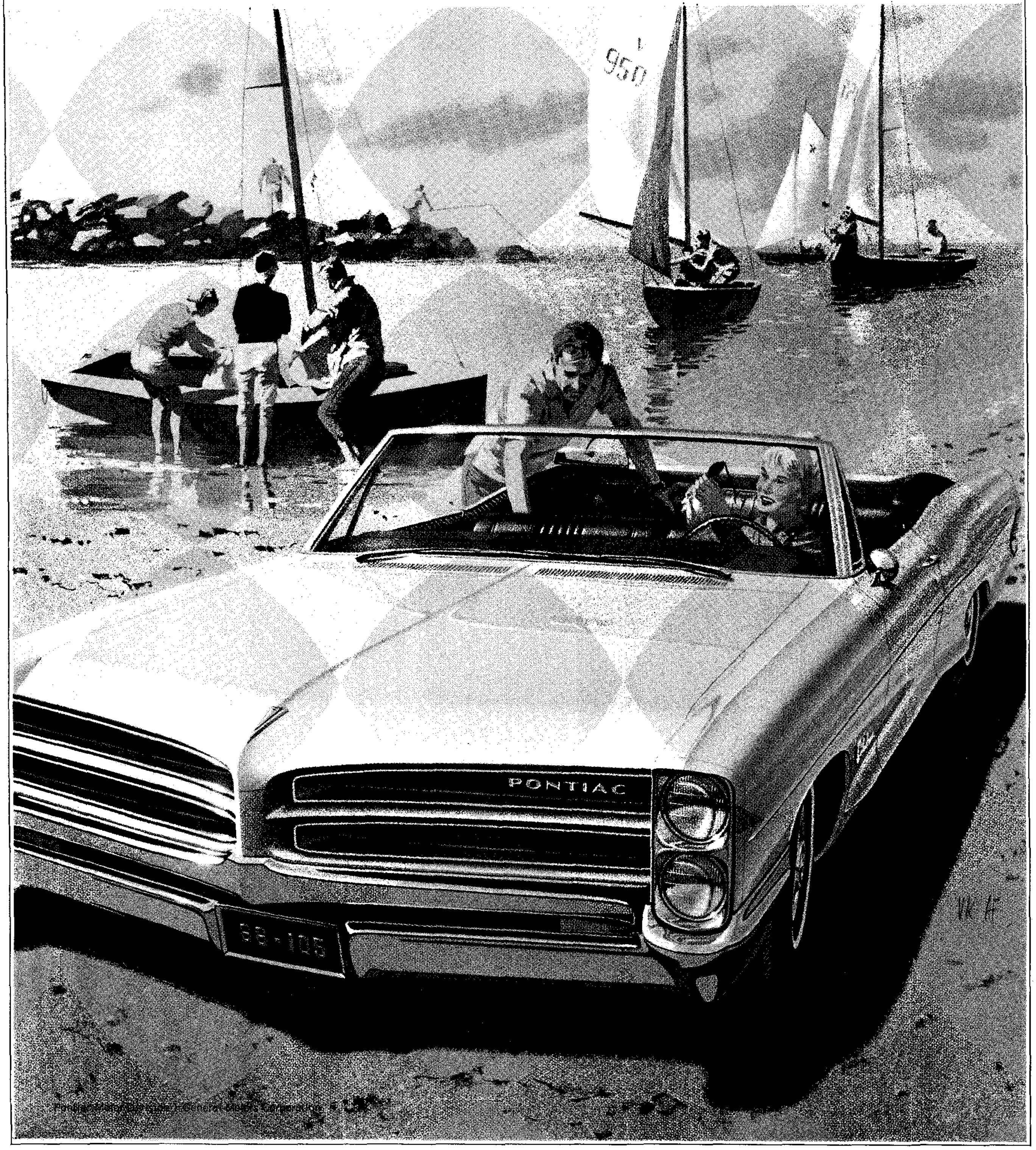
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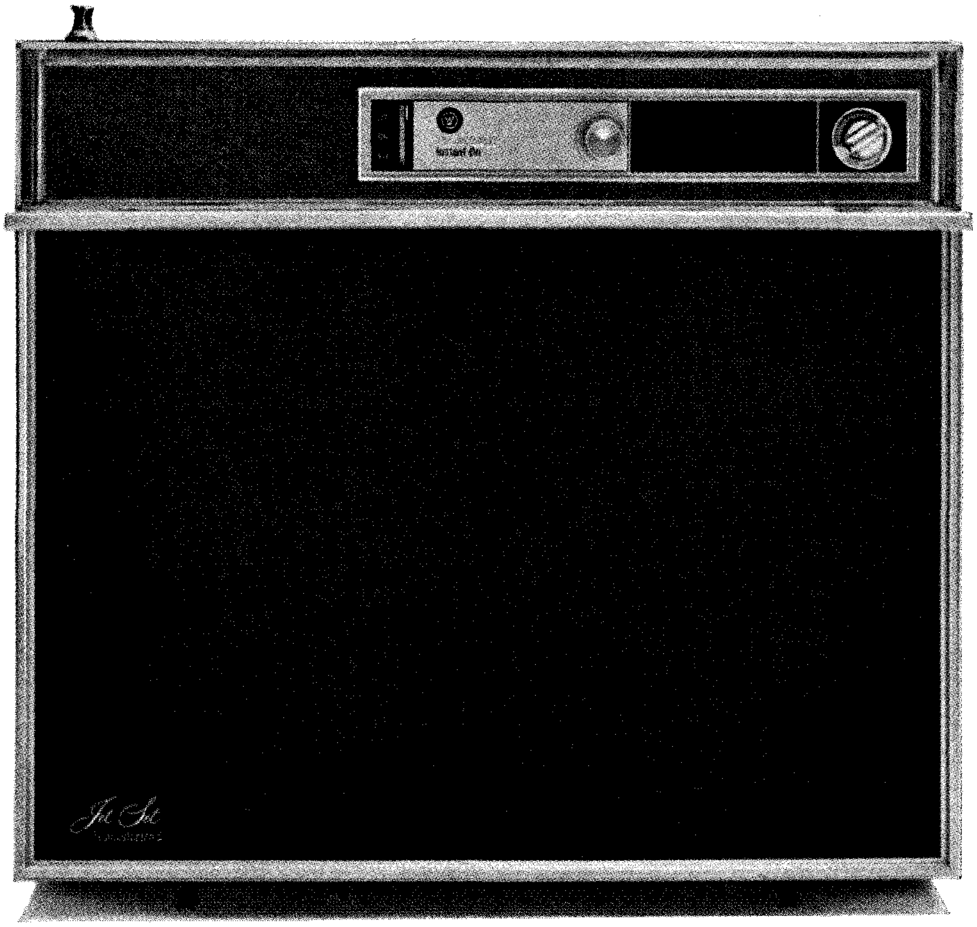
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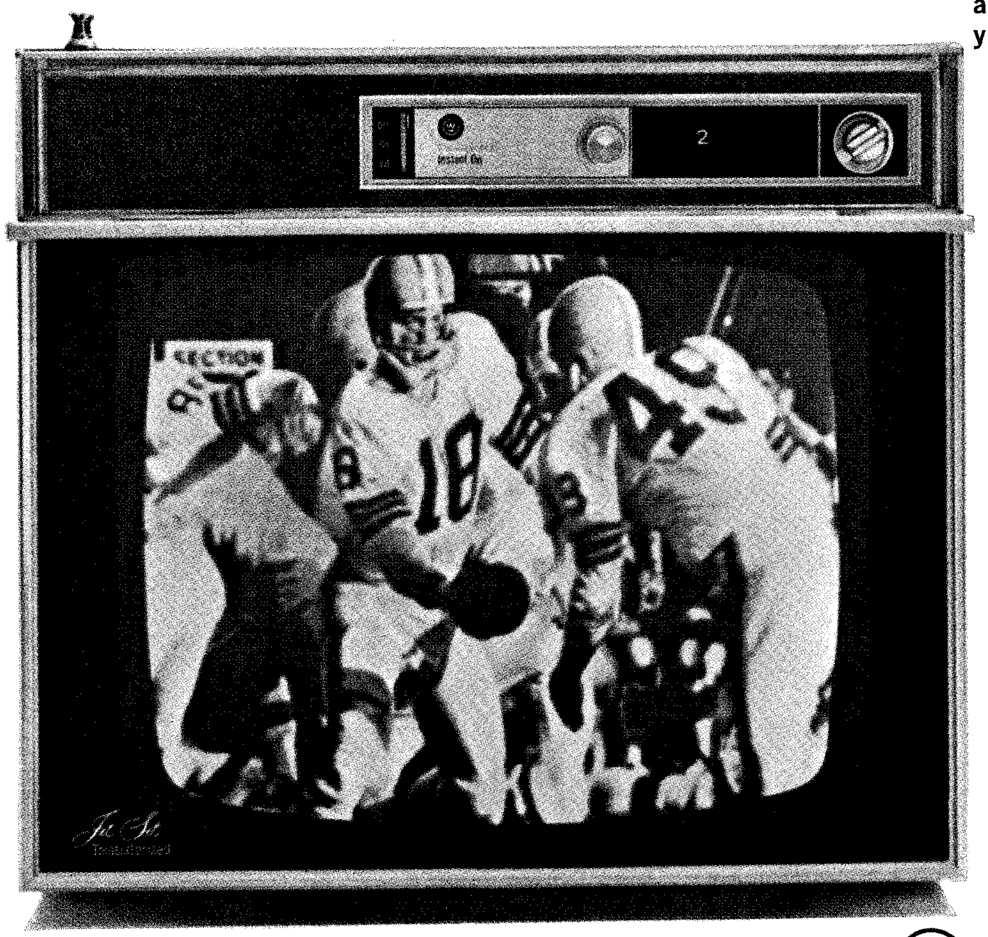
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the full content, including the mythological concepts, must be maintained. The New Testament is not a mythological garbing of the universal truth; this mythology (resurrection and so on) is the thing itself—but the concepts must be interpreted in such a way as not to make religion a pre-condition of faith (cf. circumcision in St. Paul). Not until that is achieved will, in my opinion, liberal theology be overcome (and even Barth is still dominated by it, though negatively), and, at the same time, the question it raises be genuinely taken up and answered. . . .

The world's coming of age is then no longer an occasion for polemics and apologetics, but it is really better understood than it understands itself, namely on the basis of the Gospel, and in the light of Christ.

The form of Christianity suited to this world-come-of-age is, to use Bonhoeffer's phrase, "religionless Christianity"—an idea so paradoxically expressed that some people find it hopelessly elusive. Indeed, the key fragment in which Bonhoeffer discusses this answer shows him to be only on the verge of formulating the concept himself, and somewhat fearful of its implications. He writes to Pastor Bethge:

> You would be surprised and perhaps disturbed if you knew how my ideas on theology are taking shape. This is where I miss you most of all, for there is no one else who could help me so much to clarify my own mind. The thing that keeps coming back to me is, what *is* Christianity, and indeed what *is* Christ, for us today? The time when men could be told everything by means of words, whether theological or simply pious, is over, and so is the time of inwardness and conscience, which is to say the time of religion as such. We are proceeding towards a time of no religion at all: men as they are now simply cannot be religious any more. Even those who honestly describe themselves as "religious" do not in the least act up to it, and so when they say "religious" they evidently mean something quite different. Our whole nineteen-hundred-year-old Christian preaching and theology rests upon the "religious premise" of man. What we call Christianity has always been a pattern—perhaps a true pattern—of religion. But if one day it becomes apparent that this *a priori* "premise" simply does not exist but was an historical and temporary form of human self-expression, i.e., if we reach the stage of being radically without religion—and I think this is more or less the case already, else how is it, for instance, that this war, unlike any of those before it, is not calling forth any "religious" reaction?—what does that mean for "Christianity"?
>
> It means that the linchpin is removed from the whole structure of our Christianity to date, and the only people left for us to light on in the way of "religion" are a few "last survivals of the age of chivalry," or else one or two who are intellectually dishonest. Would they be the chosen few? Is it on this dubious group

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and none other that we are to pounce, in fervour, pique, or indignation, in order to sell them the goods we have to offer? Are we to fall upon one or two unhappy people in their weakest moment and force upon them a sort of religious coercion?

If we do not want to do this, if we had finally to put down the western pattern of Christianity as a mere preliminary stage to doing without religion altogether, what situation would result for us, for the Church? How can Christ become the Lord even of those with no religion? If religion is no more than the garment of Christianity—and even that garment has had very different aspects at different periods—then what is a religionless Christianity? Barth, who is the only one to have started on this line of thought, has still not proceeded to its logical conclusion, but has arrived at a positivism of revelation which has nevertheless remained essentially a restoration. For the religionless working man, or indeed, man generally, nothing that makes any real difference is gained by that. The questions needing answers would surely be: What is the significance of a Church (church, parish, preaching, Christian life) in a religionless world? How do we speak of God without religion, i.e., without the *temporally influenced presuppositions* of metaphysics, inwardness and so on? How do we speak (but perhaps we are no longer capable of speaking on such things as we used to) in secular fashion of God? In what way are we in a religionless and secular sense Christians, in what way are we the *Ekklesia*, "those who are called forth," not conceiving of ourselves religiously as specially favoured, but as wholly belonging to the world? Then Christ is no longer an object of religion, but something quite different indeed and in truth the Lord of the world. Yet what does that signify? What is the place of worship and prayer in an entire absence of religion? Does the secret discipline, or, as the case may be, the distinction (which you have met with me before) between penultimate and ultimate, at this point acquire fresh importance? . . .

I find after all I can carry on writing. The Pauline question whether circumcision is a condition of justification is today, I consider, the question whether religion is a condition of salvation. Freedom from circumcision is at the same time freedom from religion. I often ask myself why a Christian instinct frequently draws me more to the religionless than to the religious, by which I mean not with any intention of evangelizing them, but rather, I might almost say, in "brotherhood." While I often shrink with religious people from speaking of God by name—because that Name somehow seems to me here not to ring true, and I strike myself as rather dishonest (it is especially bad when others start talking in religious jargon: then I dry up completely and I feel somehow oppressed and ill at ease)—with people who have no religion I am able on occasion to speak of God quite openly and as it were naturally. Religious people speak of God when human perception is (often just from laziness) at an end, or human resources fail: it is really always the *Deus ex machina* they call to their aid, either for the so-called solving of insoluble problems or as support in human failure—always, that is to

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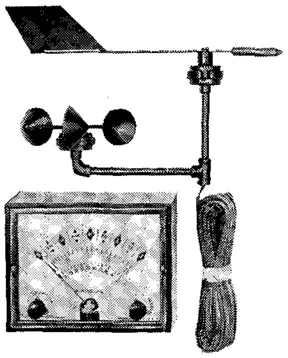

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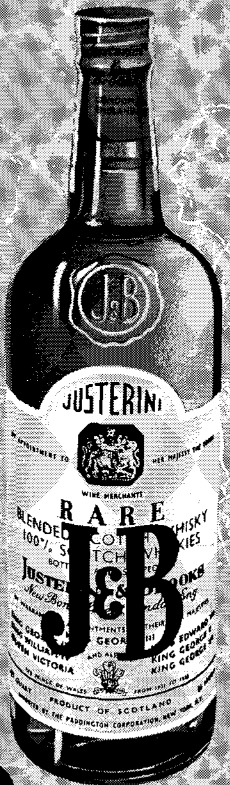

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say, helping out human weakness or on the borders of human existence. Of necessity, that can only go on until men can, by their own strength, push those borders a little further, so that God becomes superfluous as a *Deus ex machina.* I have come to be doubtful even about talking of "borders of human existence." Is even death today, since men are scarcely afraid of it any more, and sin, which they scarcely understand any more, still a genuine borderline? It always seems to me that in talking thus we are only seeking frantically to make room for God. I should like to speak of God not on the borders of life but at its centre, not in weakness but in strength, not, therefore, in man's suffering and death but in his life and prosperity. On the borders it seems to me better to hold our peace and leave the problem unsolved. Belief in the Resurrection is not the solution of the problem of death. The "beyond" of God *is not the beyond of our perceptive faculties.* The transcendence of theory based on perception has nothing to do with the transcendence of God. God is the "beyond" in the midst of our life. The Church stands not where human powers give out, on the borders, but in the centre of the village. That is the way it is in the Old Testament, and in this sense we still read the New Testament far too little on the basis of the Old. The outward aspect of this religionless Christianity, the form it takes, is something to which I am giving much thought, and I shall be writing to you about it again soon. It may be that on us in particular, midway between East and West, there will fall an important responsibility.

In short, he defines one paradoxical idea by another—"religionless Christianity" by "the beyond in our midst." It is somewhat confusing, but one has to remember the circumstances in which Bonhoeffer was writing. In any event, one is held by the voice, as when he grapples with this general theme farther on: "I find it's very slow going trying to work out a non-religious interpretation of Biblical terminology, and it's a far bigger job than I can imagine at the moment."

He continues, almost in an intellectual shorthand:

On the historical side I should say there is *one* great development which leads to the idea of the autonomy of the world. In theology it is first discernible in Lord Herbert of Cherbury, with his assertion that reason is the sufficient instrument of religious knowledge. In ethics it first appears in Montaigne and Bodin with their substitution of moral principles for the ten commandments. In politics, Machiavelli, who emancipates politics from the tutelage of morality, and founds the doctrine of "reasons of state." Later, and very differently, though like Machiavelli tending towards the autonomy of human society, comes Grotius, with his international law as the law of nature, a law which would still be valid, *etsi deus non daretur.* The process is completed in philosophy. On the one hand we have the deism of Descartes, who

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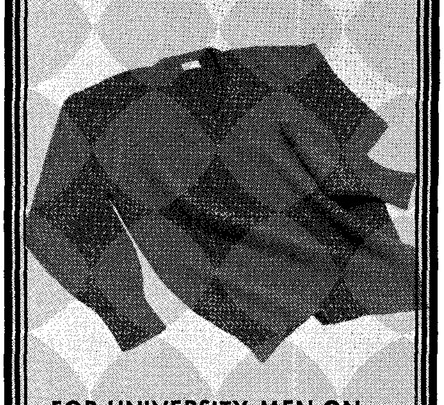

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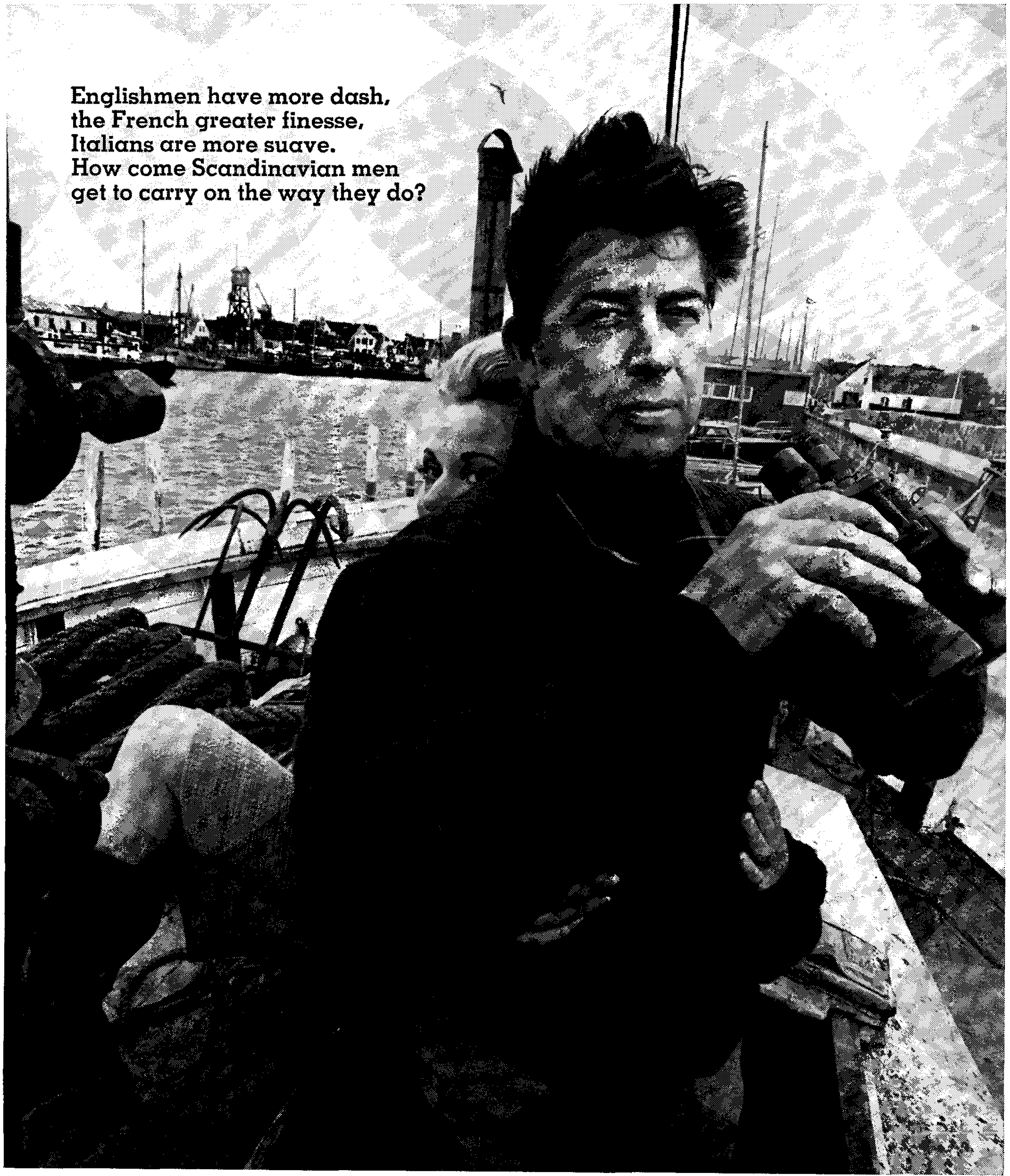
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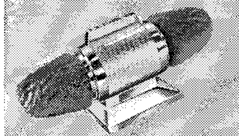

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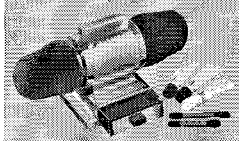

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holds that the world is a mechanism which runs on its own without any intervention of God. On the other hand there is the pantheism of Spinoza, with its identification of God with nature. In the last resort Kant is a deist, Fichte and Hegel pantheists. All along the line there is a growing tendency to assert the autonomy of man and the world.

In natural science the process seems to start with Nicolas of Cusa and Giordano Bruno with their "heretical" doctrine of the infinity of space. The classical cosmos was finite, like the created world of the Middle Ages. An infinite universe, however it be conceived, is self-subsisting *etsi deus non daretur*. It is true that modern physics is not so sure as it was about the infinity of the universe, but it has not returned to the earlier conceptions of its finitude.

There is no longer any need for God as a working hypothesis, whether in morals, politics, or science. Nor is there any need for such a God in religion or philosophy (Feuerbach). In the name of intellectual honesty these working hypotheses should be dropped or dispensed with as far as possible. A scientist or physician who seeks to provide edification is a hybrid.

At this point nervous souls start asking what room there is left for God now. And being ignorant of the answer they write off the whole development which has brought them to this pass. As I said in an earlier letter, various emergency exits have been devised to deal with this situation. To them must be added the *salto mortale* back to the Middle Ages, the fundamental principle of which however is heteronomy in the form of clericalism. [In other words, bowing to ecclesiastical authority.] But that is a counsel of despair, which can be purchased only at the cost of intellectual sincerity. It reminds one of the song:

> It's a long way back to the land of
> childhood
> But if only I knew the way!

There isn't any such way, at any rate not at the cost of deliberately abandoning our intellectual sincerity. The only way is that of Matthew 18:3, i.e., through repentance, through *ultimate* honesty. And the only way to be honest is to recognize that we have to live in the world *etsi deus non daretur*. And this is just what we do see—before God! So our coming of age forces us to a true recognition of our situation *vis à vis* God. God is teaching us that we must live as men who can get along very well without him. The God who is with us is the God who forsakes us (Mark 15:34). The God who makes us live in this world without using him as a working hypothesis is the God before whom we are ever standing. Before God and with him we live without God. God allows himself to be edged out of the world and on to the cross. God is weak and powerless in the world, and that is exactly the way, the only way, in which he can be with us and help us. Matthew 8:17 makes it crystal clear that it is not by his omnipotence that Christ helps us but by his weakness and suffering.

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the power of God in the world; he uses God as a *Deus ex machina*. The Bible however directs him to the powerlessness and suffering of God; only a suffering God can help. To this extent we may say that the process we have described by which the world came of age was an abandonment of a false conception of God, and a clearing of the decks for the God of the Bible, who conquers power and space in the world by his weakness. This must be the starting point for our "worldly" interpretation.

Two days later, multiplying the paradoxes, he writes:

> Man is challenged to participate in the sufferings of God at the hands of a godless world.
>
> He must therefore plunge himself into the life of a godless world, without attempting to gloss over its ungodliness with a veneer of religion or trying to transfigure it. He must live a "worldly" life and so participate in the suffering of God. He *may* live a worldly life as one emancipated from all false religions and obligations. To be a Christian does not mean to be religious in a particular way, to cultivate some particular form of asceticism (as a sinner, a penitent or a saint) but to be a man. It is not some religious act which makes a Christian what he is but participation in the suffering of God in the life of the world.
>
> This is *metanoia*. It is not in the first instance bothering about one's own needs, problems, sins, and fears, but allowing oneself to be caught up in the way of Christ, into the Messianic event, and thus fulfilling Isaiah 53. . . . This being caught up into the Messianic suffering of God in Jesus Christ takes a variety of forms in the New Testament. It appears in the call to discipleship, in Jesus' table fellowship with sinners, [and] in conversions in the narrower sense of the word. . . . All that is common between them is their participation in the suffering of God in Christ. That is their faith. There is nothing of religious asceticism here. The religious act is always something partial, faith is always something whole, an act involving the whole life. Jesus does not call men to a new religion, but to life. What is the nature of that life, that participation in the powerlessness of God in the world? More about that next time, I hope.
>
> Just one more point for today. When we speak of God in a non-religious way, we must not gloss over the ungodliness of the world, but expose it in a new light. Now that it has come of age, the world is more godless, and perhaps it is for that very reason nearer to God than ever before.

And three days later still:

> During the last year or so I have come to appreciate the "worldliness" of Christianity as never before. The Christian is not a *homo religiosus*, but a man, pure and simple, just as Jesus was man, compared with John the Baptist anyhow. I don't mean the shallow this-worldliness of the enlightened, of the busy, the comfortable or the lascivious. It's something much more profound than that, something in which the knowledge of death

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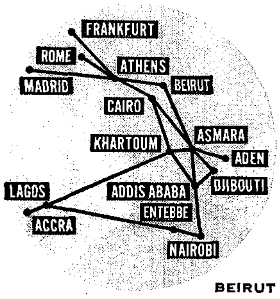

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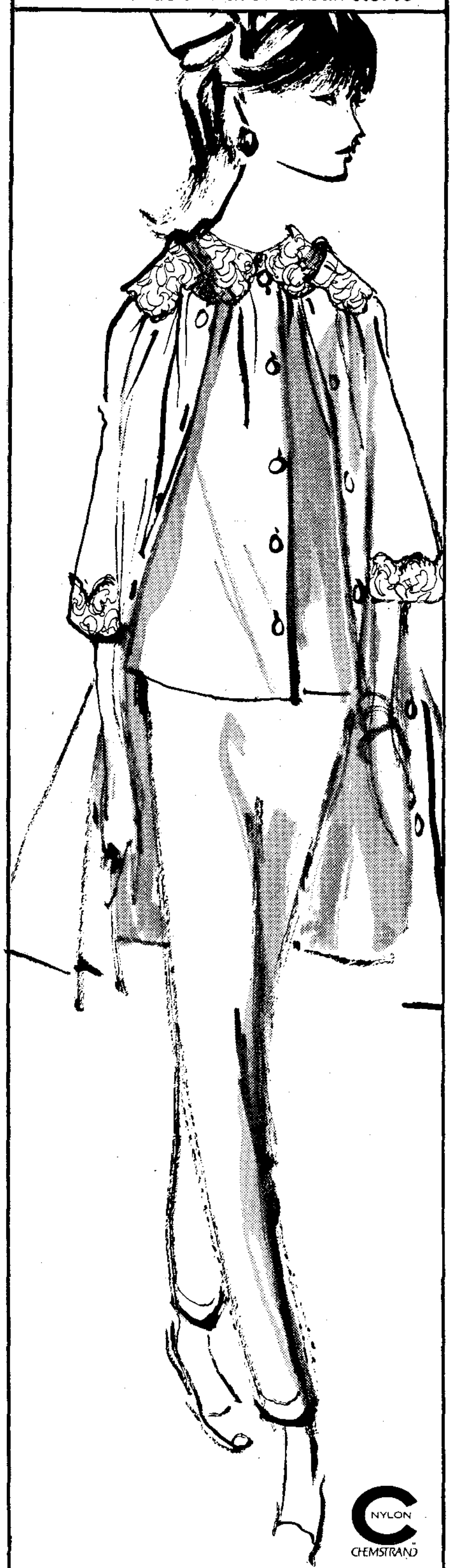

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> and resurrection is ever present. . . . Later I discovered and am still discovering up to this very moment that it is only by living completely in this world that one learns to believe. One must abandon every attempt to make something of oneself, whether it be a saint, a converted sinner, a churchman (the priestly type, so-called!), a righteous man or an unrighteous one, a sick man or a healthy one. This is what I mean by worldliness—taking life in one's stride, with all its duties and problems, its successes and failures, its experiences and helplessness. It is in such a life that we throw ourselves utterly in the arms of God and participate in his sufferings in the world and watch with Christ in Gethsemane. That is faith, that is *metanoia*, and that is what makes a man and a Christian (cf. Jeremiah 45).

When he leaves paradoxes behind, it is only to turn to metaphors, it seems. The results, however, are more convincing, since the imagery, being emotional, tends to add a personal quality to his views, making one think that the problems themselves, however great the efforts to solve them, were intractable. One feels as he trips over a paradox that the stumbling block may be the very subject that the paradox is trying to resolve. One particular passage comes to mind:

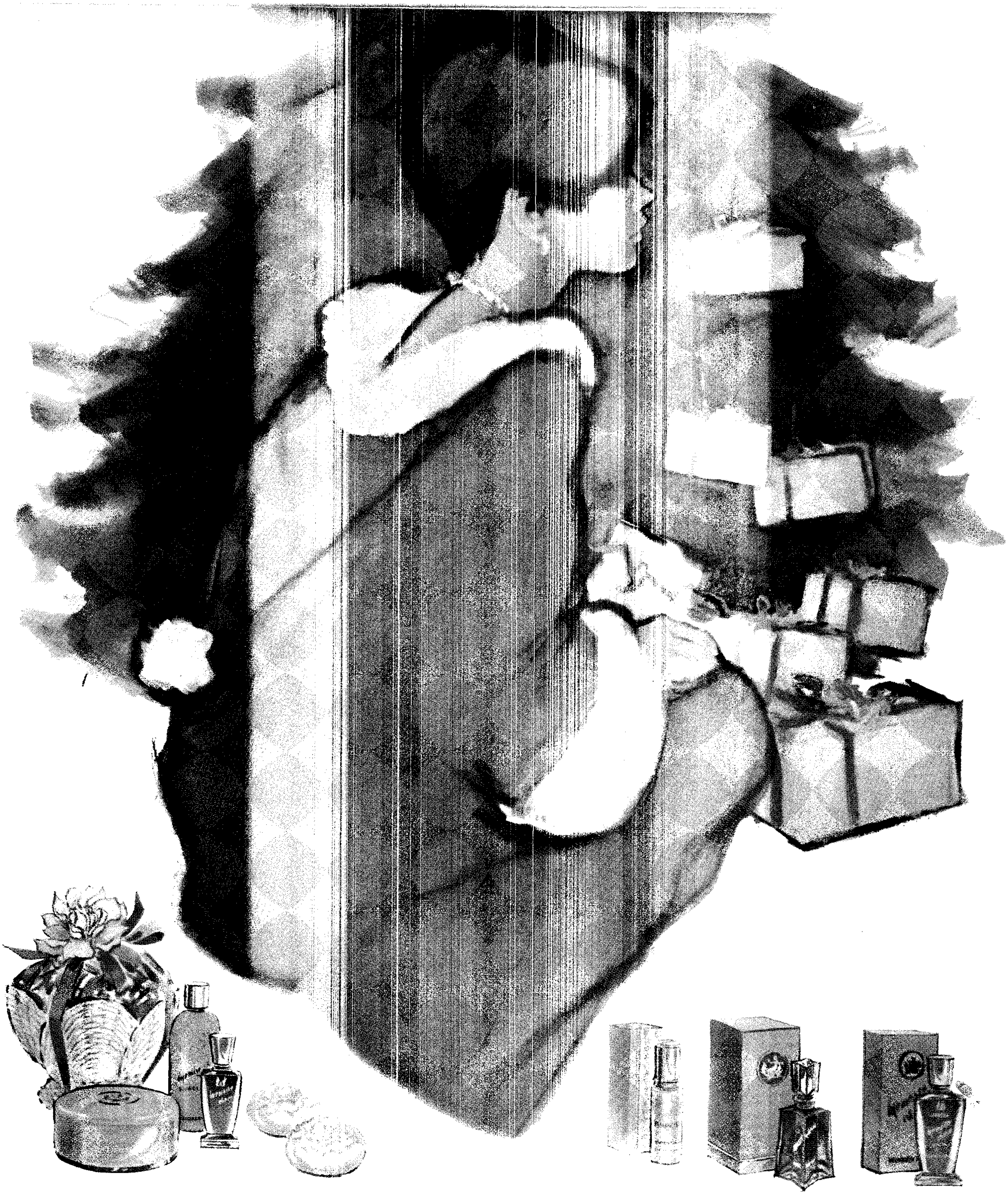
> There is always a danger of intense love destroying what I might call the "polyphony" of life. What I mean is that God requires that we should love him eternally with our whole hearts, yet not so as to compromise or diminish our earthly affections but as a kind of *cantus firmus* to which the other melodies of life provide the counterpoint. Earthly affection is one of these contrapuntal themes, a theme which enjoys an autonomy of its own. Even the Bible can find room for the Song of Songs, and one could hardly have a more passionate and sensual love than is there portrayed (see 7:6). It is a good thing that that book is included in the Bible as a protest against those who believe that Christianity stands for the restraint of passion (is there any example of such restraint anywhere in the Old Testament?). Where the ground bass is firm and clear, there is nothing to stop the counterpoint from being developed to the utmost of its limits. Both ground bass and counterpoint are "without confusion and yet distinct," in the words of the Chalcedonian formula, like Christ in his divine and human natures. Perhaps the importance of polyphony in music lies in the fact that it is a musical reflection of this Christological truth, and that it is therefore an essential element in the Christian life.

But it would be unfair to leave the impression that precision always plays, one is tempted to say, second fiddle to metaphor or paradox. In a letter concerning the doctrine of salvation, he writes:

> To resume our reflections on the Old Testament. Unlike the other Oriental religions the faith of the Old Testament is not a religion of salvation. Christianity, it is true, has always been regarded as a religion of salvation. But isn't this a cardinal error, which divorces Christ from the Old Testament and interprets *him in the light of the myths of salvation?* Of course it could be urged that under Egyptian and, later, Babylonian influence, the idea of salvation became just as prominent in the Old Testament—e.g., Deutero-Isaiah. The answer is, the Old Testament speaks of *historical* redemption, i.e., redemption on this side of death, whereas the myths of salvation are concerned to offer men deliverance from death. Israel is redeemed out of Egypt in order to live before God on earth. The salvation myths deny history in the interests of an eternity after death. Sheol and Hades are no metaphysical theories but images which imply that the past, while it still exists, has only a shadowy existence in the present. It is said that the distinctive feature of Christianity is its proclamation of the resurrection, hope, and that this means the establishment of a genuine religion of salvation, in the sense of release from this world. The emphasis falls upon the far side of the boundary drawn by death. But this seems to me to be just the mistake and the danger. Salvation means salvation from cares and need, from fears and longing, from sin and death into a better world beyond the grave. But is this really the distinctive feature of Christianity as proclaimed in the Gospels and St. Paul? I am sure it is not. The difference between the Christian hope of resurrection and a mythological hope is that the Christian hope sends a man back to his life on earth in a wholly new way which is even more sharply defined than it is in the Old Testament.
>
> The Christian, unlike the devotees of the salvation myths, does not need a last refuge in the eternal from earthly tasks and difficulties. But like Christ himself ("My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?") he must drink the earthly cup to the lees, and only in his doing that is the crucified and risen Lord with him, and he crucified and risen with Christ. This world must not be prematurely written off. In this the Old and New Testaments are at one. Myths of salvation arise from human experiences of the boundary situation. Christ takes hold of a man in the centre of his life.

Wherever one pauses over a paradox, a metaphor, or a concrete example in the theological letters, one is faced with conclusions so unmistakably thisworldly in their implications that in the end it sometimes becomes difficult to remember that what is under discussion is Christianity.

IT was to find out how Bonhoeffer was regarded in Germany twenty years after his death that I paid my visit to Pastor Bethge, who turned out to live in Rengsdorf, a village so small that it had to be identified as near another town, Neuwied. One fine winter morning, I arrived by train in Koblenz,



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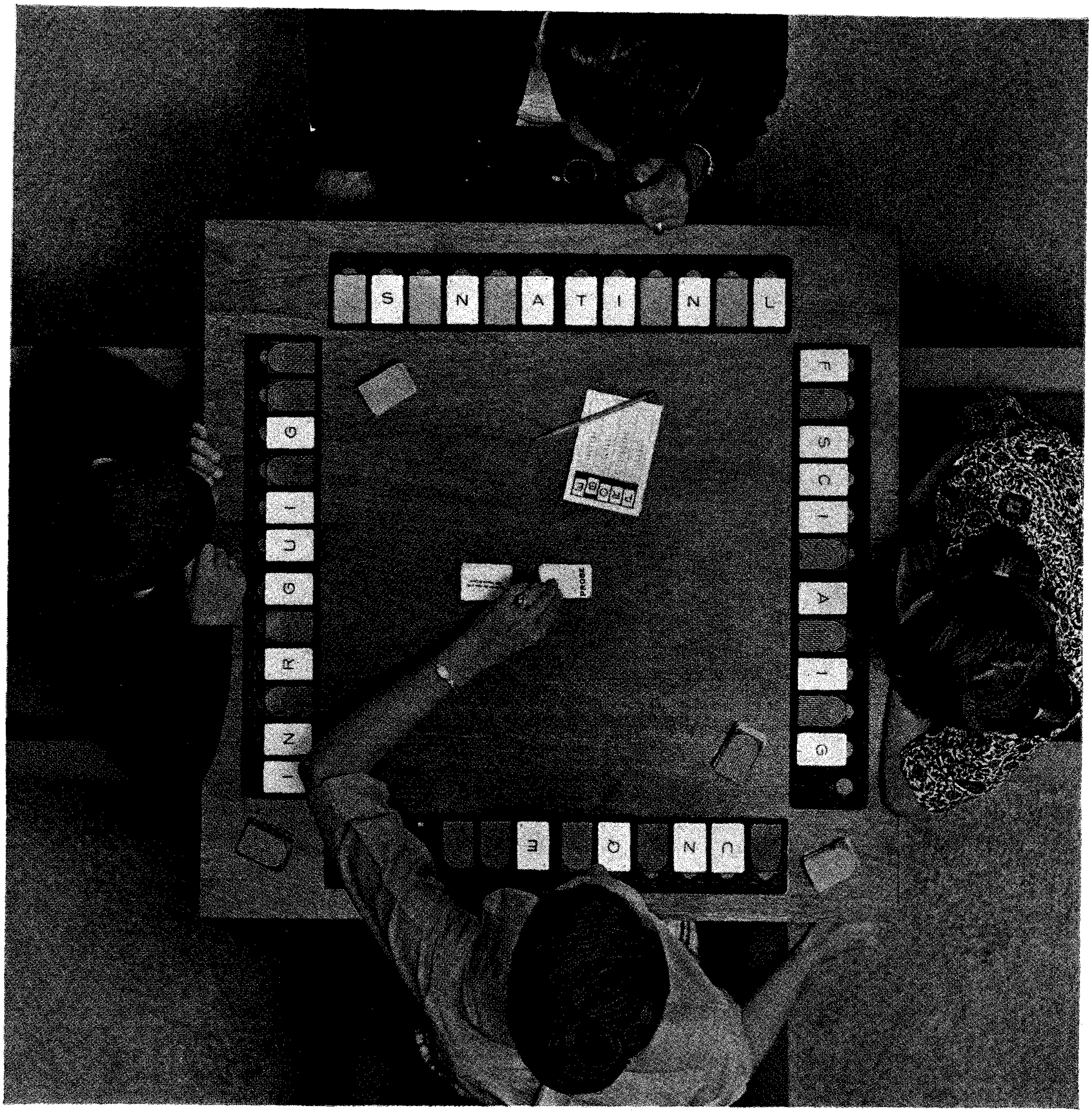

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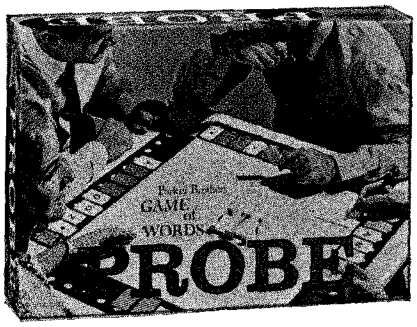

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where I found Pastor Bethge waiting on the station platform. A fifty-five-year-old man, six feet one inch tall, with an open and extraordinarily friendly face and graying black hair, he was dressed in a pastor's black suit under a black overcoat, and he was carrying a gray hat in one hand and a blue airline bag under the other arm. Even so, he insisted on carrying my luggage. As we walked through the station, he began telling me about his wife.

"My wife, Renate, is going to pick us up," Pastor Bethge said. "She is driving back from Bonn, where she attends the university. She is studying psychology there." As though to forestall any questions, he went on, "She was unable to complete her education, because of the war. She wouldn't go to the university before the children had grown up, because she wanted to be a good mother. This is typical Bonhoeffer, *ja*? That a mother should give herself completely to her children. She is a daughter of Rüdiger Schleicher and Ursula. Renate had seen the Bonhoeffer widows. They felt lost after their husbands died. There was nothing for them to do. That's why Renate wanted to do psychology, to be something in her own right, *ja*?"

By now we were standing on the pavement outside the station. An Opel Rekord drew up, and out jumped a young-looking woman with blond hair and blue eyes. She shook my hand energetically. We all got in, Mrs. Bethge behind the wheel again.

"I hope you are comfortable," Pastor Bethge said.

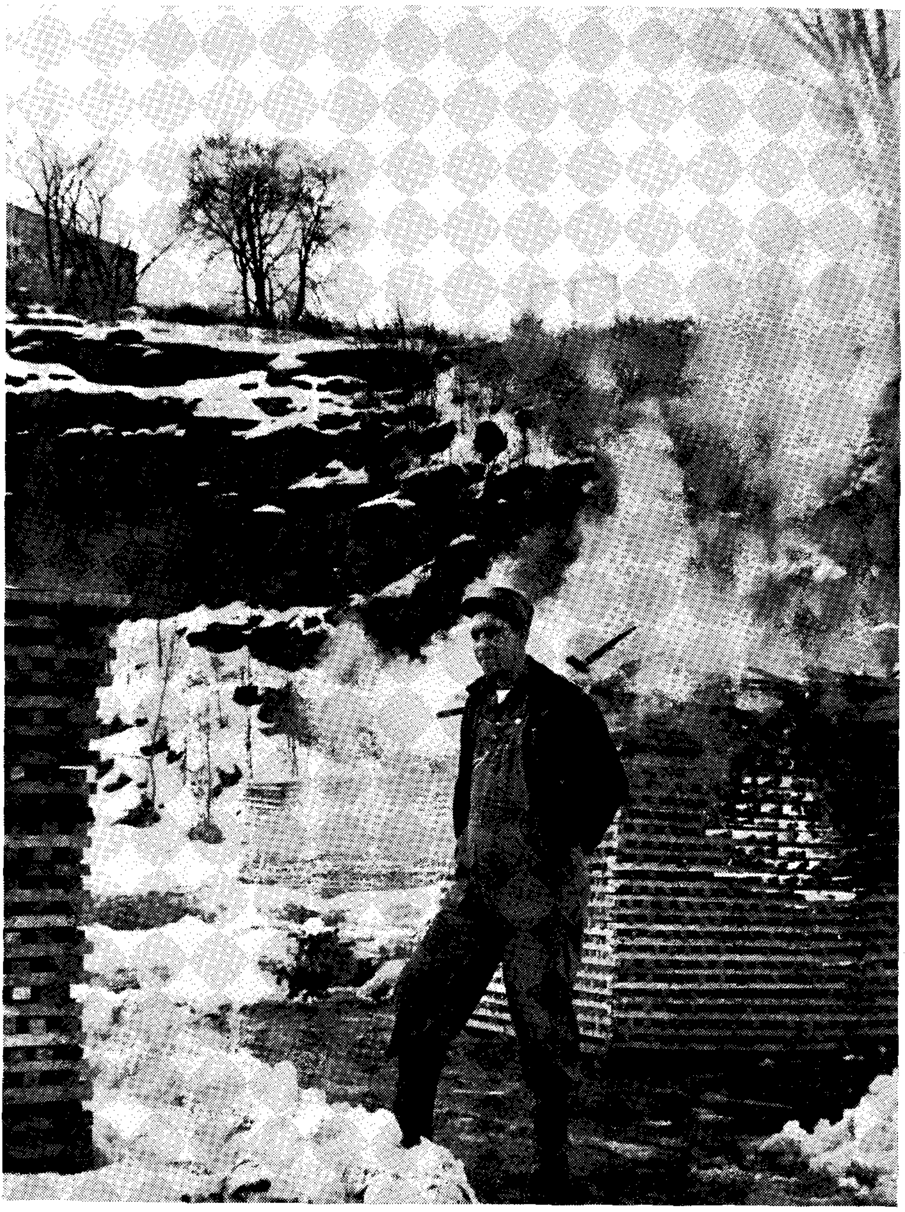
"We bought this car second-hand last year to go to Berlin for the twentieth anniversary of the July plot," Mrs. Bethge said.

"Until then we had never tried to interest our children in the Resistance movement," Pastor Bethge said. "But in Berlin our children met the children of men who had died in the German Resistance. They got so interested that later two of them went to France on their own to a meeting of the families of members of the French and German Resistance."

I asked how many children they had.

"Three," Mrs. Bethge said. "On the way home, we will pass through Neuwied. Our two daughters go to school there. Gabriele, who is nineteen, is going to make an *Abitur* this week. Sabine is the younger one—she is eighteen."

"Sabine is named after Dietrich's twin sister," Pastor Bethge said. "We named our son, who is twenty-one now,



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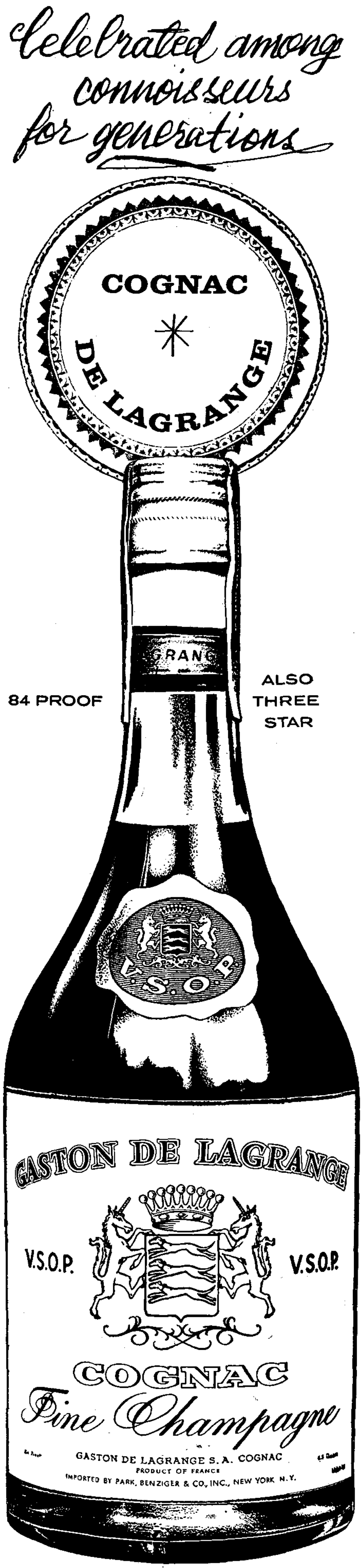
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after Dietrich. He was our son's godfather, and the baptism sermon in the 'Letters and Papers' was for him. Dietrich is at Christ Church, Oxford. Before that, he was in Westminster. He was admitted to the school with the help of the Bishop of Chichester."

In due course, we reached Rengsdorf bei Neuwied, an ancient village deep in clean snow; it seemed that the plow was only used on the main roads. Above, there was an extraordinarily bright and warm sun.

I remarked on how peaceful things were.

"In Germany, every pastor should go into retreat periodically for one or two weeks and take a refresher course in some theological subject," Pastor Bethge said. "Rengsdorf is a place of retreat, and next week we are having a conference on the New Testament here. I teach the pastors studying in Rengsdorf. This means I have to read all the books on religious matters that come out, and this I cannot do, because of the work I am doing on Dietrich's biography."

"Rengsdorf has a population of only about two thousand," Mrs. Bethge said. "But it has been rather lively lately, because the burgomaster has got the government to recognize it officially as a resort. People can come here now on social security."

Pastor Bethge pointed out the remains of an old wall, to our left, and remarked, "That's a Roman wall. Now we are leaving civilization." Indeed, there were now woods all around us.

Presently, we pulled up in front of a small house and got out. Inside, the house was snug and friendly; there were low ceilings and plenty of heat.

We had lunch right away. At the dining table, Mrs. Bethge talked with spirit about the Bonhoeffer family. "The Bonhoeffers see more of each other than many families do," she said, "and are very much alike."

"Michael, Christine's grandson, however, is in London," Pastor Bethge said. "He has now taken up composing. He telephoned the other day and asked for a copy of one of Dietrich's poems, which he wanted to set to music. The piece was commissioned for a Dietrich Bonhoeffer anniversary celebration in London, which is to be attended by the Archbishop of Canterbury and Bishop Robinson. The celebration will take place in the Dietrich Bonhoeffer Church, completed in 1959 in memory of his work with the German congregations there."

Mrs. Bethge, who was serving soup,

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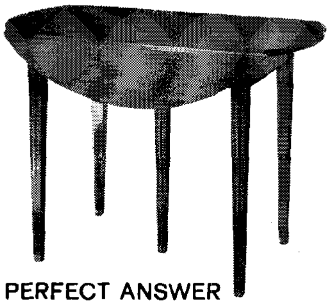

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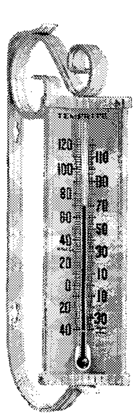

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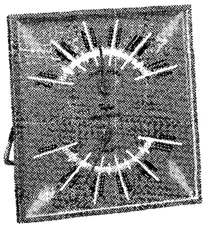

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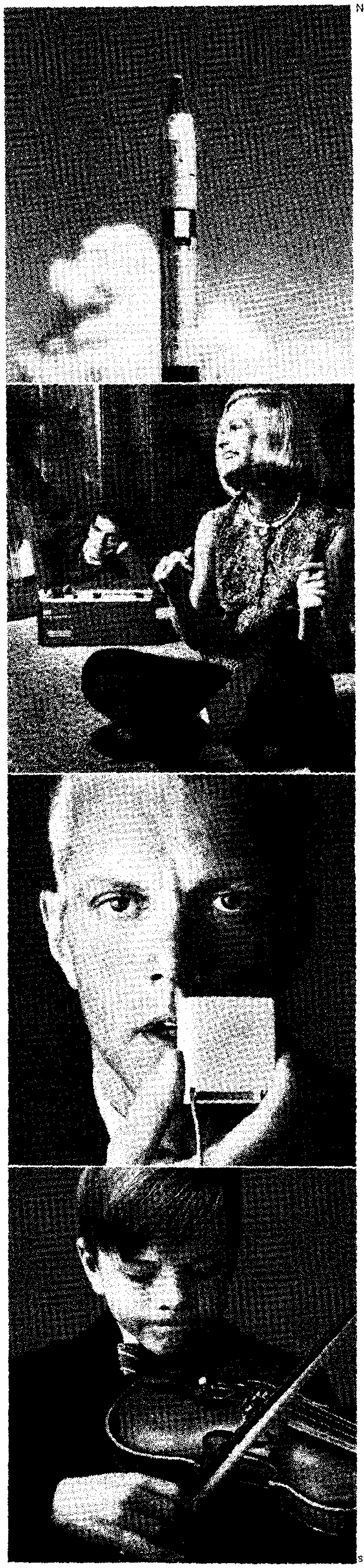

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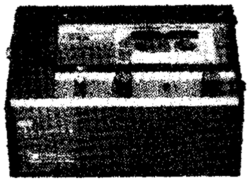

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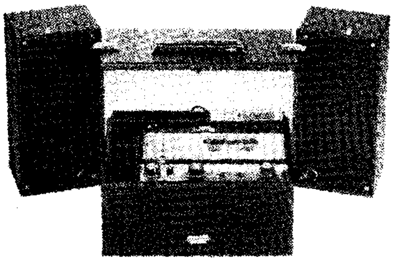

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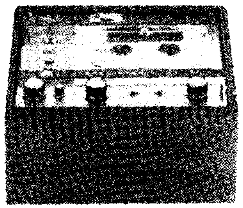

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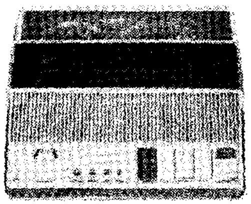
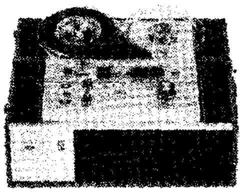
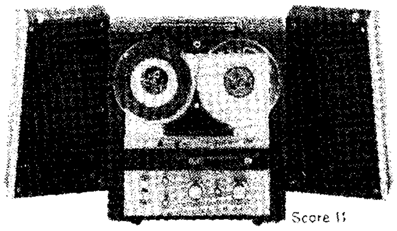


Tiros I



Score I



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said to me, "Your soup spoon is from the Bonhoeffer house. The family was so large that each of us children got one or two things."

Two blond, blue-eyed girls, both dressed in yellow sweaters and yellow skirts, joined us. They were Gabriele and Sabine.

"How is the sewing of your very pink dress?" Pastor Bethge asked Sabine, and he explained to me that this was her first venture in dressmaking.

"It's not a *very* pink dress, Papa," Sabine said shyly but firmly.

"Gabriele plays the violin," Pastor Bethge told me proudly. "Neuwied is a very small town, but it has three orchestras, and Gabriele has played in all three of them."

"Her playing has been reviewed in the Neuwied newspaper," Mrs. Bethge added with a smile.

"It's a terribly bad paper," Gabriele said with an intellectual air. "Besides, the reviewer was my violin teacher at school."

At a word from Mrs. Bethge, the two girls swiftly removed the soup plates and brought in platters of English cheeses and German liver sausages, a large bowl of pea salad, and a basket filled with black bread. We all served ourselves. There was some discussion about whether Gabriele would be called to sit for an oral examination the following day. Everyone except Gabriele felt she had done so well in her studies that she would be exempt from that part of the *Abitur*.

"I don't like the thought of an oral examination at all," Gabriele said. "They can ask you anything they want."

"The oral part of the pastoral examination was all that got me through," Pastor Bethge said.

"But you like talking," Gabriele said.

"When we first came back to Rengsdorf, we were very much worried about the education of our girls," Mrs. Bethge said. "I called the headmaster of the school in Neuwied and told him that our girls had spent many years in English public schools and had done well there, but that they were not very good in German. I said I thought they would be able to pick up German in about half a year. The headmaster said, 'Who says half a year? Two years.' You see, in England, if you have deficiencies, they try to help you overcome them, but in Germany it's not like that."

"England is far more democratic," Pastor Bethge put in. "And the teachers there always stress a student's good qualities. In Germany, the teachers no-

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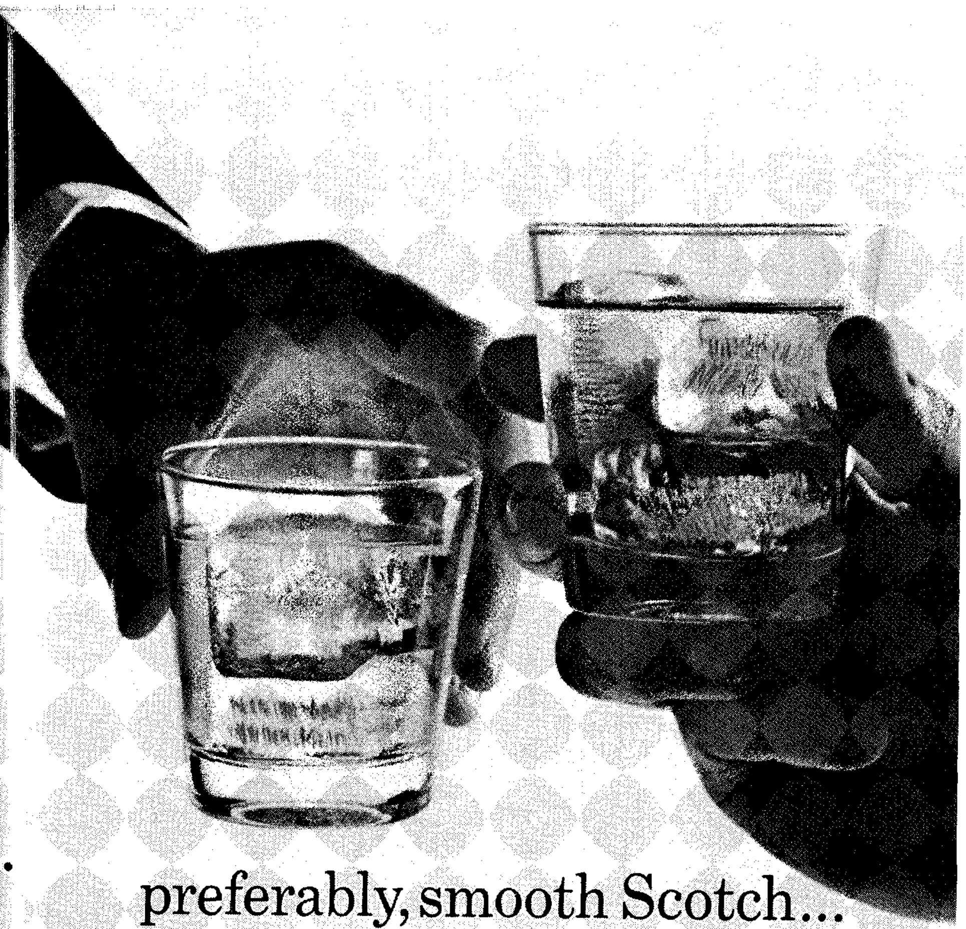

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tice your bad points and like to tell you that you're stupid."

"The headmaster did finally agree to see the two girls," Mrs. Bethge resumed. "And then, when I told him that my father and my uncles had died in concentration camps, he immediately consented to take Gabriele and Sabine. I discovered that he had been made the headmaster because he had opposed Nazism."

"He's the best history teacher I've ever had, Mama," Sabine said. "When he tells about Nazism, he gets so angry that he stamps his foot."

"The headmaster talks too much about Nazism," Mrs. Bethge continued. "Because you know how children are—whatever their elders say, they tend to resent it. I don't understand the Germans today. When I first came here, I had difficulty finding a cleaning woman, and I called on a neighbor to ask if she knew of anyone. Before I left, she said to me, 'If my father had lived through the war, he would have been hanged at Nuremberg.' Imagine that—boasting to me about her Nazi father! I told her that my father and my uncles had died in the Resistance. She didn't even know there had been a German Resistance, and asked me to lend her some of my books on it. She returned the books within a week."

"I'm sure she didn't read them, Mama," Gabriele said.

"Oh, I don't know—one ought to be charitable," Mrs. Bethge said, and continued, "And when we were in London, a German who had been in a concentration camp came up to me and said, 'Renate, I wish I had been as clever as your Uncle Dietrich and got myself killed in the camp. Then I would have hostels and churches named after me today.' "

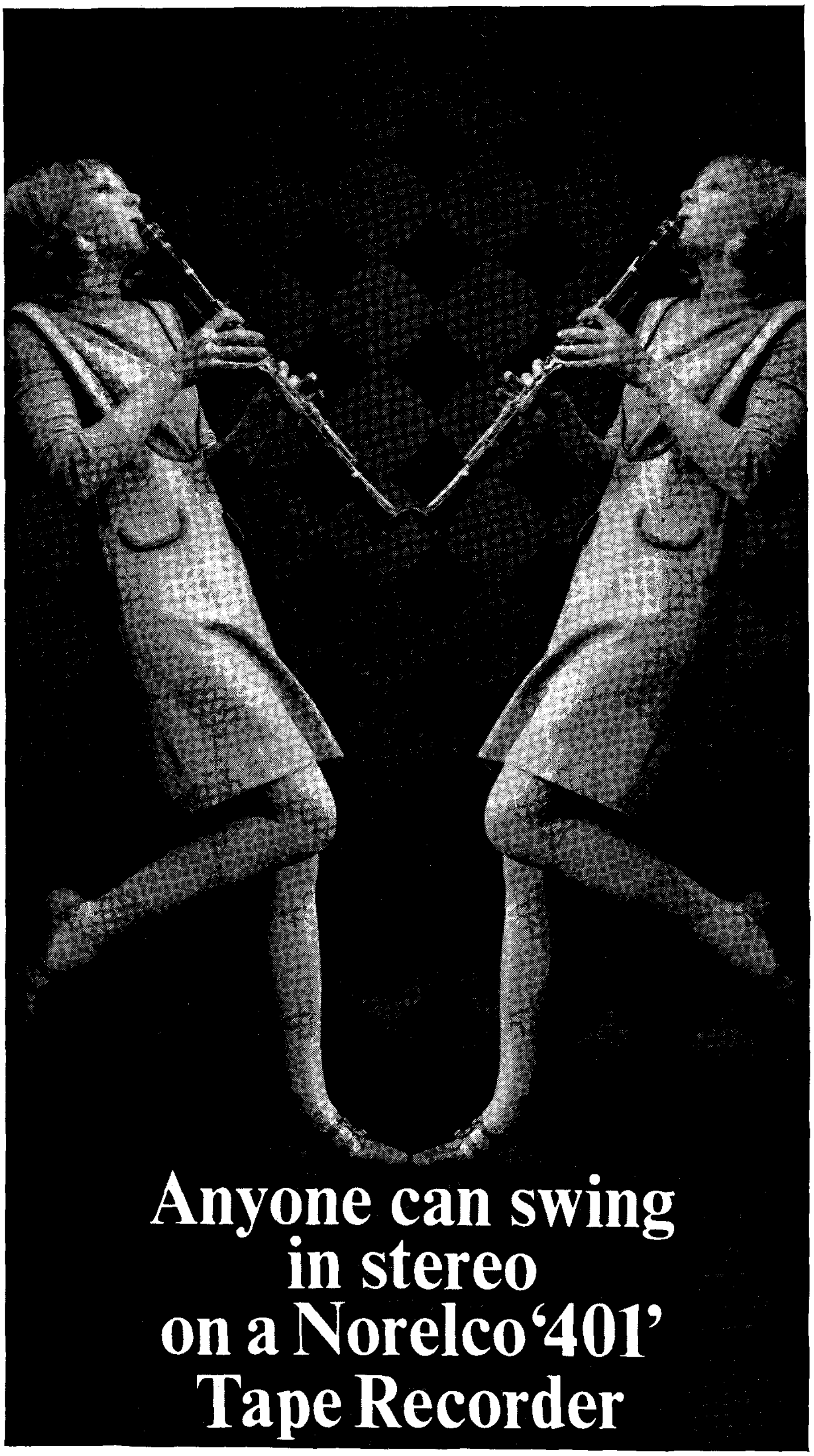
"As though he had got himself killed! How awful, Mama!" Gabriele said.

"But we also have a friend," said Pastor Bethge, "who was in a concentration camp. In a sermon I gave once I mentioned the word 'Pharisee,' and he did not like my Christian devaluation of this group of Jewish leaders. He thought it sounded anti-Semitic."

The girls cleared the table quickly and brought in a very fluffy mousse.

"This mousse is just the kind of thing a Bonhoeffer *would* come up with," Pastor Bethge said, with anticipation. "Something fantastically complicated when there is a guest in the house."

Pastor and Mrs. Bethge now started talking about how troubled they were



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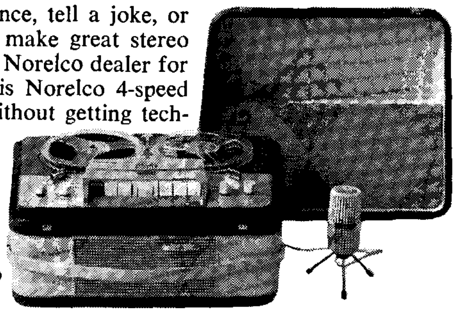

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by what was going on in Germany just then. Erhard's government was asking for special powers in case the East Germans or the Russians should take it into their heads to violate the West German borders, as though, if that happened, West Germany could not rely on the protection of the French, the English, the Americans—the whole free world. To the Bethges, Erhard's emergency powers were reminiscent of Hitler. They said that the former Defense Minister Franz Josef Strauss had ridden roughshod over police and journalists, and that the younger generation, forgetting Hitler's part in the war and the persecution of the Jews, now talked of his achievements—full employment and the building of the *Autobahnen.*

The girls had disappeared again, and now the dining room suddenly vibrated with a hum. Pastor Bethge and Mrs. Bethge stood up. "That's the dishwasher—my present to Renate when she decided to start going to the university," Pastor Bethge said. "Let's go into the living room."

In the living room were a grand piano, a clavichord, and some pieces of Biedermeier furniture. "I can't drink port," Pastor Bethge said, making himself comfortable in a chair next to Mrs. Bethge. "It's very sad, but I'm a little asthmatic, and wine exacerbates the condition. I do, however, smoke a cigar, and if you'll allow me, I'll light one." He lit a large cigar, and continued, with a long, contented sigh, "Do you remember a letter from prison in which Dietrich says he imagines us sitting together as we used to, smoking, occasionally strumming a tune on the clavichord, and discussing the day's events? This was the clavichord he was talking about. We bought it together."

Going over to the clavichord, Pastor Bethge played a few notes on it. It was painfully out of tune. "We don't use it much," he said. "In England, some time back, I was pastor of the same German church in London that Dietrich served. We had a very damp Victorian house, and when we brought the piano back to this house from there, it sounded horrible. It took a year to get acclimated." He talked of how difficult it was in any case to tune an instrument well, and said that one had to master the old organ builders' technique of tuning strings (or pipes) in pairs, one a little flatter than the other, for maximum resonance.

"We all have musical evenings here, but this room isn't very good for music," Gabriele said, bringing in coffee. "The ceilings are too low. Once, when

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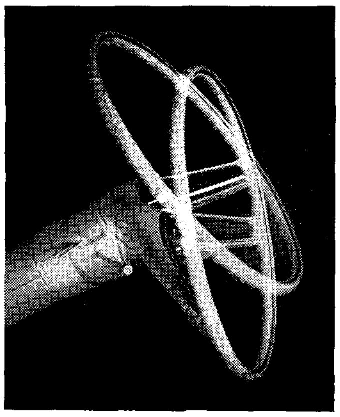

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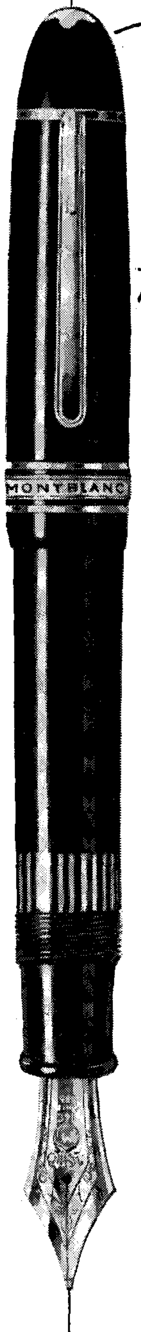

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my brother Dietrich was here, he put a loudspeaker under the clavichord, so it wouldn't be drowned out by his cello."

"Dietrich is a very good cellist," Mrs. Bethge said. "He is the first cellist in the Oxford Orchestra."

After coffee, Pastor Bethge took me into his study. (From upstairs came the sound of Gabriele confidently practicing the violin.) Around the walls were the books that I had come to associate with German theologians—the collected works of Nietzsche and of Kant, of Troeltsch, of Emil Brunner, of Karl Barth—and, surprisingly, Cervantes and Balzac were also there. Bultmann was not.

"These were Dietrich's books," said Pastor Bethge.

"No Bultmann?" I asked.

"In Dietrich's academic period, Bultmann wasn't of so much interest, *ja?*" Pastor Bethge replied. "Later, Dietrich owned a Bultmann, but during his imprisonment it was destroyed in the house of Dietrich's fiancée in the Neumark, east of Berlin. He left his books to me in his will." The pastor turned to his desk, which was covered with untidy stacks of papers. From the top of one stack he handed me a copy of the will, which was in the form of a letter, and was dated November 23, 1943. It read, in part:

DEAR EBERHARD: After yesterday's air raid I think it is good to let you know what testamentary dispositions I have made in the event of my death. . . . You will, so I hope, read this with your own peculiar lack of sentimentality. . . . You will get my whole library, including all the untheological things, and the grand piano, the car, the motorcycle, the money in the postal-savings account, one of the icons, the doctor-books, the Rembrandt Bible . . . the carpet in the house of Heinz Lang, the Chinese carpet. . . . All you need of my clothes you will get anyhow.

I asked Pastor Bethge how he and Bonhoeffer had happened to become such close friends.

"I met Dietrich in 1935, in Finkenwalde," Pastor Bethge said. "He somehow got interested in me. Perhaps he saw there was something in me that wasn't developed but that he could develop. I spent holidays with him. We couldn't have been more different. He came from a very good family. I was the son of a simple country parson, and my father had died at an early age. In Germany, you know, becoming a pastor is something that lower-middle-class people do. The son of a worker might become a pastor in order to take a step up; his eldest son might also become a pastor, and in the third or fourth generation, if the family had

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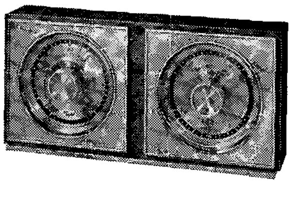

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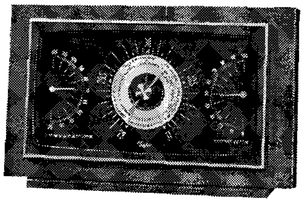

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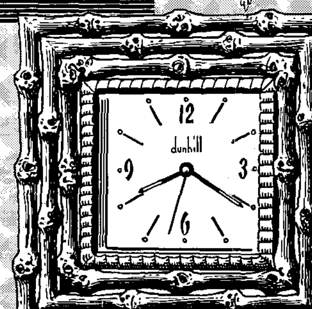

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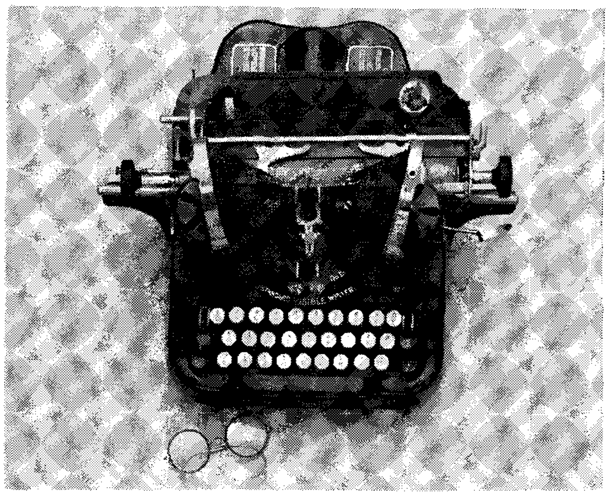

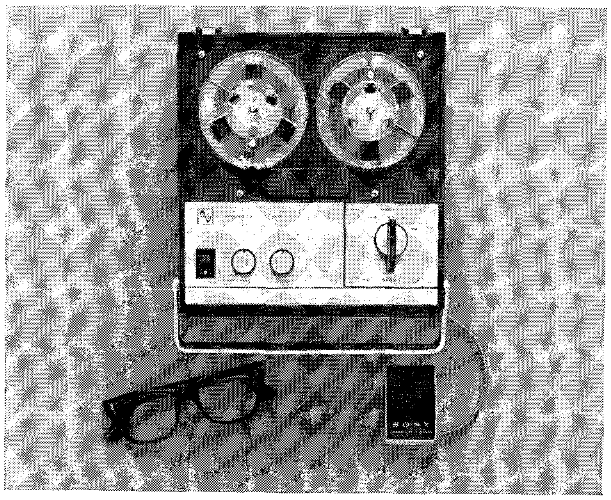

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saved enough money, one of the grandsons might go to a university and become a doctor or a professor. Dietrich was the son of a well-known doctor. His becoming a pastor was a step down. If it hadn't been for the war, I wonder how I would have married into the Bonhoeffer family. Even so, I was told later that there was quite a lot of discussion between Renate's parents over whether I could be permitted to marry her. Dietrich and I were different in so many ways. Having been brought up in a simple country parson's home, I believed that sleeping pills were bad, *ja*? But Dietrich always carried all kinds of powders and compounds in his shaving bag. He never thought that taking pills was somehow unhealthy. I suppose he got into the habit of taking medicine from his mother. She was a doctor's wife, and she had great confidence in medicine. When I was ill, Dietrich would dose me with the authority of a doctor. He himself took sleeping pills freely, but I still get a hangover from a sleeping pill. Recently, Gabriele and her brother went to Greece, and when they came back Gabriele told me that her brother had handed out pills to everybody. And he is always handing out pills at Christ Church, too."

Pastor Bethge laughed, and went on, "When I first met Dietrich at Finkenwalde, I had no self-confidence. Dietrich, for his part, sometimes felt he had taken advantage of me. He knew I was a weaker person than he. He once wrote from prison asking me to forgive him for the mental violence he might have done me. From the time I met Dietrich, demands were made on me for which I had no preparation, *ja*?"

I asked him what he meant.

"I am now writing a biography of Dietrich, in two volumes," he said. "But I feel that I haven't the education or the experience to do it. I am not a theologian—I have no doctorate—and this biography is the first full-length piece of writing I have ever tried to do. I know so little about writing that I wrote my first draft on both sides of the paper, so when I came to do my second draft, I couldn't cut it up. Well, all the material I have on Dietrich will be in the biography. It won't be a book that anybody will be able to read, but from it some future person will be able to write the real biography."

Pastor Bethge laughed. It was a free, boisterous, English kind of laugh, different from any other laugh I had heard in Germany. He went on,

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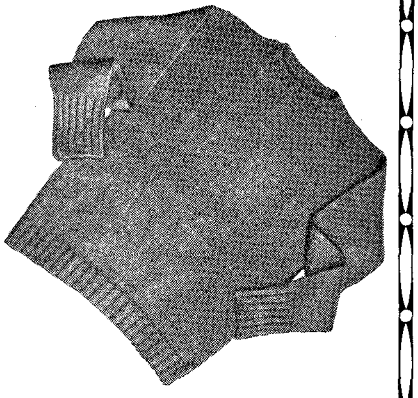

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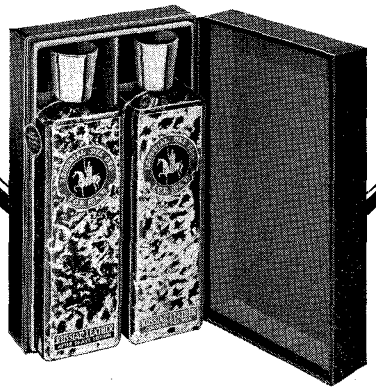

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"Goethe, you know, had his secretary, J. P. Eckermann. Every decent German has the 'Conversations with Goethe,' by Eckermann, on his shelf. It is not read very much now, but Eckermann did put down all the golden words of Goethe—what he said when he was cleaning his teeth in the morning, what he said over breakfast, what he said just before he went to sleep. Well, I could never be an Eckermann, but Dietrich, late in his life, did begin to make jokes about my writing his biography. He would say, 'One day perhaps you will write my biography, and so you should know this.' But I didn't take any notes on Dietrich's golden words when he was alive."

I asked Pastor Bethge what had actually got him started on the biography.

"When Dietrich died, he left an unfinished book of ethics, which I regarded as his last will and testament," he said. "I finished it, and after that I came across all these papers of Dietrich's in my desk. His parents had kept practically everything he wrote them, and they had given everything to me. The surviving members of his family have since given me most of his letters to them. The only things I am now missing are the letters he wrote to the two girls he was in love with."

Pastor Bethge showed me some of the papers on his desk. There were the originals of a number of Bonhoeffer's prison letters; they were written very small, as if to make the most of a sheet of paper. Many of them were in pencil, but a few were in ink. There were some soiled pieces of paper scribbled on both sides with notes for his defense. Almost all the papers lying on Pastor Bethge's desk were dog-eared and discolored by age or damp. Some of them were held together with tape, and others were so mutilated that they had had to be placed between celluloid covers. Moreover, many of the sheets were marked up, crossed out, underlined, or otherwise annotated in another, almost illegible hand. It was Bethge's. The effect was that of a palimpsest.

"I'm afraid the damp got into these papers," Pastor Bethge said. "When I was in the Army, I used to send all the letters I received from Dietrich to my mother and Renate, who would bury them in the garden; we didn't want Himmler's Gestapo to find them. Paul Lehmann visited me once and asked me what I was doing with the letters. That was when I first realized that I might have something valuable. Later, I collected a third of them

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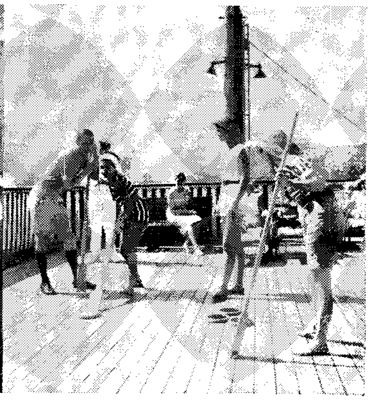

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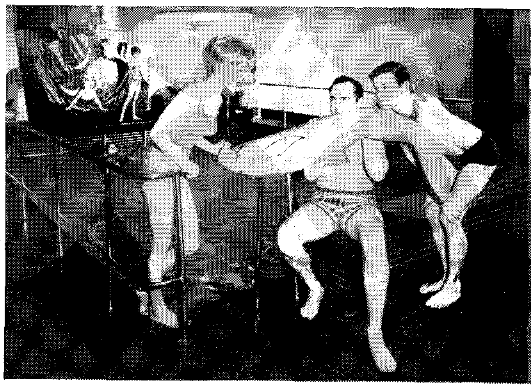

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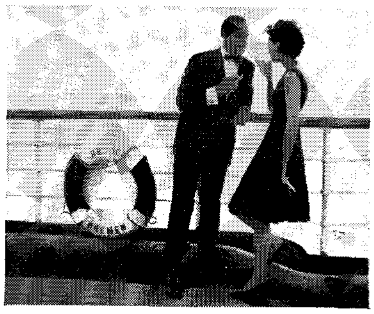

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for the 'Letters and Papers from Prison.' But when I was putting the 'Letters and Papers from Prison' together, I marked them up for the secretary, *ja*? I should have had them copied first, but I didn't realize what a great treasure I had. The 'Letters and Papers from Prison' came out in a very small edition, but Gerhard Ebeling, in Switzerland, and Helmut Thielicke, in Hamburg, gave it good reviews. Professor Ronald Gregor Smith, who was then the director of the Student Christian Movement Press, and who had always been interested in Bonhoeffer, immediately decided to publish the 'Letters and Papers from Prison' in England. I was surprised by its success. I began getting invitations to speak on Dietrich."

I asked Pastor Bethge how the biography was going.

"It gets longer and longer," he said. "The first few pages are going to be a sort of verbal portrait of him."

I asked what it would be like.

"It will go something like this," he said. "Dietrich was a tall man, but he looked a little too heavy for his legs. His head was big, so although his shoulders were broad, they didn't seem so. He had a broad forehead, which made his nose seem shorter than it actually was. His lips were full, and always gave the impression that he was savoring good food. His appearance of heaviness was misleading. He was actually very athletic. In fact, his physical movements were nervous and quick, and he talked like a machine gun. You heard Renate talk. She talks exactly like Dietrich, and she has his laugh. As a person, he was very restless, *ja*? He worked with great concentration—what takes me twenty-four hours he could do in three. Because of this, he had time to do many different things."

Because the books on the Resistance were obscure about the size of Bonhoeffer's role in the conspiracy, I asked Pastor Bethge about it.

"Between 1938 and 1940, Dietrich only knew about the plot, *ja*?" Pastor Bethge said. "Of course, after the July attempt in 1944, any knowledge of a conspiracy was enough to get you hanged. Actually, Dietrich was only connected with the *Abwehr*, and that was just one place out of many all over Germany where resisters were making plans. He never considered murdering Hitler himself, nor did anyone ever suggest that he should, because in the last analysis everything depended on technique, and Dietrich didn't know how to hold a gun. He didn't have a uniform, and no one who

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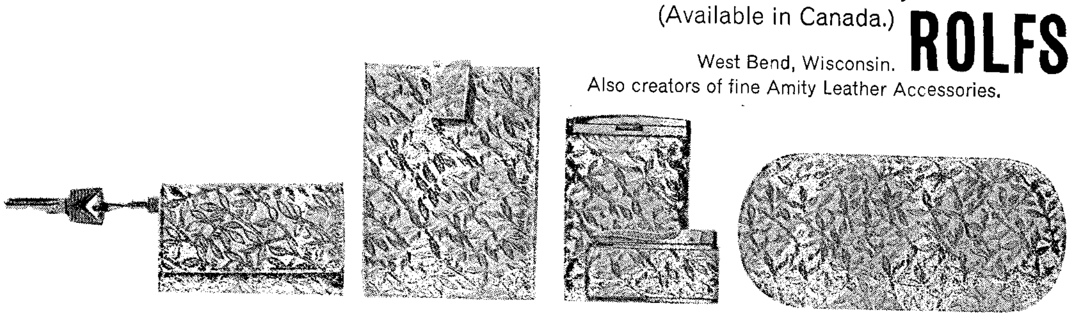

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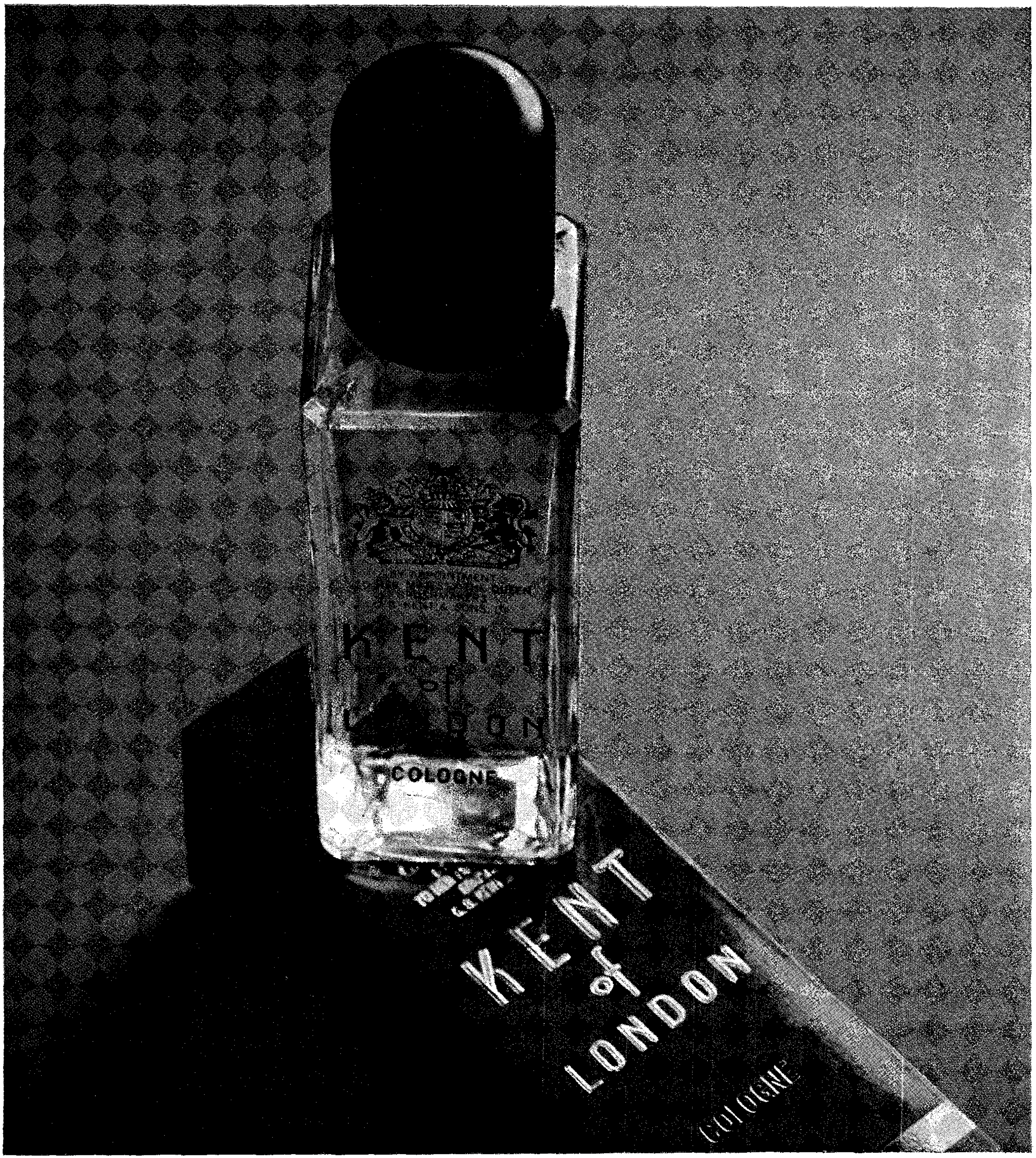
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wasn't in uniform was allowed near Hitler. In fact, there was no practical way that Dietrich himself could have assassinated Hitler, *ja*? The matter did come up once, hypothetically, and he told me that he would murder Hitler if he could."

I then broached a question that detractors of Bonhoeffer in the Church sometimes asked—whether he was Christian, in any traditional sense.

"For Dietrich, the main thing about Christ was that He was defenseless," Pastor Bethge said. "Dietrich's favorite quotation from the Bible was 'My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?' On the Cross, Christ did not have even the protection of God. This was the ultimate defenselessness."

"But did this insight and the ideas contained in 'Letters and Papers' amount to a new theology?" I asked.

"It depends on who it is you are talking to," Pastor Bethge replied. "Karl Barth still won't allow his students to write a doctorate on Dietrich's last period, because it's 'fragmentary,' he says—although he himself, in a sense, opened the door to the Death of God movement when he made Christ the unique and final revelation, and ruled out any metaphysical speculation about God. The Church in Germany still feels very uncomfortable at any mention of Dietrich's name, *ja*? They wish that Bonhoeffer hadn't dirtied his hands with politics."

With amusement, Pastor Bethge gave me a few examples of this unease. When the pastor and people of Flossenburg put up a plaque to commemorate Bonhoeffer, the late Lutheran Bishop of Munich, Hans Meiser, refused to have anything to do with the dedication, on the ground that Bonhoeffer was a political casualty, not a Christian martyr. Then again, in Hanover, the Church government, under its president, Bishop Hanns Lilje, had refused to let a church be named after Bonhoeffer, on the ground that they had to wait a hundred years before declaring anyone a martyr. Pastor Bethge then said he would like to quote a sentence or two from a message commemorating the martyrs which was sent out by the Church administration on the first anniversary of the July plot. Putting on his glasses, he rummaged through the papers on his desk, found the message, and read it, pausing to laugh and repeat phrases that seemed to disavow Bonhoeffer's martyrdom—though he was not mentioned in the message by name—because of his political role and his advocacy of the assassination: " 'Our eyes are set on . . . mar-

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tyrs in the full'—full!—'sense of the word. . . . We would like to name one, Vicar Paul Schneider'—he didn't engage in politics and so he was the kind of martyr the Church can understand—'and there are other'—other!—'ones who tried to get a different government for our people before the last German town was ruined. . . . The Church of Jesus can never justify an attempt on a human life no matter what the purpose was'—justify!"

Putting down the paper, Pastor Bethge went on, "Even someone like the headmaster of a school named after Bonhoeffer in a suburb of Düsseldorf doesn't understand how Bonhoeffer could have done the things he did. The headmaster asked a sculptor who was doing a bust of Bonhoeffer for his school, 'How is it possible that Bonhoeffer, who was a theologian, could take part in an attempt on a human life?' "

Pastor Bethge then handed me what he said was the choicest example of all. It consisted of a letter from the minister of the town of Bielefeld and a reply from Dietrich Bonhoeffer's father:

Bielefeld, 1/4/1948

DEAR MRS. BONHOEFFER,

On behalf of the Conference of Communal Ministers of Bielefeld, I take the liberty of addressing the following request to you. The local council has decided, as per motion of the Social Democratic parliamentary group, to name one of the streets "Bonhoeffer Street" after your late husband, as part of the change of name of a goodly number of streets. A number of people were selected who had been victims of National Socialism, including two ministers, our brother Schneider-Dickenschied and your husband. We, the ministers of our town, are seriously concerned about both names, because we would not like to see our brethren in office, who were killed because of their faith, equated with "political" martyrs. Since we have no say in government decisions, as the town parliament is ruled by a Socialist majority, we ask you—if you agree with us—to write to the chief mayor of our town (Ludebeck, Social Democrat), voicing your objection to the naming of a street after your husband, and to deny permission.

Very sincerely yours,
HAMMERSCHMIDT, Minister

Karl Bonhoeffer replied:

2/11/1948

DEAR REVEREND,

Only yesterday did I receive your kind letter of 1/4. There is a misunderstanding, inasmuch as my son was not married. Therefore I have to answer your letter.

My son Dietrich would not have cared about having a street named after him. On the other hand, I am convinced that it would not be his desire to dissociate himself from the political victims killed,

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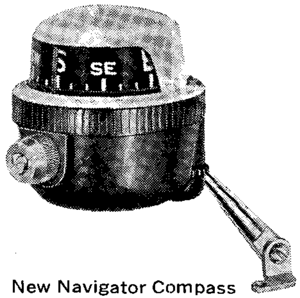

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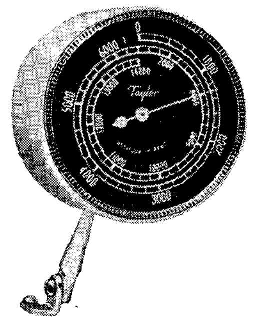

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as he had been with them in prison and in concentration camps for years. Therefore, I would rather not protest against the decision of the town council, particularly since the choice of the two ministers seems to indicate that the parliament made its selection without consideration of political position.

With respectful regards, I remain,
Very sincerely yours,
KARL BONHOEFFER, Privy Councilor

"Of course, in those days Socialist more or less meant agnostic and atheist, too," Bethge observed.

I asked him how, in fact, Bonhoeffer would have justified his conduct, and if it was true that in Hitler's time the only Christian martyrdom was political martyrdom.

"An Italian professor once asked Dietrich himself a similar question," Pastor Bethge said. "Dietrich said that if he were walking down the Kurfürstendamm, in Berlin, or Oxford Street, in London, and he saw a madman driving a car, he wouldn't just stand there on the pavement. He wouldn't say to himself, 'I am a pastor. I'll just wait to bury the dead afterward.' His responsibility as a human being would come before any Christian commandment; in fact, killing the madman might become his duty as a Christian."

"But, in any event, do the Protestants have a tradition of martyrs?" I asked.

"Martyrs went out during the Reformation, with the Calendar of Saints and other Catholic practices, it's true," Pastor Bethge said. "The German Evangelical Church doesn't believe in making much of certain individuals, putting them between God and man. But, for my part, I like the Anglicans. They have a tradition of great lives, and in every church you go to, there's a little grave commemorating someone. There is going to be no special recognition by the Church in Germany even of the twentieth anniversary of Dietrich's death. But I've been invited to the Dietrich Bonhoeffer Church in London for the anniversary, for which Michael is composing that piece. Both Robinson and I are to speak, and our speeches will be broadcast all over Europe."

And, finally, I asked which Pastor Bethge considered more important—Bonhoeffer's life or his theology?

"Ah, that is a very interesting point," he said. "I think the two were closely connected, but I, since I am not a theologian, would say his life."

I SPENT the night in one of Rengsdorf's two inns, and the next day I returned to the Bethge house to learn

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the results of Gabriele's examination and to say goodbye. I found Pastor Bethge in his study. He was on the telephone, saying excitedly, "*Ach so. . . . Ach so. . . . Ach so. . . . Ach so.*" When he hung up, he told me, "That was the headmaster's wife. Everyone in the class had to sit for the orals except her daughter and Gabriele. They were excused because they had done so well on their written papers." With his free laugh, he added, "We gave Gabriele a sleeping pill last night. It was wasted."

There was a fumbling at the study door. Pastor Bethge opened it, and in came Mrs. Bethge, carrying a large silver tray with coffee and tea, a collection of wine and spirits, soda water, cocktail glasses, a shaker, and an ice bucket. Sabine came in behind her. "Ah," Pastor Bethge said, standing back. "When a guest comes, everything belongs to him. Renate will break up any conversation just to be hospitable."

"It's nothing," Mrs. Bethge said, and she slid the tray firmly onto the desk, scattering the precious papers.

Pastor Bethge told them the good news about Gabriele, which they received with great enthusiasm. He explained to me, "Now Gabriele can go to the University of Bonn and study medicine. Bonn has a very good clinic, because, thanks to the presence of Adenauer and other important people, some of the best doctors have been assembled in the capital. After speaking at Dietrich Bonhoeffer House in Bonn last December, I talked to some people there about taking Gabriele in, and they agreed to. That's very good, because it will enable her to live close to the clinic."

I accepted a glass of sherry from Pastor Bethge. Mrs. Bethge settled herself in a chair and poured out three cups of tea.

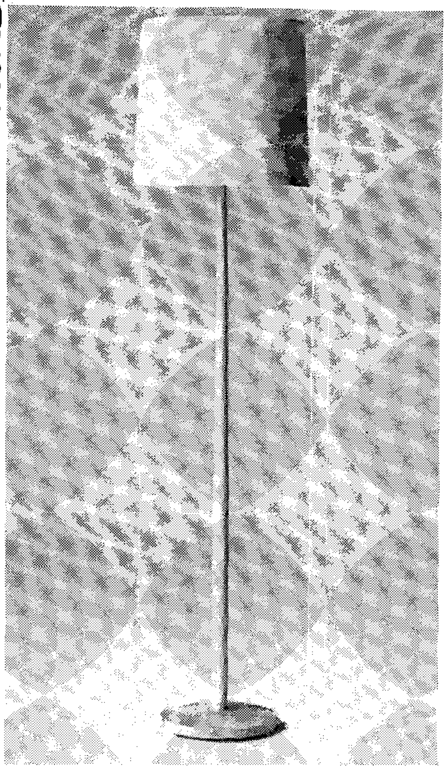
"Papa, is this Uncle Dietrich's school report?" Sabine asked, picking up a piece of paper from the desk. "He got only a couple of 'Very Goods.' The rest of his marks were average or below average. My report is better than his."

"Perhaps it was just a bad year," Pastor Bethge said.

There were footsteps in the hall, and Gabriele came in, looking very formal in a long-sleeved black dress. She was roundly embraced and then was presented with opera glasses and a china cup. She took all the fuss quite casually.

"The cup is so that she can begin a hope chest," Pastor Bethge explained to me, beaming.

"Papa, do you know what?" Gabri-



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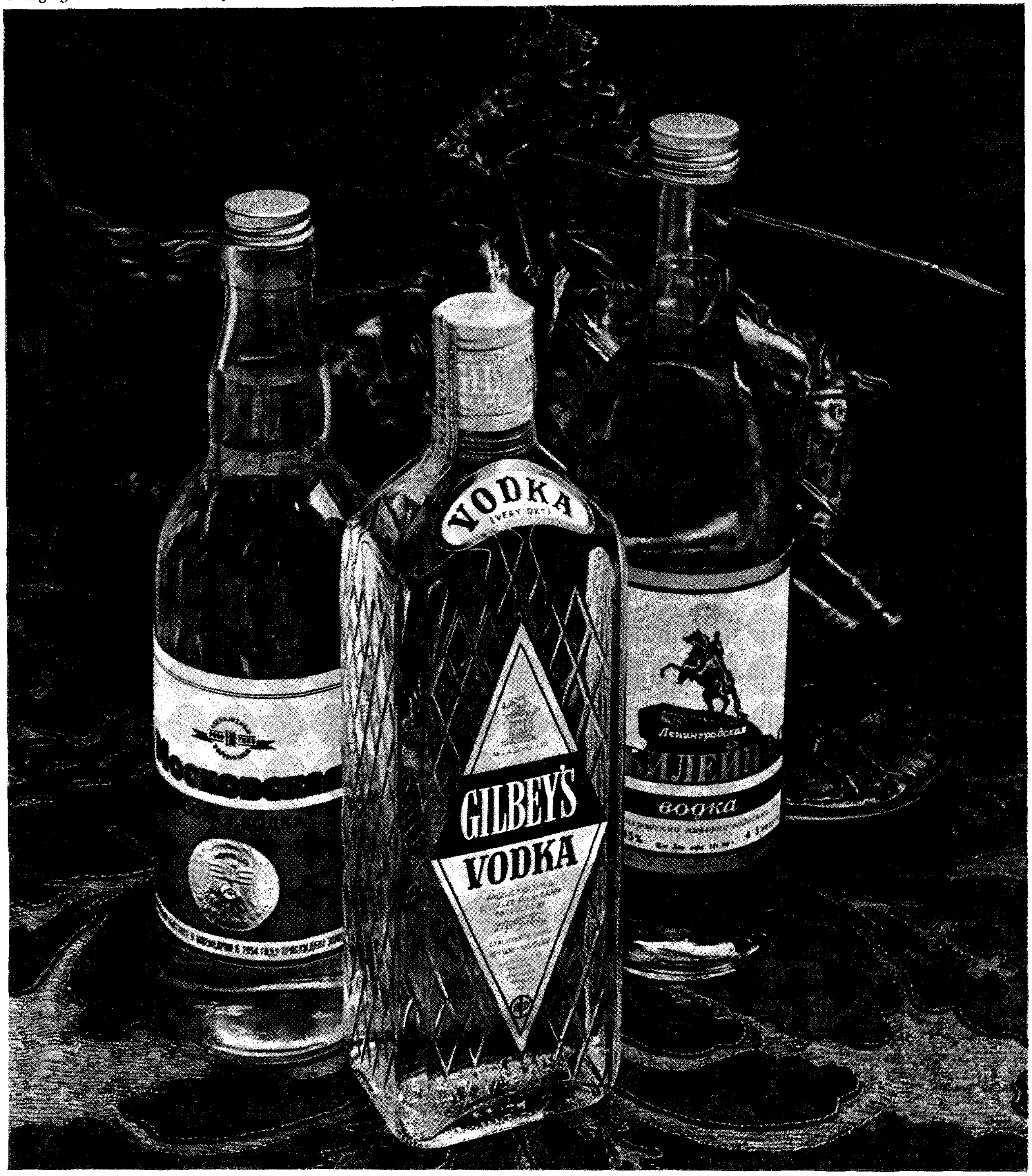
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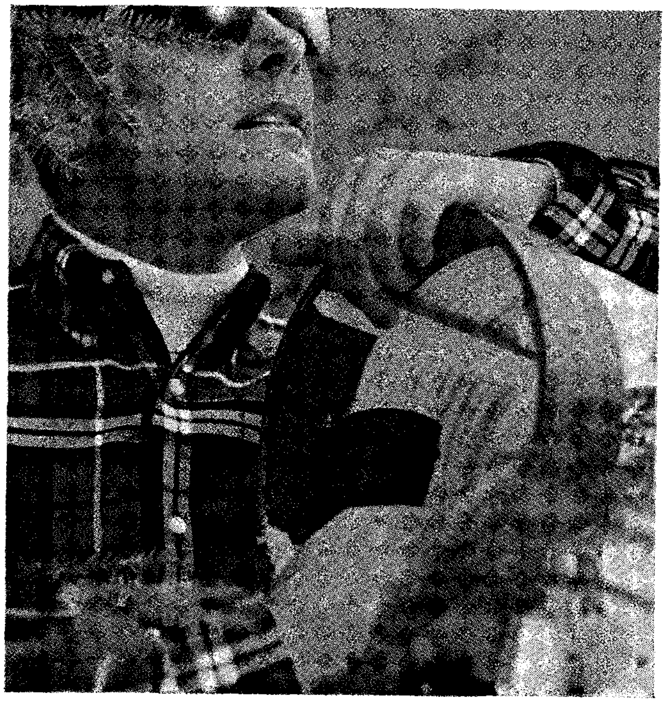

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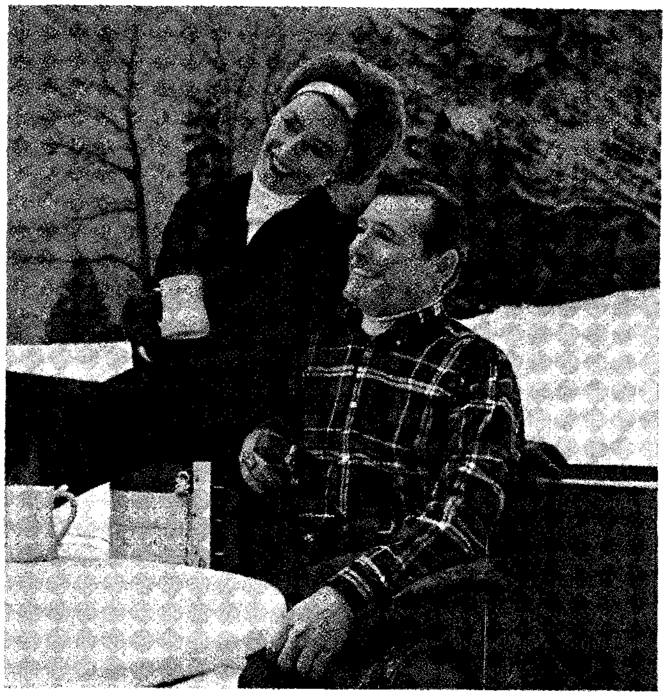

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ele said. "The burgomaster's daughter, who was doing history, was given a passage from Dietrich Bonhoeffer on civil courage to comment upon." (The passage, I learned later, was from an essay in "Letters and Papers" which he had sent to a few of his friends as a Christmas present in 1942, and which contained sentences like "The last ten years have produced a rich harvest of bravery and self-sacrifice, but hardly any civil courage, even among ourselves. . . . In the course of a long history we Germans have had to learn the necessity and the power of obedience. . . . Who can deny that in obedience, duty, and calling we Germans have again and again excelled in bravery and self-sacrifice? But the German has preserved his freedom—what nation has talked so passionately of freedom as we have, from Luther to the idealists?—by seeking deliverance from his own will through service to the community. . . . Inevitably, he was convicted of a fundamental failure: he could not see that in certain circumstances free and responsible action might have to take precedence over duty and calling. . . . Civil courage . . . can only grow out of the free responsibility of free men. Only now are we Germans beginning to discover the meaning of free responsibility. It depends upon a God who demands bold action as the free response of faith, and who promises forgiveness and consolation to the man who becomes a sinner in the process.")

Mrs. Bethge, Sabine, and Gabriele left us in order to prepare a small luncheon party to celebrate Gabriele's success. Three of her school friends were going to join her, they explained, and although a bakery was supplying the cake, there was quite a lot of cooking to be done.

"Now I would like to ask you a question," Pastor Bethge said when the others had gone. "I don't know how to finish my biography of Dietrich. I have three documents with which I can close it. One is a letter from Dietrich's father to a colleague in Boston; it was the first letter he could get out of Germany after the war. Another is a letter that Dietrich's eldest brother, Karl Friedrich, wrote to his children while he was sitting in his bombed laboratory in Leipzig. He didn't know what had happened to his brothers and brothers-in-law, and he didn't know what would happen to him, so he wrote a letter to his children, in order that they might know all he could tell them." Pastor Bethge broke off, and remained silent for a moment. He re-

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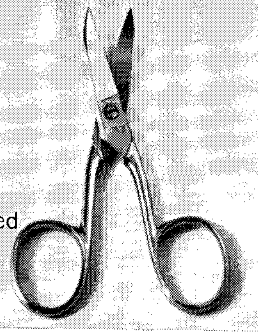

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sumed, "Then, there is a letter that Hans von Dohnányi sent to his wife after she had brought him some diphtheria germs, so that he could infect himself and stop the questioning. Karl Bonhoeffer and Karl Friedrich have since died too."

I read over the three documents. The Dohnányi letter, dated March 8, 1945, read, in part:

> You can hardly imagine how my heart was beating yesterday when I noticed the red-capped cup emerging from the suitcase. . . . The misery around me is so great that I would throw away that little bit of life, if it were not for all of *you*. . . . I am quite sure I would lie down with the feeling that this is salvation not only for me but for many others, too, whose cause is connected with mine. . . . I took the diphtheria swab into my mouth right away and chewed it thoroughly. . . . I *must* get out of here and manage to get into a hospital, *so that I cannot be examined any further!* [His italics.]

The second one, a letter from Karl Bonhoeffer to Dr. Jossmann, in Boston, read, in part:

> 10/8/45
>
> DEAR COLLEAGUE:
>
> I was most delighted to receive your regards through your neighbor and to learn that you are doing all right over there and that you are engaged in an interesting activity. I understand that you were told about the sad events we experienced—we lost two sons (Dietrich, the theologian, and Klaus, Chief Syndikus of the Lufthansa) and two sons-in-law (. . . Schleicher and Dohnányi) through the Gestapo. You can imagine that we old folks were quite hit by these happenings. All those years people were under the terrible pressure of worrying over those arrested, and over those not yet arrested but in danger. Since we all agreed about the necessity of acting and since my sons were fully aware of what they faced in case the plot did not succeed, and had settled their accounts with life, we are sad, but at the same time proud of their straight line of action. We have beautiful souvenirs from the two sons from prison—from Dietrich poems and from Klaus letters of farewell to us and to his children, that stir us and their friends very much.

Finally, there was the letter from Karl Friedrich Bonhoeffer to his children in Friedrichsbrunn, in the Harz Mountains, a portion of which read:

> FOR MY CHILDREN
>
> I would like to tell you about my parents' home, about your grandfather and your grandmother, whom you know so little, about my sisters and brothers, with whom I was brought up, about their lives and their destinies, about Berlin, the big busy town in which I met your mother. I would like to tell you about all this. Why? Because my thoughts are there, there in the ruins, and from where no news penetrates to us; it is there that I visited your Uncle Klaus in prison three months ago; he was sentenced to death. The prisons

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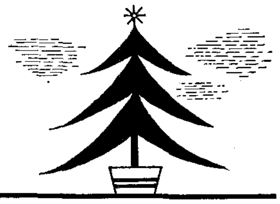

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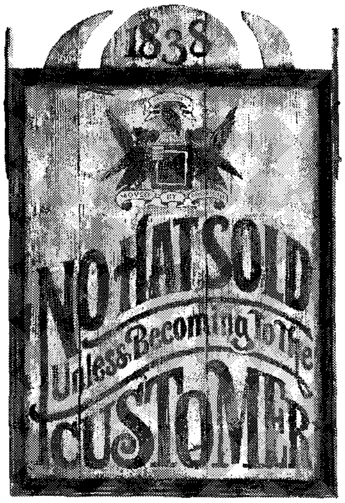
of Berlin! I know about them, but how different they are to me now! . . . I have accompanied Aunt Ursel and Christel, Aunt Emmi and Maria, who went there daily to take some little things. Often they went in vain and were laughed at by the officers; occasionally, however, they met a kind porter, who was human and who forwarded a word of greeting, who accepted something outside the established hours, or who delivered food to the prisoners despite orders to the contrary. Yes, to take food to the prisoners! It was not very easy during the recent years, and especially Aunt Ursel gave more than her share. She lost weight until she looked like a skeleton. . . . The last time I was in Berlin was at the end of March. I had to go back there shortly before Grandfather's seventy-seventh birthday. Uncle Klaus and Rüdiger were still alive; Uncle Hans sent a message through a doctor, which was not completely hopeless; and from Uncle Dietrich there was not a word—he had been sent somewhere by the S.S. It was on April 8th, shortly before I came to see you in Friedrichsbrunn, that I telephoned the last time with the grandparents. At that time nothing had changed. It is more than two months now. What else happened before the conquest of Berlin by the Russians? A man who came from there told me that four thousand political prisoners had been murdered. And what may have happened during the conquest and afterward? Are all still alive? I wonder whether the grandparents stood up to these difficult days? Both of them had very few reserves. Grandmother suffered very often from fits which were due to too much work, not enough food, and worry. They do not have help in their house. Uncle Dietrich had talked to somebody on 5 April—it was near Passau. From there he had been taken into the concentration camp at Flossenburg, near Weiden. Why has he not been back? If I have to sit every evening alone in my room, without Mother and you, without being able to write to the Berliners [the Bonhoeffer parents and sisters] or to a friend, without a visit from somebody—it is so empty here and all my friends are dispersed—I cannot always "work." My thoughts are with Mother and all of you. . . . And when I don't think of you and am thinking of the grandparents and your aunts and uncles, I cannot forget what has happened to them. Therefore I thought I would write down what I wanted you to know about them so that you can understand how it all happened. It . . .

In reply to Pastor Bethge's question about how to end his book, I said that I thought the letter of Karl Friedrich Bonhoeffer would serve his purpose.

As I took leave of Pastor Bethge—and, by extension, of the New Theologian—it struck me as appropriate that, Pastor Bethge having first made Bonhoeffer's acquaintance in Finkenwalde, I should later have made Pastor Bethge's acquaintance in another retreat, the ancient village of Rengsdorf bei Neuwied. It seemed to me marvellously appropriate, too, that the



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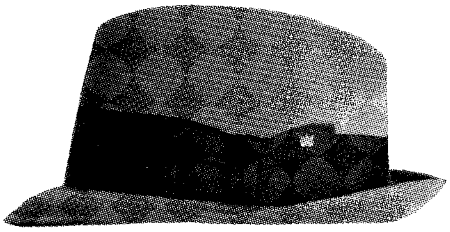

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account of Bonhoeffer's remarkable life should conclude with a father speaking of his sons and one of those sons instructing *his* children and, thereby, the children of his children about one family's sufferings—and glories—and its minuscule but inspiring role in a specific sequence of what is called history. My own particular quest had, in a sense, ended in a political thicket—the bloodiest one in the forest. Yet, I felt, all that the New Theologian considered distinctive in the contemporary spirit, and his calling now, could be found in the Hebraic tradition of the Psalmist, in the pagan traditions of the Sophists and Stoics, and in such modern movements as the humanism of the Renaissance and the rationalism and deism of the Enlightenment. Not unique to our time was the treacherous Christian (thirty pieces of silver was enough to seduce Judas Iscariot) or the doubting Christian (Christ's own disciple Thomas comes immediately to mind) or the denying Christian (there is Peter's thrice-repeated rejection). Nor was unique to our time the Christian with eccentric views (the Protestants, once heretics in the eyes of the Catholics, were now "separated brethren," and the instruments of the Inquisition and the documents of excommunication and heresy hunts were already museum exhibits) nor the Christian who was a doctrinal maverick (central doctrines like that of the Trinity have been a matter of controversy from the time of their teaching) nor the worldly Christian (the life of Cardinal Wolsey, not to mention the doings of some of the popes in lustier times, will testify to that) nor the Christian distrusting reason even as he reasoned (Aquinas in the end had no more use for his "Summa" than Barth now has, in a way, for his "Dogmatics") nor the Christian without a vocabulary for God (the mystical experience in Christianity is as old as the religion). Even the "New Pentecost," whether it was Protestants or Catholics who awaited it, might, when it came, only start up old confusions. Perhaps the New Theologian was retreating before the rush of disaffection all around him. But then some lines of Matthew Arnold, written in 1867, came back to me:

> The Sea of Faith
> Was once, too, at the full, and
> round earth's shore
> Lay like the folds of a bright girdle
> furled.

In that time for which Arnold longed, I reflected, how easy must have

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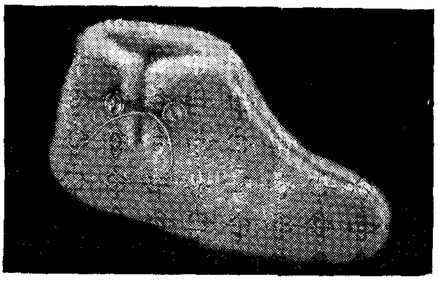

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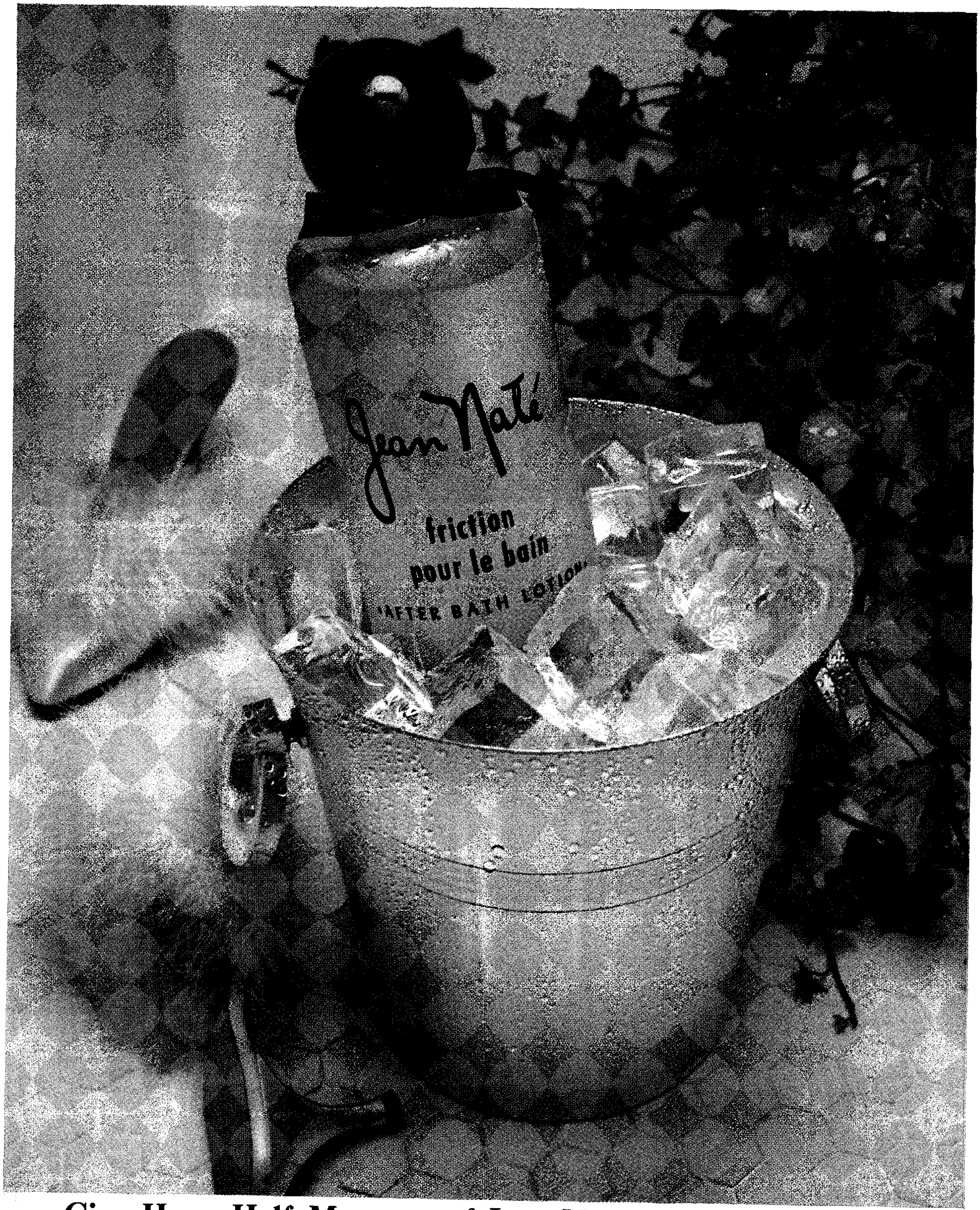
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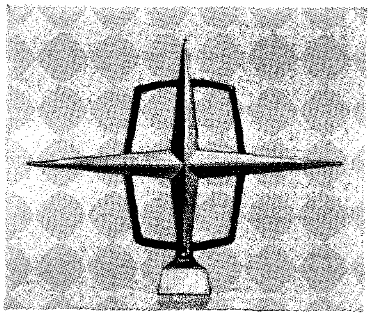

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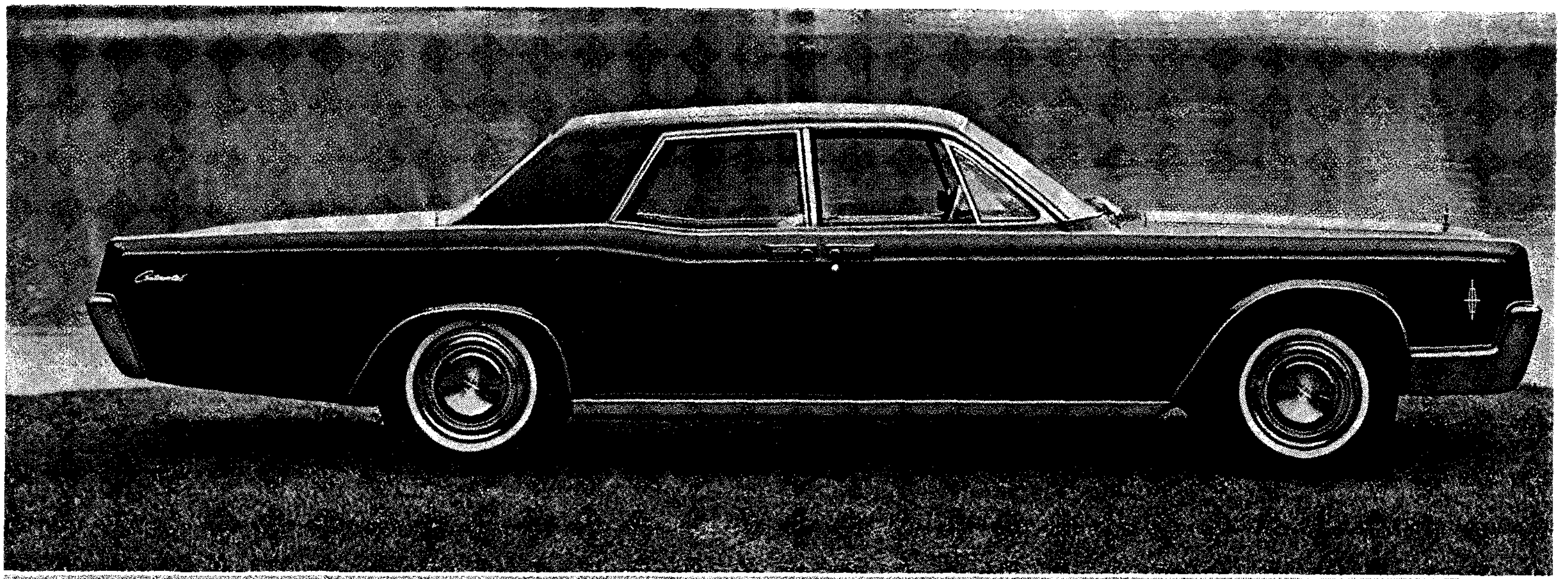

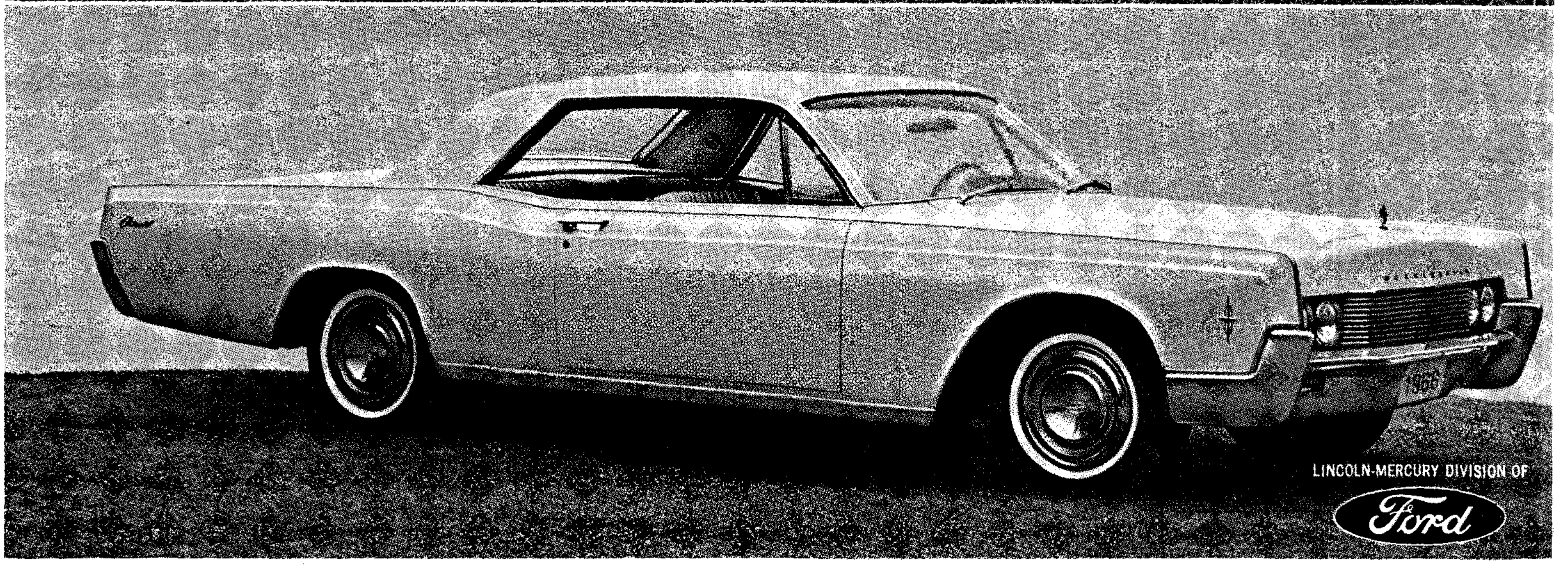

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been the dialogue between the men who talked about God and the men who looked to those men for knowledge of God! But even when Arnold was writing, only the "melancholy, long, withdrawing roar" of the sea could be heard:

> ... retreating, to the breath
> Of the night wind, down the vast
> edges drear
> And naked shingles of the world.

How much vaster and drearier had those strands since become; instead of dialogue, there were now only indistinct cries from the edges of the ungirdled world as the New Theologian set himself the old task of equating faith and theology with reason and secularism, and doing so without any sacrifice on either side—a task, in its way, no less tantalizing than squaring the circle. But it was a testimony to the continuing power of the message, I realized, that there should be modern Acts of the Apostles, and that these should have the power to illuminate what Arnold, long before the Somme and Auschwitz, called "a darkling plain . . . where ignorant armies clash by night," and that shores far bleaker than those of Arnold's poem should be heralded as the world-come-of-age. Perhaps the New Theologian might find courage by remembering how the Psalmist of the Old Testament at times gave himself over to doubt and despair ("Out of the depths have I cried unto thee, O Lord") and yet praised God no less devoutly. How ancient was the problem of the urge to praise God!

I thought of the Magi setting out on their search to find and praise the King, the God incarnate. Yeats wrote about them in 1913 in a voice that was more truly distinctive of the contemporary spirit, celebrating, as it did, the connection between the idea of the divine and human suffering (between God and that blood-drenched forest). Yeats looked up into the unfathomable blue of the sky and imagined that he saw there the stiff figures in procession, the Wise Men on their never-ending quest. The Magi of the poet's dramatic monologue, with their abstract expectations, stood frozen, pale, and unsatisfied:

> And all their eyes still fixed, hoping
> to find once more,
> Being by Calvary's turbulence unsatisfied,
> The uncontrollable mystery on
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—VED MEHTA

(This is the last part of a three-part article.)

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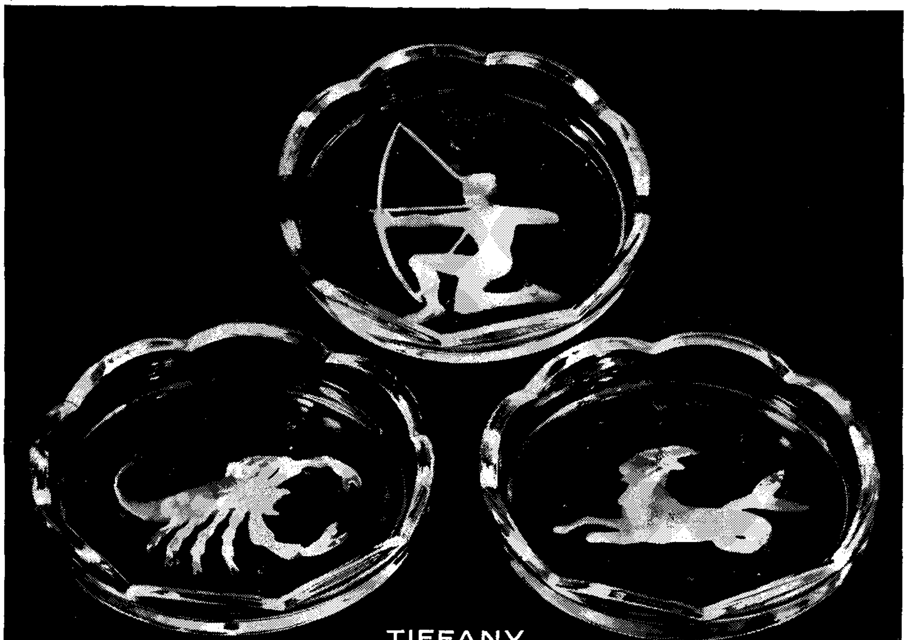

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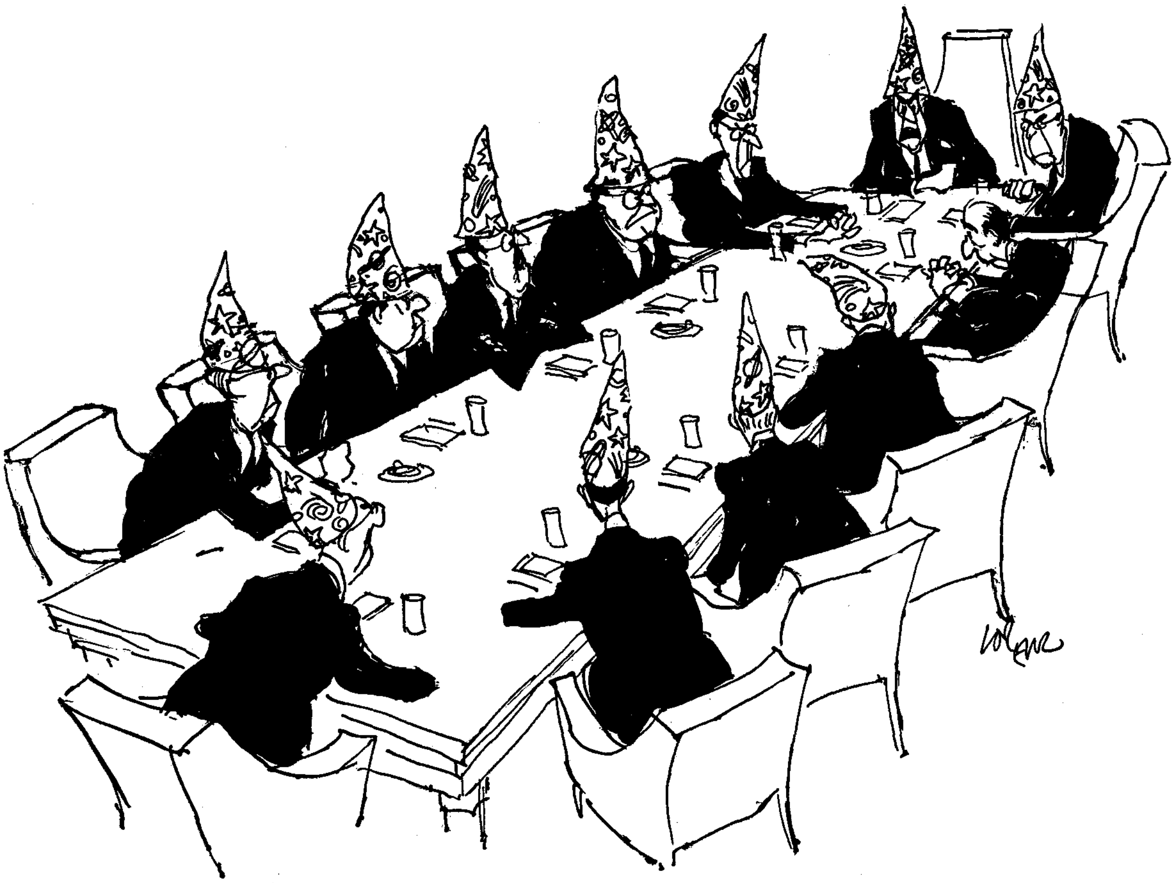
THE THEATRE

NO POINT, NO COUNTERPOINT

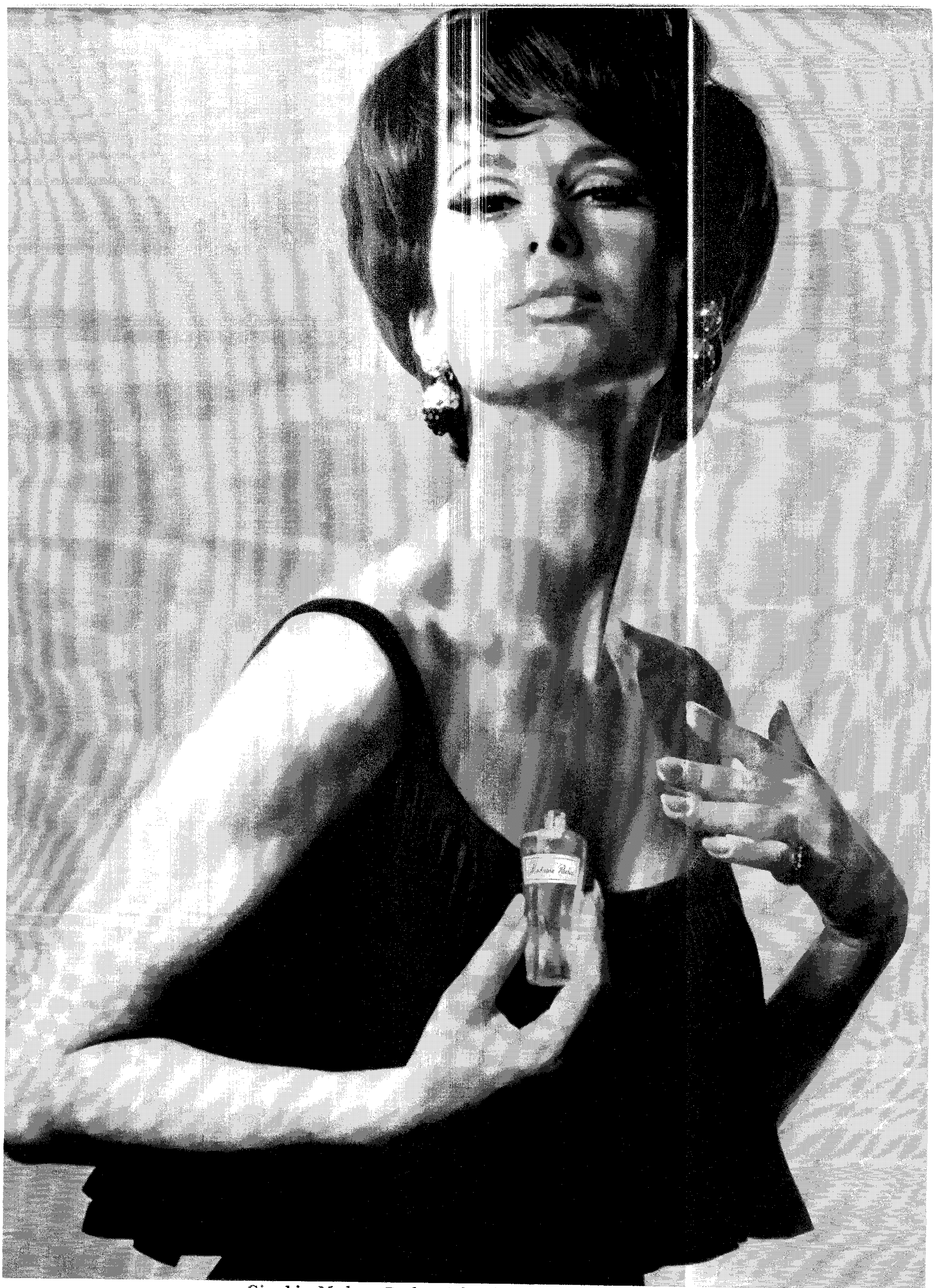
IN "The Devils of Loudun," Aldous Huxley presented the case of Urbain Grandier, a seventeenth-century cleric who was accused of having conspired with the Devil to corrupt several Ursuline nuns, and in so doing Mr. Huxley found opportunity to expatiate upon religious psychology in the early modern Christian era, on political maneuvering in the France of Richelieu, on demonology as an accepted cult, on mysticism, spiritualism, and extrasensory perception, and on sundry other topics. He also found opportunity to point out, "In medieval and modern Christendom, the situation of sorcerers and their clients was almost precisely analogous to that of the Jews under Hitler, capitalists under Stalin, Communists and fellow-travellers in the United States. They were regarded as the agents of a Foreign Power, unpatriotic at best and, at the worst, traitors, heretics, enemies of the people. Death was the penalty meted out to these metaphysical Quislings of the past, and, in most parts of the contemporary world, death is the penalty which awaits the political and secular devil-worshippers known here as Reds, there as Reactionaries." Huxley consistently enlivened his chronicle of Loudun with observations of this sort, and when I went to the Broadway to see "The Devils," which is based on Huxley's work, I hoped that some of the author's spirited notions would add zest to the proceedings. But, alas, this play by the late John Whiting is simply a flat recital of the lunatic happenings at Loudun when the prioress of a convent sets about destroying Grandier, a priest she has never laid eyes on. The setting that Rouben Ter-Arutunian has contrived for the drama is very large, and it gives the director, Michael Cacoyannis, plenty of room in which to move the action about. Maybe it gives him too much room, for Mr. Cacoyannis makes hurried transitions from scene to scene in a highly spasmodic manner.

The plot of "The Devils" is fairly elementary. Grandier, who is the vicar of St. Peter's Church, has alienated a good many citizens of Loudun by treating them with mocking contempt, overwhelming them with his intellect, and playing fast and loose with their wives and daughters. As Huxley described him, the vicar was eloquent, witty, and magnetic, but the character that Mr. Whiting introduces to us seems a most prosaic sort, and Jason Robards portrays him with no particular style, delivering his lines in a strangely halting fashion, and failing, for the most part, to establish him as any sort of believable figure. While the vicar's enemies—chief among them a surgeon, a chemist, and a public prosecutor whose daughter the vicar has seduced and impregnated—busy themselves with schemes to bring about his downfall, the hysterical prioress of the local convent (a small, hunchbacked woman of twenty-five) is overcome with a mad passion for him, her lust having been excited by tales she has heard of his prowess with women. Just why the prioress should suddenly come unstuck emotionally is never satisfactorily explained, and when she turns against the vicar for his refusal to become the chaplain of her establishment, her cloistered charges' ready willingness to proclaim that the vicar has taken demonic possession of them is not made clear, either. Once the news that devils have taken over the nuns has circulated through the town, Grandier's enemies are quick to act, and a couple of professional exorcists are called in to guarantee the authenticity of the demons and to see about sending them back to Hell. Besides his local opponents, the vicar has another in the person of Cardinal Richelieu, whom he once slighted, and so, in the end, the alignment against him is too strong to be withstood, and he is tortured and sent to the stake.

As the prioress in "The Devils," Anne Bancroft occasionally



"By God, Benson, a man doesn't just forget his thinking cap!"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comes close to plausibility, but since the play is so weak in supplying motivations for her, her fits and squallings, like those of her companions, never seem more significant than attacks of adolescent hysteria. The priests who are in league against the vicar are frequently depicted as low comics, and their talk of imps and incubi seems aimed at provoking laughter, although, as Huxley has pointed out, there was nothing funny about imps and incubi in the seventeenth century. It would be possible, I suppose, to make some kind of coherent drama out of "The Devils of Loudun," even though there is never a confrontation between the vicar and the prioress, but Mr. Whiting, unfortunately, hasn't managed to do it. —JOHN MCCARTEN

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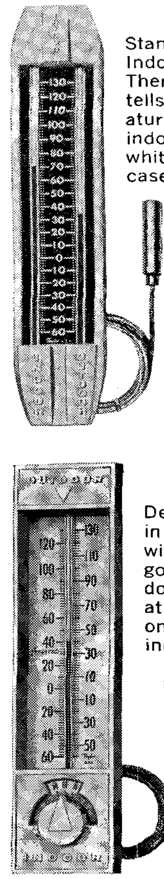

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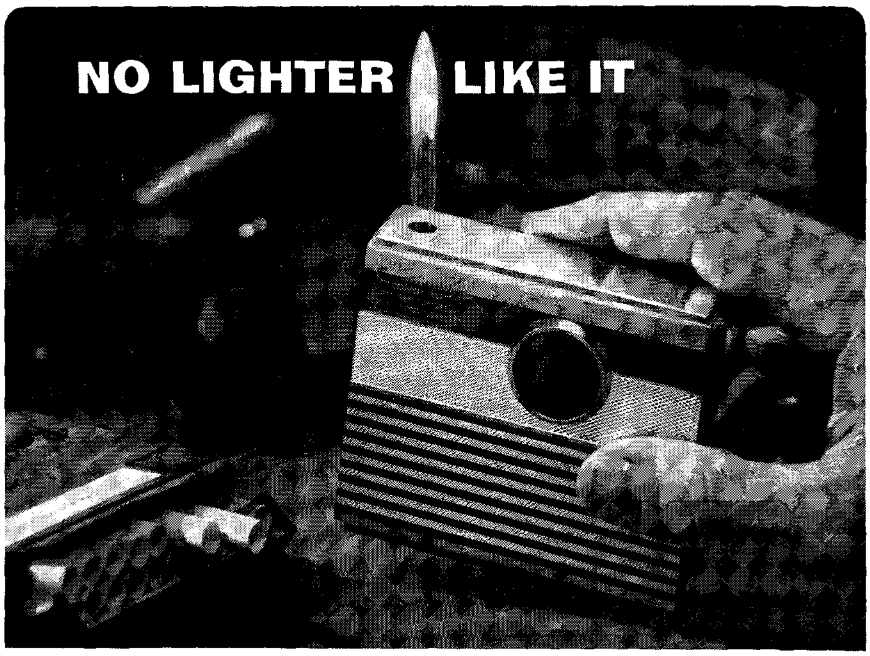
MUSICAL EVENTS

Realization

Gustav Mahler's Tenth, and last, Symphony, which was still an uncompleted score when he died—it is to be understood that "uncompleted" means not that the score lacked any of its movements or its continuity but that it was simply not fully fleshed out with instrumentation—has attracted the attention of several composers and scholars, who have set about the task of putting it in shape for performance. The widespread notion that it lacked a movement or two has probably been fostered by the version of it edited many years ago by Ernst Křenek, which contained only the first and third movements, and this impression has persisted even though a published version of the manuscript (sketchy in many parts, it is true) has been circulating for a long time and though this score contains five distinctly separate movements—some of them in full orchestration, others in the sort of reduced form (on just a few staves) that composers often use for their preliminary sketches. The Křenek version was performed here some years ago by Dimitri Mitropoulos and the New York Philharmonic, and it met with considerable interest. It was obvious, however, that a complete Tenth Symphony should be put together, even though the task would involve a great deal of imaginative work—filling out harmonies that were merely indicated by Mahler, creating a reasonable approximation of the orchestration he would have used in the places where his orchestration was incomplete or only sketched, and so on. Though probably less demanding, the task would have been the equivalent of the one that Rimski-Korsakov faced in getting Moussorgsky's "Boris Godunov" into performable shape—less demanding because Mahler had been quite specific about the total form of his work, as well as about themes, key relationships, and even details of scoring. Two performing versions of the Tenth have recently appeared, both of them by Englishmen, and others can be expected, since interest in unfinished compositions never ceases. One, by Joseph H. Wheeler, was done here last season by Arthur Bloom and the Caecelian



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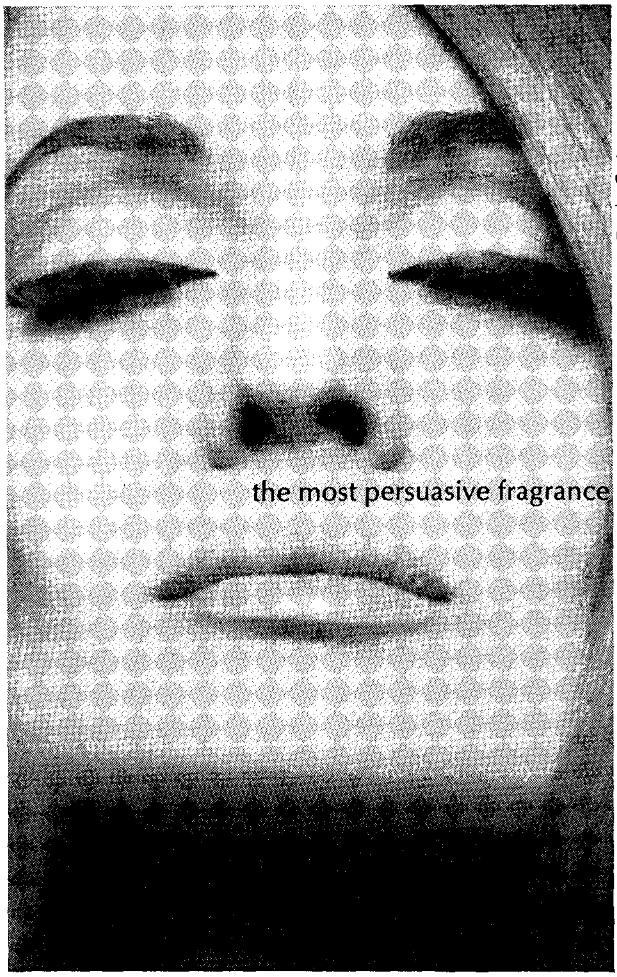

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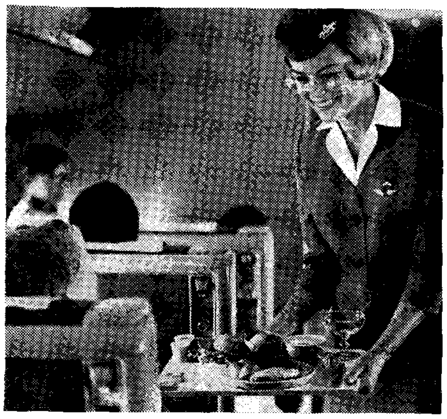

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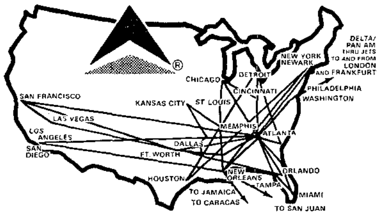

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Symphony. The other, by Deryck Cooke, had its first American performances by Eugene Ormandy and the Philadelphia Orchestra in Philadelphia three weeks ago, and it was repeated by them in Carnegie Hall on Tuesday of last week.

Mr. Cooke has done his job of realization ably, and what I heard the other night is without question a major work by a master. It lasts some seventy minutes, which is long even for a Mahler symphony, but it held the rapt attention of the audience all that time. It would be foolish to read autobiography into it; Mahler was dying when he wrote it, and knew that he was dying, and the work contains a great deal of anguish, especially in the first and final movements, but there is no such thing as a Mahler symphony without anguish, and there is no more of it here than there is in several of his other works. In fact, the Tenth has two highly characteristic scherzos, the second of which seems to play nostalgically with visions, or memories, of that adolescent wonderland of love and dance to which Mahler often takes us. The still earlier wonderland of childhood fantasy appears to be absent this time. The symphony ends on a note of noble serenity, and it is remarkable that even in this final work Mahler still echoes certain aspects of the style of his original mentor, Anton Bruckner. Altogether, I consider this version of the Tenth a memorable musical event, and I hope that we will be allowed to hear it again before long. Mr. Ormandy is perhaps rather too suave to be the ideal Mahler conductor—the grotesque elements have a way of eluding him—but he is, after all, a dependable maestro of vast experience, and his reading of the score was competent indeed.

THE Czech Philharmonic made its American début in Carnegie Hall last Wednesday night, in the first of a series of concerts by this famous orchestra, which has been known to us here by its recordings for almost a generation, and it was no disappointment. The orchestra is unlike our own groups in that it underplays both brilliance of execution and lushness of tone in its performances, though it is clearly capable of both. The best way to describe it is to say that its playing compares with the work of the Philadelphia, for example, exactly as a very old, very dry wine compares with a richer, slightly sweeter one. Its ensemble suggests a fine string quartet, its attacks are absolutely exact, its playing has absolute pre-

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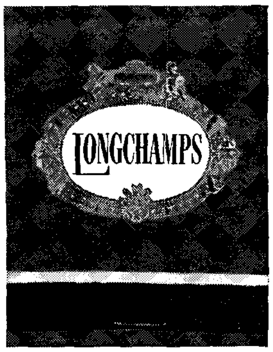

cision, and it is so dedicated to the common effort that it is difficult to single out instrumentalists for commendation; they are all excellent virtuosos and all parts of an indivisible whole.

The program presented that night, under the direction of its authoritative-looking gray-haired conductor, Karel Ancerl, was noteworthy not so much for its contents as for the unusual way in which everything was done. It all had a distinctly Czech flavor, and, because it was all Czech music—apart from the overture to Mozart's "Don Giovanni" (and *that* opera received its première in Prague)—it took us to the roots of an old and important tradition. The large item was Dvořák's "New World" Symphony—an item that was once played to death here simply for the reason that a great composer had paid us the compliment of writing it while he was visiting this country. I confess to being tired of this symphony, but I soon became aware of the infusion of vitality that Mr. Ancerl and his orchestra were giving it. The result was a crisp, new "New World," purged of sentimentality and bombast and full of light, scintillating, and—here and there—idiomatic elements (I mean, of course, idiomatically Czech; let us not deceive ourselves that there is anything particularly American about the work). The program also offered the "Sárka" movement from Smetana's "Má Vlast" and a composition called "The Mystery of Time (Passacaglia), Opus 31," by the contemporary Czech composer Miloslav Kabelac. The "Mystery"—a long crescendo reaching a climax, followed by a diminuendo, with some insistent drum patterns and eccentric Eastern scales along the way—is not really a terribly impressive work. But it had a way of sounding better than it is, and this is because of something that has gone mostly out of fashion in Western music since Stravinsky—a strong, regular rhythmic pulse, which gives it coherence and a feeling of getting somewhere.

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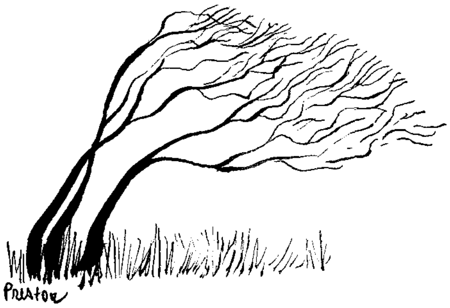

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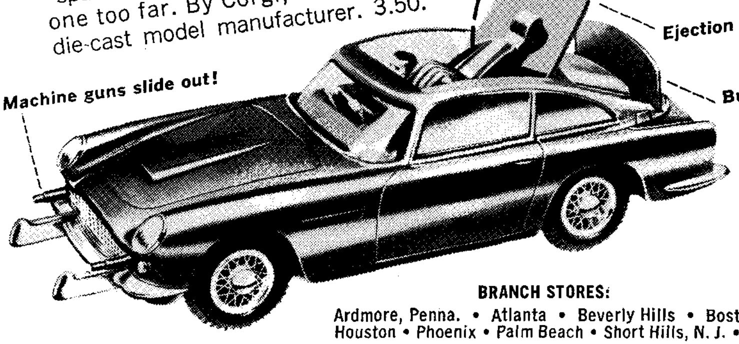
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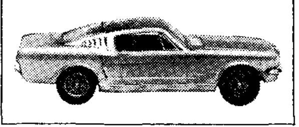
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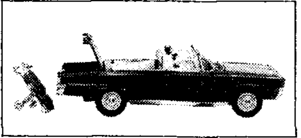
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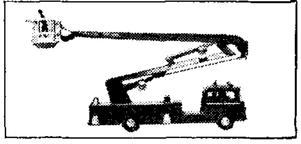
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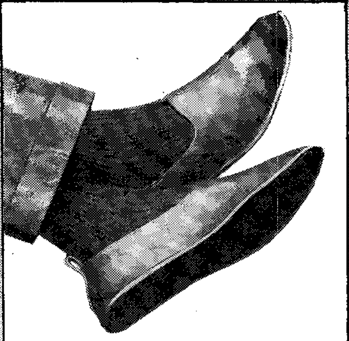

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well IV played the solo part of the Mendelssohn Violin Concerto with the Pittsburgh Symphony, under William Steinberg, in Carnegie Hall on Monday of last week, and made a definite impression. Among his virtues are sensitive taste, clean intonation, a fleet left-hand technique, and a pure tone, and I look forward to his next performance. This was followed by a brilliant reading of Strauss's "Till Eulenspiegel." The rest of the program was, I regret to say, dull. The first New York hearing of a rather pretentious work, "The Four Elements," by the Swiss composer Frank Martin, showed it to be a weak affair that sounded as warmed-over Respighi might. Elgar's symphonic study "Falstaff" was also included. I am an admirer of Elgar, one Englishman who could write for instruments in a way that exploited their most congenial qualities. But "Falstaff" is not among his best efforts. It celebrates, without explaining or describing, its subject. One has the feeling that it is saying "Ah, yes! Good old Falstaff!" and not much else.

I HAVE read in the press that electronic amplification was used in the State Theatre for the Metropolitan Opera National Company's production of "Susannah," and I am afraid that this knowledge puts my account, a week ago, of this performance in question—especially my enthusiasm for the vocal power of Maralin Niska, the leading lady. Microphones in opera houses make criticism impossible. If they had been used for the company's presentation of "Cinderella," I would probably have decided that *its* leading lady is a mezzo who ranks with the astonishing Marilyn Horne. All I can say is that now I do not know. The acoustics of the State Theatre are bad, all right, but this is not the way to improve them.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

• •

THE WAVE

I inhabited the wake of a long wave

As we sank it continued to rush past me
I knew where it had been
The light was full of salt and the air
Was heavy with crying for where the wave had come from
And why

It had brought them
From faces that soon were nothing but rain

Over the photographs they had carried with them
The white forests
Grew impenetrable but as for themselves
They felt the sand slide from
Their roots of water

The harbors with outstretched arms retreated along
Glass corridors then
Were gone then their shadows were gone then the
Corridors were gone

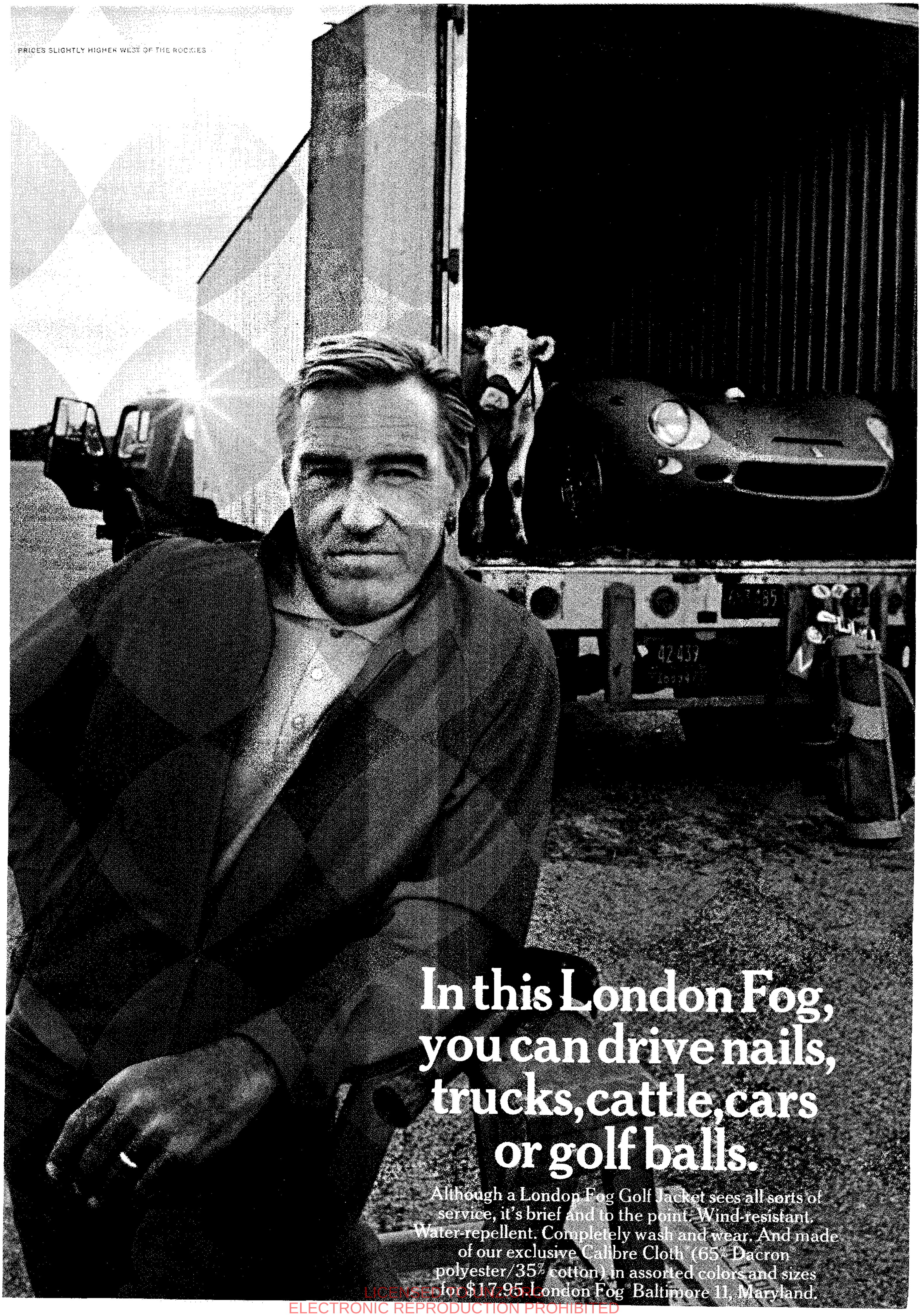
Envelopes came each enfolding a little chalk
I inhabited the place where they opened them

I inhabited the sound of hope walking on water
Losing its way in the
Crowd so many footfalls of snow

I inhabit the sound of their pens on boxes
Writing to the dead in
Languages
I inhabit their wrappings sending back darkness
And the sinking of their voices entering
Nowhere as the wave passes

And asking where next as it breaks

—W. S. MERWIN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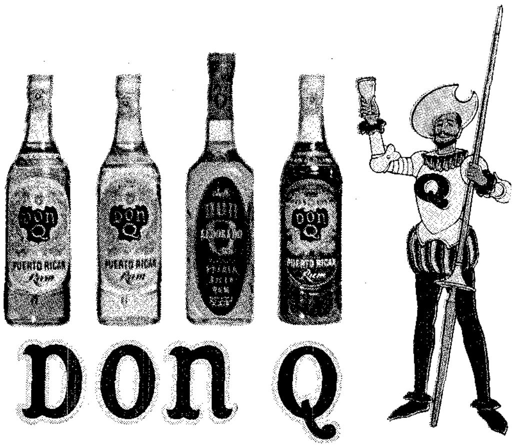
Traditional American Eggnog—Beat 12 egg yolks until light; beat in ½ pound sugar until mixture is thick. Stir in 1 quart milk and a "fifth" of Don Q Gold Label rum. Chill three hours. Pour into punch bowl. Fold in 1 quart heavy cream, stiffly whipped. Chill one hour. Dust with nutmeg. (Serves 24.)

Short-cut recipe: use eggnog mix from your dairy; add 12 oz. Don Q Gold Label rum to one quart of mix. Fold in one cup heavy cream, whipped. Chill; add nutmeg. (Serves 12.)

Beyond this you'll find that Don Q makes lighter daiquiris and a wide variety of smoother highballs. Join the experts in serving Don Q, the best selling prestige rum in Puerto Rico. *Smooth as a tropical breeze . . .*



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CELERY RIPENESS IS ALL

J.K. asks: "Who said and under what circumstances, 'The celery is ripe to cut.'?"—*Q. & A. Department, Times Book Review.*

WELL, as a matter of fact, I did. I, Ramona Hurwitz, said, "The celery is ripe to cut." In fact, I even said, "The celery is *so* ripe to cut." And I'm glad to have been asked about the circumstances.

My husband, Fred, has a readiness complex. (I've got to explain *that* before I get to the time I said, "The celery is ripe to cut.") Come to think of it, everybody in the family, including the dog, has this thing about readiness. The dog sits at the front door to indicate he's ready to go out. "The dog is ready to go out," somebody will say. When the dinner is hardly half cooked, the children sit down around the table, knives and forks in hand. "We're ready to eat!" they yell.

But my husband, he's the worst. He waits to catch someone unready. Whenever we go out, he hovers around me. "Are you ready yet? Are you ready yet?" he keeps saying. He comes home and sits down to watch the news, and if Huntley-Brinkley don't come on at once, if the station-break sign stays on the screen for just a moment or two, he calls out smugly, "Huntley and Brinkley aren't ready yet!"

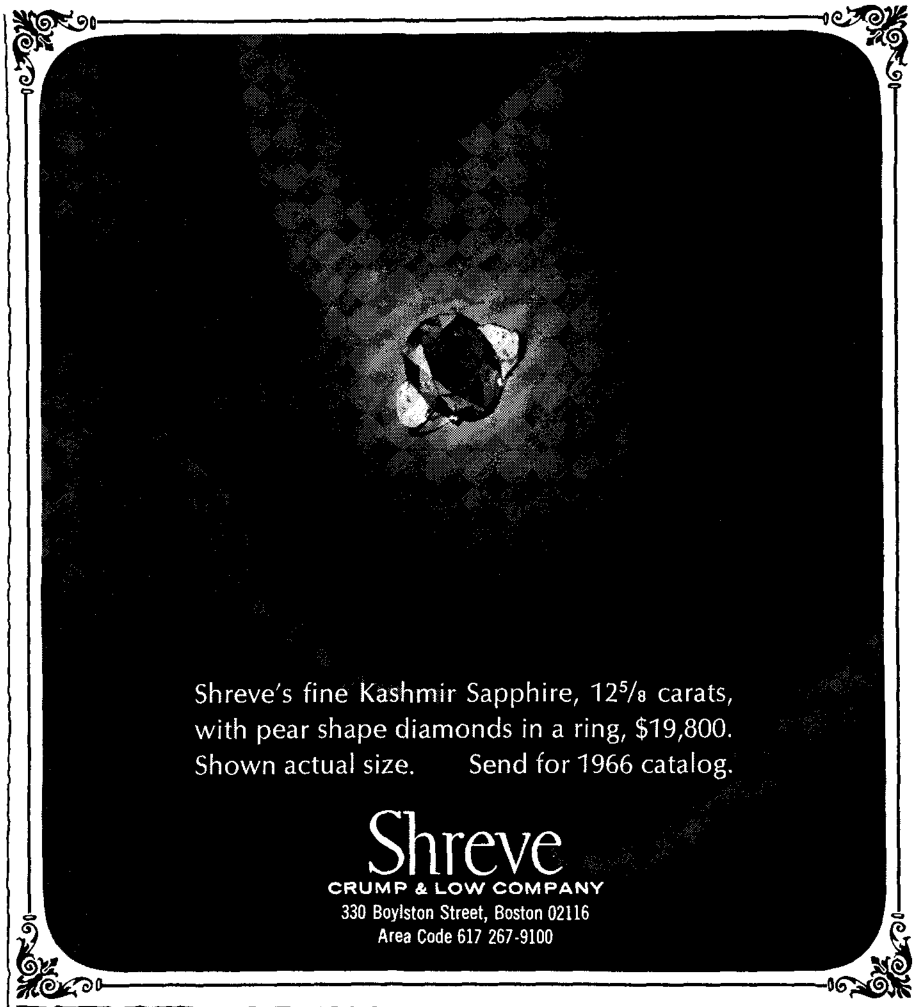
Now, as for the celery, it sort of began with the apricots. We live in a suburb of a town in Florida, and we have some nice fruit trees on the place. One time, Fred came home and I was picking apricots off the tree. "They're not ripe to eat," he said.

"Yes," I said, "but they are ripe to pick. And anyway the birds will get them."

"But they're not ready," he complained.

I think maybe he's bad-tempered because he's on this diet and isn't supposed to eat anything between meals, you know, except maybe greens. We have our refrigerator loaded with cucumbers, green peppers, and, lately, celery. Well, he came home late one night, having had a snack dinner in his office, and he went right to the crisper. "There's nothing here!" he called. "No peppers, no cucumbers—only this green celery."

I was in the other room, knitting on a sock for him. ("When will my socks be ready?" he had already asked, coming in.) It was now that I said it. "The celery is ripe to cut," I said. What could be clearer? I meant, they wouldn't have had it for sale at the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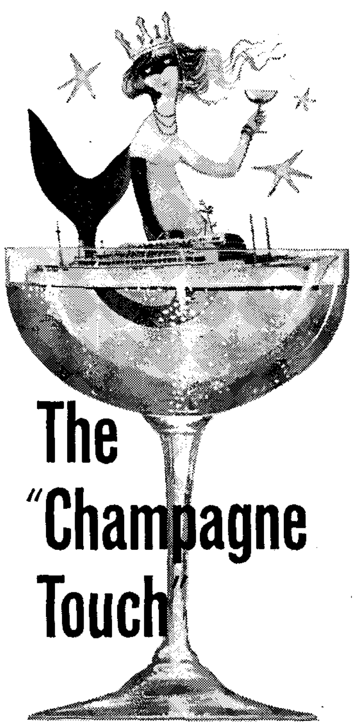

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A. & P., where I'd bought it that morning, if it hadn't been ripe enough to harvest, to cut down, in the first place. I *suppose* they harvest celery with a knife up there in Colorado, or wherever they get it.

"It's too green!" he said. "It's not ready. I can't eat celery that's not ripe to cut; it's got to be ripe."

Well, maybe I shouldn't have been provoked, but I was. "The celery is *so* ripe to cut!" I yelled, louder than I intended.

It happened that our neighbor Estelle was walking by. "What was that?" she asked, coming up on our porch and peering in through the screen door.

"I just said, 'The celery is ripe to cut,' " I answered sullenly.

"Why?" she said.

"Why what?" I asked. "Why is the celery ripe to cut? Or why did I say that?"

She looked at me for a moment through the screening and then went back to the sidewalk. "I'll talk to you tomorrow," she said.

"The celery *is* ripe to cut," I said.

Those were the circumstances, and I want to thank you for asking, so that I could explain why there really wasn't anything else to say except "The celery is ripe to cut." —MORRIS FREEDMAN

•

IN A NORTHERN WOOD

I have seen dancing
men so softly shod
they moved like water
moving without sound.
They were a spilled stream
that unravels on
stony ground. They stepped
into earth, brown leaves
rotted and clinging,
who war-painted the air
till the war fell down.
Now moccasins shift
and shuffle the hush
of the drifted leaves.

Again, angry cries
tear from the wild tom
turkey. The wood lights
with long strokes of sun
though the snow comes on.
The red man is gone.
Even from the mind,
the blades of sumac
fall away, bloodless.
The landscape is one
color, one and its
opposite. Hunters
stand still and see nothing between the trees.

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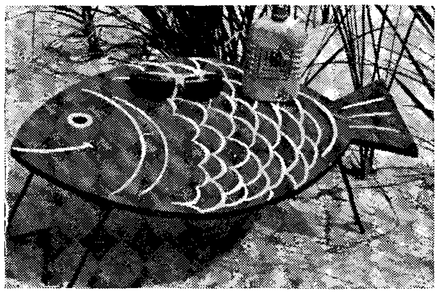

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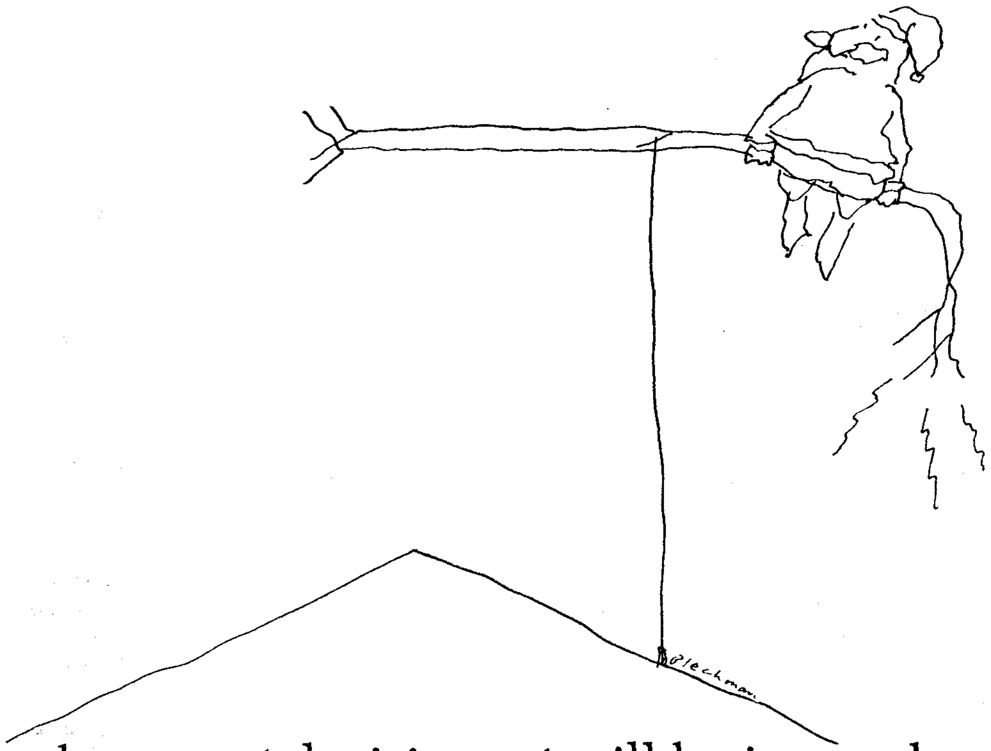

This December your television set will be jammed with holiday cheer.

In the belief that television can help enrich your holidays, we list below some of the special programs that will be spreading warmth, joy, merriment and inspiration throughout the Christmas season.

Discovery
The Horseless Carriage; The Jets at JFK; The Lively Beat of Liverpool; The World of Charles Dickens.
Sundays, December 5, 12, 19, 26 (11:30 AM-12 Noon)

Charlie Brown's Christmas
Musical documentary, with "Peanuts" comic strip characters, tells the message of Christmas.
Thursday, December 9 (7:30-8 PM)

Amahl and the Night Visitors
Gian-Carlo Menotti's Christmas opera.
Sunday, December 12 (6:30-7:30 PM)

In Search of Man
Documentary examines the mystery and diversity of *homo sapiens.*
Monday, December 13 (10-11 PM)

New York Philharmonic Young People's Concert
Leonard Bernstein conducts.
Tuesday, December 14 (7:30-8:30 PM)

I Never Saw Another Butterfly
A special honoring Chanukah, the Jewish Festival of Lights.
Sunday, December 19 (12:30-1 PM)

The Nutcracker
Tschaikowsky's ballet with Edward Villella, Melissa Hayden, Patricia McBride.
Tuesday, December 21 (7:30-8:30 PM)

Miss Goodall and the Wild Chimpanzees
National Geographic Society report of five-year study by Jane Goodall, zoologist.
Wednesday, December 22 (7:30-8:30 PM)

Michelangelo: The Last Giant
First of two specials, with the voices of Peter Ustinov and Jose Ferrer.
Wednesday, December 22 (9-10 PM)

Handel's "Messiah"
Selections feature dramatizations by the congregation of the First Baptist Church of Dallas.
Friday, December 24 (11:15 PM-12:30 AM)

"Tell It On the Mountain"
Poetry and folk songs about the birth of Christ, with Chad Mitchell, Judy Collins.
Friday, December 24 (11:30-12 Midnight)

Midnight Mass from St. Patrick's
Live pick-up from the New York cathedral.
Saturday, December 25 (12 Midnight-1 AM)

Blue and Gray Football Game
The 28th annual game, from Montgomery, Alabama.
Saturday, December 25 (4 PM to conclusion)

North-South Shrine Football Game
Top graduating gridders compete in the Orange Bowl, Miami, Florida.
Saturday, December 25 (4:30-7:30 PM)

New, Born Again!
The Bible story told in Negro spirituals with choreography by Valerie Bettis.
Sunday, December 26 (1-2 PM)

Projection '66
Forecast of upcoming developments in the New Year based on current trends.
Sunday, December 26 (6:30-7:30 PM)

Year End News Review
Correspondents return from the world's news centers for briefing and forecast.
Sunday, December 26 (10:15-11 PM)

East-West Shrine Football Game
The 41st annual game from San Francisco.
Friday, December 31 (4:30 PM to conclusion)

Regularly Scheduled Programs

Monday through Friday:
Today/ Captain Kangaroo/ Sunrise Semester

Tuesdays:
CBS Reports

Saturdays:
Captain Kangaroo/ Sunrise Semester/ The First Look/ Exploring/ Wide World of Sports/ ABC Scope/ Sports in Action

Sundays:
Lamp Unto My Feet/ Look Up and Live/ Bullwinkle/ Camera Three/ Discovery/ Face the Nation/ Meet the Press/ Issues and Answers/ The Eternal Light/ Wild Kingdom/ College Bowl/ The Twentieth Century/ The Frank McGee Report/ Walt Disney

NOTE: Times (EST), programs, titles, and casts are subject to change. Please consult local listings.

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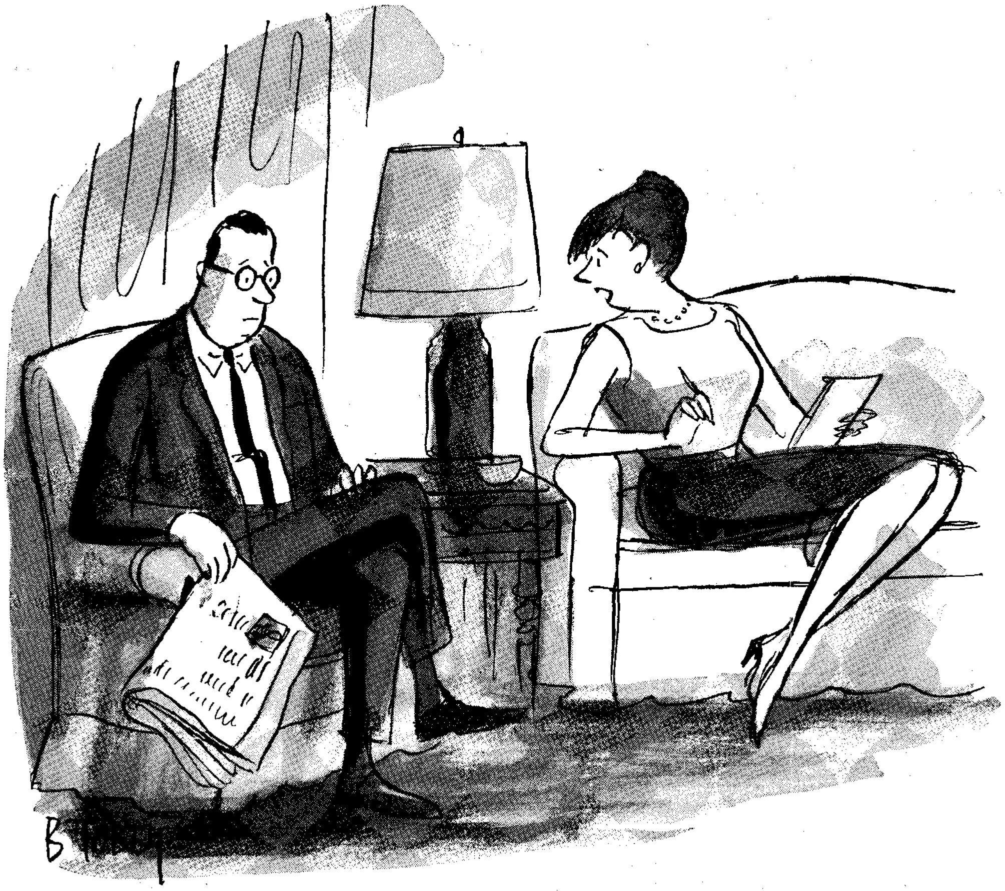
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

CHRISTMAS COMES BUT ONCE A YEAR

THIS, the second installment of our essay on gifts for women, starts with a snap—the sound produced by the opening of a brand-new Christmas handbag. From purses it goes on to gloves, and then, with a gentle patter of well-gloved applause, to a *musique-concrète* finale: the scissors snip, the wrappings crackle, the tissue paper rustles, and then we hear soft sighs of wonder.

First, an evening handbag that outshines almost anybody's evening jewelry. It's a glittering egg—larger than a goose egg but smaller than an ostrich egg—paved with colored rhinestones and hanging from a thin gold-metal chain bracelet. It's lined with gold kid, and it contains, instead of the traditional new penny, a pair of rhinestone-paved gold-metal opera glasses. Lafitte, 8 East 54th Street, is the shop, and the price is $215. At Gucci, 699 Fifth Avenue (55th), you'll find another lovely evening bag—a puckered greenish-gold silk envelope with a self handle and a tiny, delicate tulip for a clasp. Should its owner prefer to clutch, rather than carry, she can fold the handle out of the way, and completely out of sight; $110. At Bloomingdale's Place Élégante, a magnificent dove-gray satin pouch, gleaming with appliquéd gold-bullion embroidery taken from antique church vestments, is $120, and at Bendel a suave evening envelope-with-handles made of silvery snakeskin is $45. Bendel also has an evening miniature of a daytime bag—the tote or shopping bag shrunk to dress-up size and done in dress-up materials, like antique-red ribbed velvet for the bag and gold-metal chains for the handles to tote it by; $21. At Jacomo, 25 East 61st Street, an evening bag looks for all the world like a swinging (on satin strings) chrysanthemum. It's a small satin pouch covered with such a profusion of pastel-colored chiffon petals that even its beautiful jewelled clasp is hidden from view; $185. Many of the evening bags at Henri Bétrix, 702 Madison Avenue (62nd), are one-of-a-kind numbers made of rare, antique materials—old brocades, for example, including one breathtaking seventeenth-century combination of exquisite blue, pink, and green flowers, at $115. The clasp on the bag that this produces is of elaborate gold-plated filigree, and the handle is a slim gold-plated chain. Thaibok, 306 East 61st Street, offers a lustrous small envelope (no handles) made of heavy silk shantung in a rich ripe-plum color, to carry on rich, ripe evenings; $17.

A girl is not always a night-blooming cereus. Sometimes she's a morning-glory, up with the sun and doing errands like the wind. The girl you're shopping for needs a daytime bag for such occasions, and an accordion envelope is an excellent style, since it combines trimness with elegance and can accommodate quantities of paraphernalia without losing its shape. Jacomo has a beauty, eight and a half inches long and seven inches high, with a bonus—two sets of handles. The gold-metal chain that works the night shift can be replaced by a leather shoulder strap for times when our morning-glory needs both hands free. Besides calfskin, patent leather, and boarskin (all at $72.50), it comes in lizard ($149.50), ostrich ($235), and crocodile ($385). Bétrix offers an almost square envelope-with-a-handle made of black saffian, which is a cross-hatched leather, usually East Indian goat. The Bétrix idea of trim elegance—and it's a most persuasive one—is a series of tiny fourteen-carat-gold clips, which look like running stitches, at the edge of the flap; $95. At Artbag Creations, 735 Madison Avenue (64th), a stunning black lizard envelope-with-handles relies entirely on the splendor of the leather itself. There is no ornament—not even a clasp, for the flap closes with a hidden snap. This is $79. And at the House of European Specialties, 22 East 56th Street, there's a charming envelope-with-handles in a casual mood. It closes with a strap made of the same leather as the envelope itself, which is elegant-looking alligator-grained black calf; $39.50. At Bloomingdale's Place Élégante, you will find a pair of Siamese-twin pouches, back to back, sharing a pair of shoulder straps. A whimsical idea, maybe, but a most practical one, since the total carrying



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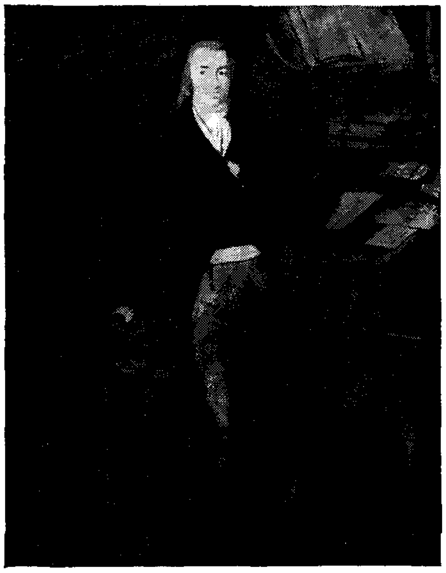

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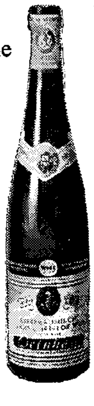

Julius Wile Sons & Co. New York

capacity is remarkable. As for the leather, it's red buffalo, which is soft, piped with black buffalo; $26. Macy's Little Shop has a nifty daytime handbag that is roughly the size and shape of a horse's feed bag and should be a godsend to a career girl. The material, which is black or brown suède, makes the bag formal enough for an expense-account luncheon, and the design works; that is, the top yawns open, putting everything within easy reach. The handles are double, and the price is $40. Many are the days when a girl needs a big bag like the triumphant example at The Seasoned Traveller, 175 West 4th Street. It is an enormous handbag—fifteen inches long at the base—with a trapezoidal silhouette and a triangular flap, which look great together. The handle can be extended to become a shoulder strap, and the calfskin, inside and out, is of the first quality and is hand-stitched; in black or brown, $35. And Fred Braun's three shops (189 West 4th Street, 21 West 8th Street, and 1394 Sixth Avenue, near 57th) all have what schoolgirls from Brearley to the New School regard as the shoulder-bag ideal—a most attractive cowhide pouch whose flap fastens with a simple, trustworthy nickel clasp. The color choice is brown, olive, or black; $15.

Henri Bendel offers a carryall to delight a lady who shops on cloudy days—a big red canvas bag that remembers to take along, in an outside pocket, its own black nylon umbrella; $20. And at Books & Co., 153 East 70th Street, you can find a double book bag for a studious lady—two canvas pouches, back to back, with one round bamboo handle. Each pouch has a charming hand-blocked print of spring flowers on a white background, and is bound all around with rose or green chenille; $15. The Pique-Nique Bag, a splendid canvas jumbo with a waterproof lining, is all-purpose—designed to hold everything a girl can cram into it: a couple of poodles, some pâté, a Petit Larousse, and a bottle of Montrachet, for instance. It's $5, in black, red, brown, or blue, at West Town House, 260 West 86th Street. We have found two shopping bags that seem to have been expressly designed for ladies who take cruises. Both bags can hold quantities of souvenirs picked up in the bazaars, and both, when empty, can be folded over and packed almost as flat as a handkerchief. One, at Eleanor Beard, 446 Park Avenue (56th), is of black moire lined with silky red taffeta. It's reversible, and has a quilted scroll on the moire side; $9.95. Bergdorf Goodman has the other, made of slick

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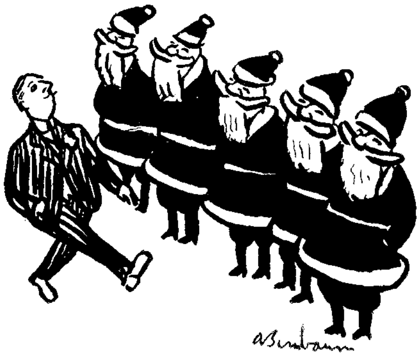
(Between 72nd & 73rd Streets)

black-and-white El Morocco-striped vinyl, lined with black cotton and fitted with handsome black bamboo handles; $10.

Speaking of carriers to stash away in larger carriers, there's a dear little silver-mesh change purse, beaded with coral, that would enliven the interior of an evening handbag; it is from Spain and costs $10 at Alice Schweitzer, 739 Madison Avenue (65th). Bonwit Teller has a whole lively family of handbag fillers designed by Pucci. All harlequin-printed velvet bound with yellow leather, they include a wallet ($20), an eyeglass case ($6), and a cigarette case ($5). Any female on your list would doubtless be pleased to have, for the recesses of her big travelling handbag, a gold-plated oval money clip set with a pretty watch. After the extravagant girl has spent all her folding money, your present will still be appreciated, because the clip pivots and turns into a stand, and—presto!—she has a travelling clock for her night table; $19.50 at Bergdorf Goodman. At Porthault, 55 East 57th Street, there's a marvellous flower-printed terry-cloth cosmetic case small enough to fit into an overnight bag—though, as a matter of fact, the case has its own strap handle, for times when cosmetics are all the girl is carrying. Its interior, plastic-lined, is a miracle of organization—a maze of compartments that looks like a three-dimensional chart of the Executive Office of the President. Its zipper goes around three sides, and its price is $12.50. Talk about having cakes and eating them! The merit of a duffelbag—say, the capacious reversed-calfskin zip-top carryall at Gucci—is lack of organization, permitting a lady to stow away all manner of things of all manner of shapes without having to worry about loops, pouches, or compartments. The usual trouble is that such fittings are just what she needs to hold small items. Gucci's duffelbag looks more like a great big satchel than a duffelbag to us, but, in true duffelbag tradition, it has nothing inside, except a splendid dark-red calf lining. But wait! Each end is a



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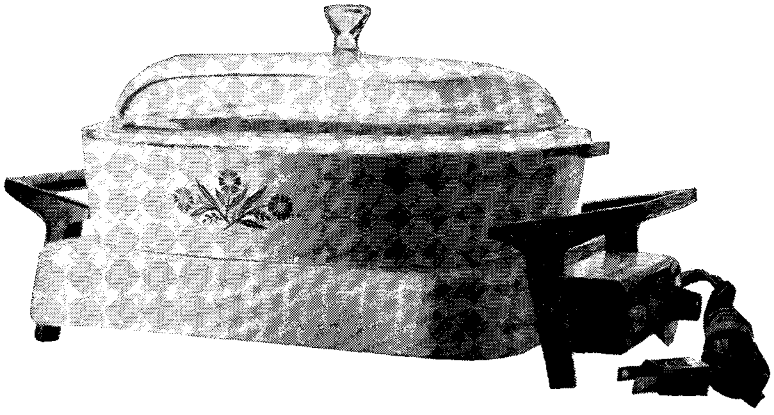

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will find him wearing our reversible kimono thus—solid color wool side out. When he's in the mood for something livelier, it turns (pockets too!) into a silky acetate robe paisley-printed in great splashes of color. Black wool/red paisley'd in gold-and-brass; navy/navy paisley'd in red-and-light blue; red/black paisley'd in yellow-and-red. M, L. 35.00

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arden for men
1 East 54 Street

big purse, with spaces in which to set apart her makeup, her money, her keys, and her credit cards; $110. Good news for friends of tidy ladies is the Louis Vuitton overnight case. It is a new, smaller size (seventeen inches long), of brown plasticized canvas, and it zips; $40 at Saks Fifth Avenue. In Macy's Little Shop, you can find a tote bag ($14) and two suitcases ($40 and $60) made of black cut velvet spattered with pink and beige roses and green leaves. Warning: The set is so pretty that you may have to buy your lady a whole new wardrobe to live up to her luggage. And at Lord & Taylor you will find a good-sized train case, covered with bright red-yellow-and-what-all cotton Paisley ($25), and its matching junior, a small case for cosmetics or afterthoughts ($12). They both have black leather handles and reinforcements. Your travelling friend might be delighted with an outfit that will allow her to brew even non-instant tea or coffee before she can say "Room Service" in Czech. T. Anthony, 772 Madison Avenue (66th), sells such an outfit, in a handsome red twill case: a coffeepot that can boil or perk two cups, the two cups themselves, and two spoons, two covered jars (all of plastic), and two electric cords, one to use in this country and one to plug into European outlets. The case, which is eight inches long, has a black leather carrying strap and trimming, and the whole works is $19.95. And at The Green Box, 1022 Lexington Avenue (73rd), you'll see a charming little whatsis that looks like an India-print lampshade and is really a travelling hatstand. It can be collapsed to a flat next-to-nothing for packing, and it matches a couple of other useful items—a large lingerie case ($9.50) and a pair of shoetrees ($2.75). The hatstand is $3.75.

SHOPPING is educational. We have just learned that the finest mocha, which is a fine kind of glove leather, is made by frizzing off the grain of a skin, preferably that of an Arabian Blackhead sheep, whereas, as we noted earlier, saffian is usually the crosshatched skin of an East Indian goat. Well, to get back to mocha, it is rare, but Bergdorf Goodman has some, and displays it in the form of longish (twelve-button) slipon gloves lined with silk. They come in black or brown, and cost $35. At the same shop, you can see the more familiar pigskin, the familiar color of oatmeal, but in unfamiliar guise—made into slender eight-button slipons lined with ivory cashmere. These are $30. Nothing could

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Investors' Page

INFORMATION FROM MEMBERS NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE

Who invests in today's stock market?... benefits for investors...how do you compare with new investors?...is there a "secret" to choosing stock?

Perhaps you've been wondering how you might shape up in a picture of U.S. shareowners—your age, income, occupation, etc.

* * *

It's a big picture, even as family pictures go—an estimated 20 million people own shares in American business, based on a recent census by the New York Stock Exchange. (That's more than the combined population of 17 states.) Of these 20 million, some 12 million own stocks listed on the Exchange.

* * *

Investments may help people build toward such varied benefits as a future retirement home, a fund that will see a child or grandchild through college, a more financially secure old age, even a mink coat for a deserving wife. You might aim for some special dream of your own.

* * *

If you took your first investment step in recent years, you are 1 of more than 1 million added to the ranks in a typical year. The Exchange's census points out that the average new shareowner's household income was $8,800. His age, 41. And you name the job—there are shareowners in every category. The biggest percentage gain in the last three years—47%—was among skilled and unskilled workers.

* * *

Chances are many of your neighbors invest, for one out of every six adults owns shares. So do 1,300,000 youngsters. And while California can claim the largest *number* of shareowners—2,500,000—Connecticut walks off with the highest percentage—18.1%.

* * *

If you ever heard that stocks and bonds were strictly a "man's world," don't believe it. Slightly more women own securities than men. Housewives alone represent 34.7% of the adult shareowner population, the biggest shareowner group by occupation.

* * *

If you consider yourself a potential investor, you may be wondering, "How do I start?" Here are four basic steps:

* * *

1. Since risk is present in every investment, plan to use only money that is left over after you've provided for everyday living expenses and have set something aside for emergencies.

* * *

2. Hold steady on your goal. Are you looking for dividends to help meet growing expenses? Dividends are not assured, but if a company prospers, dividends may increase just as your expenses do. Or, longer-range, do you prefer stocks that appear to have a chance of appreciating in value? Bonds are another choice, usually offering more safety.

* * *

3. Get facts . . . such as the company's earnings, its dividend record, sales, and recent price range. Then try to evaluate the company's potential. Having the facts and using them to make sound judgments is the only "secret" to choosing a stock.

4. Drop in and talk with a registered representative of a member firm of the New York Stock Exchange. He's the man to ask for facts. Ask for his personal opinion, too. He has had to meet Exchange requirements for knowledge of the securities business. While that doesn't make his opinion unimpeachable, he may be able to throw some new light on your investment picture.

* * *

Successful investing can add to your financial security. That is why it is so important to know that there are right and wrong ways to go about it.

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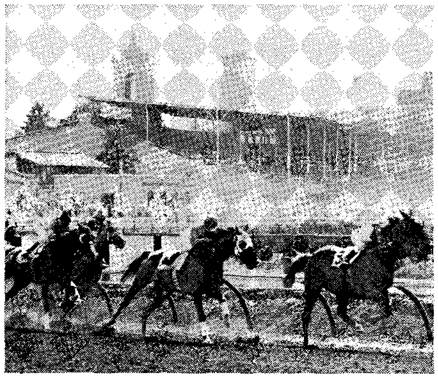
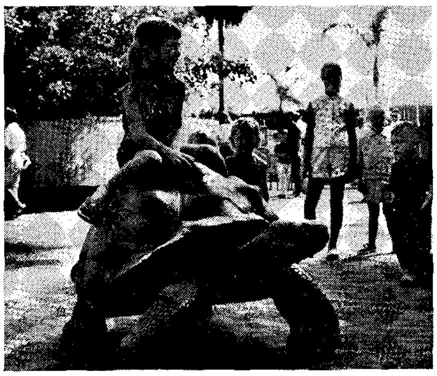


san diego



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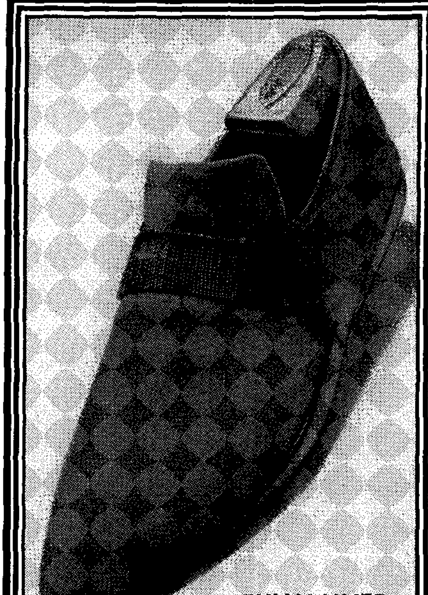
be more imaginative than Bergdorf's black-and-brown pin-striped kid gloves ($20), unless it is Bendel's leopard-printed kid gloves ($14). And nothing could be more seasonable than Christmas-red calfskin gloves lined with white rabbit; $6 at Lord & Taylor. At Abercrombie & Fitch, we turned up a handsome pair of businesslike sports gloves, with backs of silvery hair seal, palms of white leather, and long white knitted cuffs that will tuck comfortably inside a lady's sleeves; $18. Bonniers' All Seasons Shop, 605 Madison Avenue (58th), has vast, plump barrel muffs of ostrich feathers in marvellous colors, like amethyst. Are they warm? No, but they are stunning; $75.

IF last week you hurried out and bought your lady an at-home costume, you may be wondering now what she should wear on her feet to go with it. Well, Splendiferous, 1312 Third Avenue (75th), offers uncommonly good-looking zebra-stencilled mules made of calf fur. They cost $25. And Sona the Golden One, 11 East 55th Street, offers some sensational East Indian at-home slippers of iridescent greeny-gold raw silk bound with gold kid, at $8.25. And Bloomingdale's Place Élégante carries lovely velvet mules embroidered with gold-bullion bowknots, at $25. And Lord & Taylor's giddy suggestion is flat gold kid sandals with a couple of rows of gold-metal jingle bells on each ankle strap, at $18. Then, at the American Indian Art Center, 1051 Third Avenue (62nd), you'll find kaibabs—the handmade supple suède boots that are worn by Hopi, Navajo, and Pueblo women. Kaibabs are rust-colored, and they come to just above the ankle. They lace at the sides with suède thongs, and their soles are white rawhide; $18.50.

The regulation English riding boots to be had at the Miller Harness Shop, 123 East 24th Street, for $39.95 are something to consider giving to an exacting equestrienne, and a mettlesome mountaineer will thank you for high-laced suède-cloth Finnish climbing boots with corrugated-rubber soles, which cost $38 a pair at Design Research, 53 East 57th Street and 866 Lexington Avenue (65th).

Extra-warmth notions: Sig Buchmayr, 18 East 53rd Street, sells silk liners for gloves ($4) and socks ($4). The New York Exchange for Woman's Work, 541 Madison Avenue (55th), has what look like knitted-wool tubes, with satin drawstrings, which is a very efficient design for bed socks; $6.95. And Lord & Taylor sells cozy



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ankle-high bedroom slippers of pink cotton velours that can be tossed into a washing machine regularly, to keep them pristine; $5.

Lafitte has a splendidly modish headdress designed for a girl with sense enough to know when not to be sensible. It's a three-foot ponytail of crushed black malines (very fine silk net) braided with black velvet ribbon. There's a jaunty black velvet bow at each end—the end that dangles and the end that this girl pins to the top of her high-piled evening coiffure. The price? $28.

At Greek Island, Ltd., 215 East 49th Street, you will find a rainbow array of pretty partygoing accessories—kerchiefs ($15), boleros ($20), and floating stoles ($45), all made of solid-color silk chiffon. They're all bordered with extra-fine crochetwork and extra-fine crystal beading; otherwise the whole collection might drift away on a vagrant breeze.

How-To Department: How to make a girl's plain black evening dress sizzle: Give her a tremendous stole of plaid iridescent silk—magenta, purple, red, green, and yellow. Not Balmoral but Bangkok. The price is $15 at Nid of Thailand, 20 East 60th Street. How to help a girl display her classic (Ethel) Barrymore profile: Give her a dashing black moire slouch hat; $20 at Suzy Simpson, 1034 Lexington Avenue (74th), 220 East 60th Street, and 167 West 72nd Street. How to hat a girl for every occasion, emergencies included: Give her a turban. One size fits all, and you are sure to find the lady's most becoming color, because, we are told, it's available in pleated matte jersey in every known color; $15 at the Lilly Daché Boutique in the Americana Hotel, Seventh Avenue at 53rd Street. We'd also like to say a

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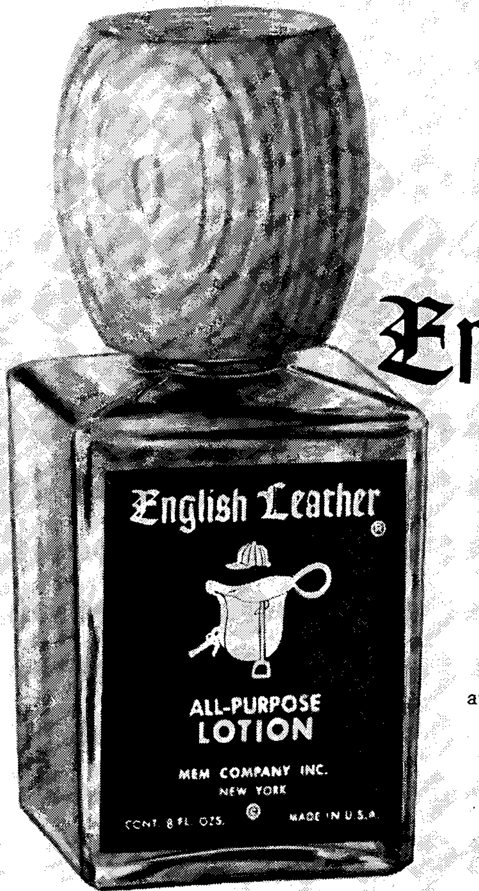

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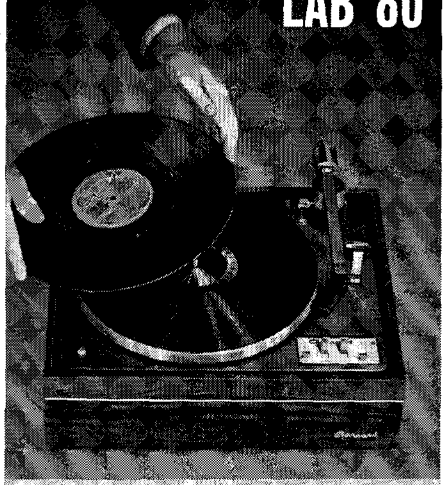
Grooveless record demonstrates anti-skating on the Garrard® LAB 80



Due to the offset angle of any cartridge and the rotation of the record, *all* tone arms tend to skate towards the center as you see in this blank disc. The grooves on ordinary records generally keep the tone arm in place, but a side pressure is constantly present, causing poor tracking, right channel distortion, and uneven record wear.

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LAB 80—$99.50 less base and cartridge

word or two in praise of the cap-scarf. Men have been discouraged in the past by watching their loved ones turn pretty scarves into pathetic head bandages—a the-peasants-are-being-driven-off-the-land effect that won't do when the sports-car top is down. The cap-scarf eliminates all that. It looks stylish, and it has an entrancing built-in shape no matter what. All right, then, the House of European Specialties is one shop that is piled high with first-rate cap-scarves. Countless shades of silk are there, and countless handsome silk prints, too—giant crimson tulips on a field of black, for instance—but the price is a uniform $12.95. Princess Obolensky, 417 Park Avenue (55th), also has beautiful cap-scarves, all of heavy wool jersey. The colors are five in number, and the beige would go nicely with mink; $11. Meanwhile, the old-fashioned triangular kerchief has been upgraded to a new height. Best's has a beauty made of white rabbit fur and finished off with black velvet streamers to tie under the chin; $10. The exceptional girl who really knows how to tie a scarf deserves Gucci's grandest—a heavenly square yard of printed silk on which a bevy of colorful butterflies can be seen perched on a wintry tracery of bare gray branches; $18. Or E. Braun's nonpareil scarf—one perfect Beauvais rose on white taffeta; $21.95. (The address is 717 Madison Avenue, at 63rd.) Bloomingdale's Place Élégante has a giddy knitted scarf more than seven feet long and made of multicolored wool—and in this instance "multi" does mean multi, or, to be precise, forty. It's $12. Macy's Little Shop has a pert turtleneck dickey that a girl can tuck into the neck of any of her suits. It's ranch, dyed-black, or pastel mink; $60.

A toasty little cape, now, for a lady who reads in bed. It's of fine white Shetland wool, and it's elbow length. The hemline is scalloped, and a pretty ribbon at the throat ties in a bow; $15 at Macdougalls of Inverness, 775 Madison Avenue (66th). For a lady who reads on a chaise longue, how about a five-foot-square throw? One side looks like soft fleece, the other like silk, but both are really machine-washable, drip-dry nylon, so the fair reader need not fend off an affectionate, sticky child returning from a stroll with an affectionate, sticky dog. Pink, blue, or brown, the throw is $39.50 at Princess Obolensky.

A STYLISH umbrella can brighten a dark day, and none is more stylish than Bendel's long, narrow

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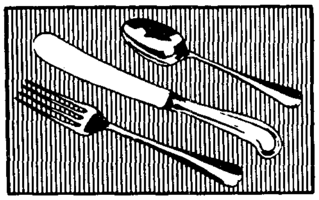

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black silk bumbershoot with a tall black bamboo crook handle. When its owner opens it up, the lining turns out to be a resplendent Paisley; $20. The Helena Rubinstein Boutique, 655 Fifth Avenue (52nd), sells nylon umbrellas by the pair—black for night (the handle is studded with rhinestones), white for day (the handle is a pearly plastic), and both of them tall and slender. The attractive duet arrives packed in a big white box like a florist's; $25 for the set. At Uncle Sam's Umbrella Shop, 110 West 45th Street, there's a new departure in umbrellas—one with a perfectly flat nylon disc, thirty-eight and a half inches across, for a shade. It sheds water without limiting its bearer's field of vision. The handle, of natural bamboo, ends with a heavy bamboo knob, and each of the spokes is tipped with bamboo, too. If that sounds too rickshaw for your lady's taste, you've got the wrong impression. The nylon is a blurry beige flower print, the shape is highly flattering, and the whole effect is very Bentley; $15. This same shop has canes, and a cane is a nice present. We're not necessarily thinking of Grandmother; after all, young ladies have been known to turn their slender ankles. A faultless cane for any such unfortunate is covered with leather and tipped with horn, and costs $27.50.

THE Central Park Zoo is no more entertaining these days than the Boutique Cartier, which has assembled its own menagerie of small, not to say minute, mammals and other wild creatures. They are solid-gold pins, really, only an inch or so long, with a gem or two about them. The fox pin, for instance, has a turquoise body and a ruby eye ($60); the body of the mouse pin, for another instance, is green aventurine ($32). Biru Antiques, 1235 First Avenue (67th), is in possession of a few hundred dashing regimental badges. As recently as the Second World War, they were pinned to the caps and tunics of British servicemen. You might give one to an American girl who has a particular tenderness for, say, the East Norwich Greens; $1 or $2 a badge.

So much for jewelry. Among jewel boxes, we offer for your consideration a trim box of black alligator-grained calf, the inner compartments of which are designed to accommodate necklaces, earrings, clips, and rings; $45 at Bonwit Teller. If a young lady you know is attracted by the thought of buried treasure (and do you know any young lady who isn't?), she might be enchanted by a miniature version of a pi-

Down at our Chillicothe mill, we run a "Paper Knowledge" course. No drop-outs at this school. Plenty of drop-ins, though: distributor and printer salesmen anxious to learn more about paper to better serve your needs. Not all good ideas come from Mead. But you'd be amazed how many do.

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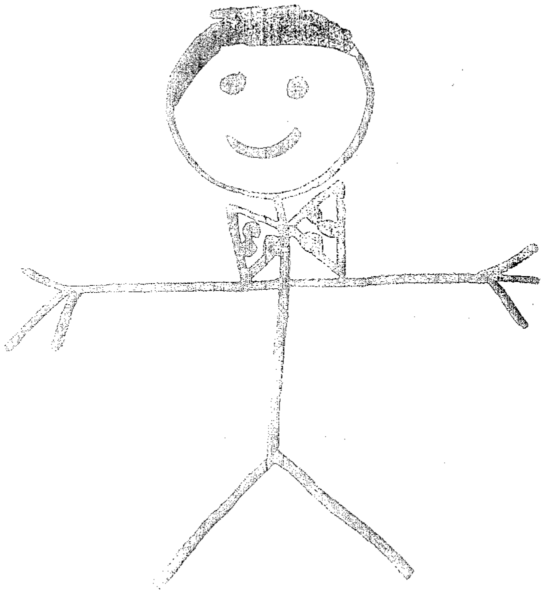

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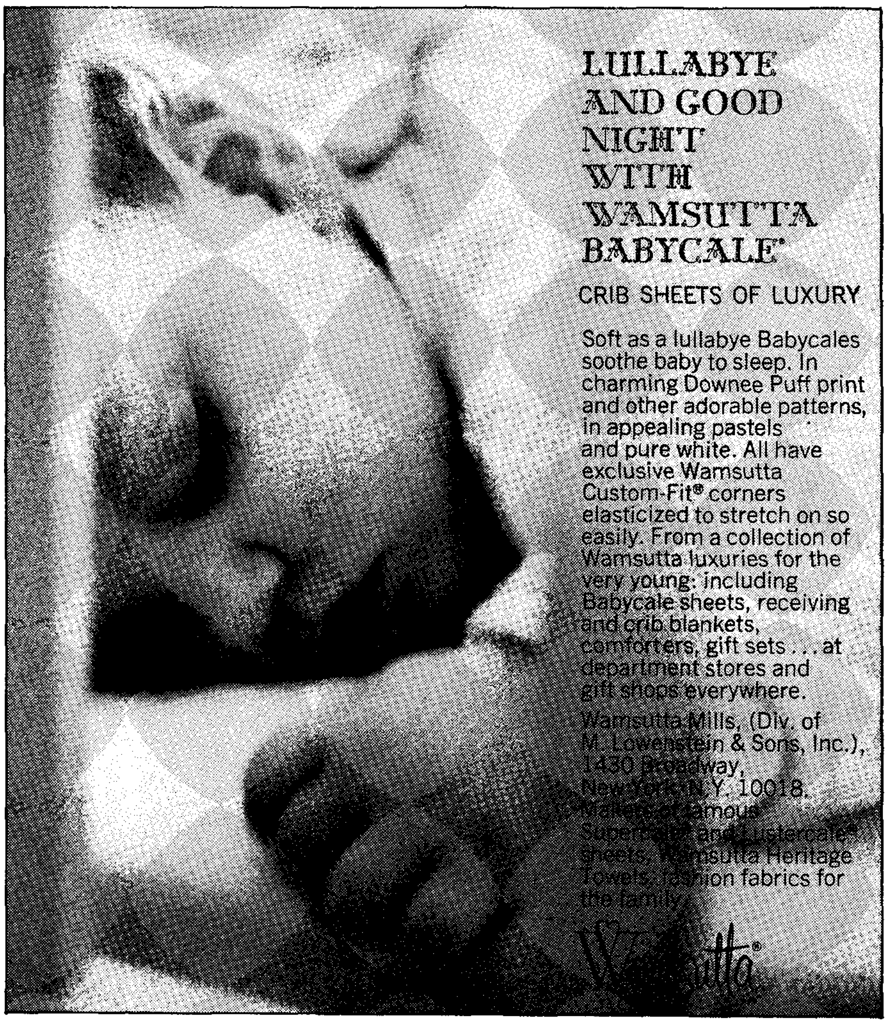

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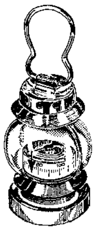

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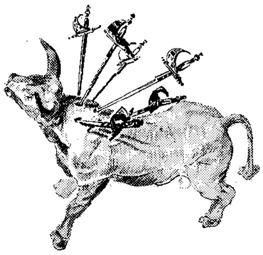

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rate's treasure chest, made of ancient-looking (but brand-new) brown leather bound with iron hardware and divided into compartments lined with olive-drab velvet. A chest eight and a half inches long is $40 at Circa 65, at 220 East 60th Street, and a ten-and-a-half-inch chest is $60. Some ladies of otherwise good character simply cannot be relied upon to put away their jewels in neatly fitted jewel boxes, and yet emeralds that have accidentally fallen into the hot-white-cotton cycle of the washing machine can seriously scratch the drum. What to do? One solution to this problem, which is an urgent one for those beset by it, is a big purple velvet scallop shell trimmed with gold braid. It stands on the lady's dressing table and holds a good fistful of dumped valuables; $2.50 at Bloomingdale's Place Élégante. At the Patchin Place Emporium, 109 West 10th Street, there's another dressing-table notion—a tiny box lacquered in Kashmir with traditional Kashmirian designs and designed to hold contact lenses. It's beautiful, as the lady herself should easily be able to see; $4.50. The Brooklyn Museum Gallery Shop sells a superb oval silver pillbox with an amethyst lid. It's an inch and a half long, and almost too pretty to be hidden in a handbag; your friend may decide, with reason, to display it on her dressing table. The price is $6, and if you can't get out to Brooklyn before Christmas, the mail-order address is Eastern Parkway 11238. At Soupçon, 147 East 70th Street, there is a droll conceit—a gilded cupid standing two and a quarter inches high and holding in each of his outstretched hands a tiny oval picture frame writhing with refined rococo ornamentation; $47.50.

If it strikes you that the dressing table of a lady on your list is already a trifle crowded, you might give her something for her desk—a whole new desk set, say. One such—you could call it a ladylike knockout—is at Mark Cross. The fundamental ingredient is soft cobalt-blue leather trimmed with gold kid, and every piece in the set—blotter ($37.50), stamp dispenser ($14.50), memo pad ($14.50), stapler ($11), pen stand ($22.50), and letter opener ($9.50)—is tipped or topped or otherwise ornamented with an inset of beautiful, flowery Limoges porcelain. A proud wife who keeps clipping your photograph out of the *Times* wants a silver clipping device—a steel blade, that is, attached to a four-inch silver handle, and designed expressly for snipping items out of publications. It's $10 at Tiffany. Before its owner has got

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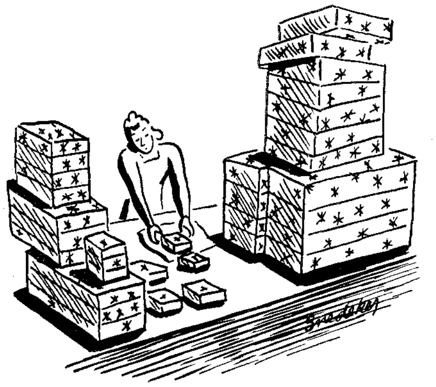
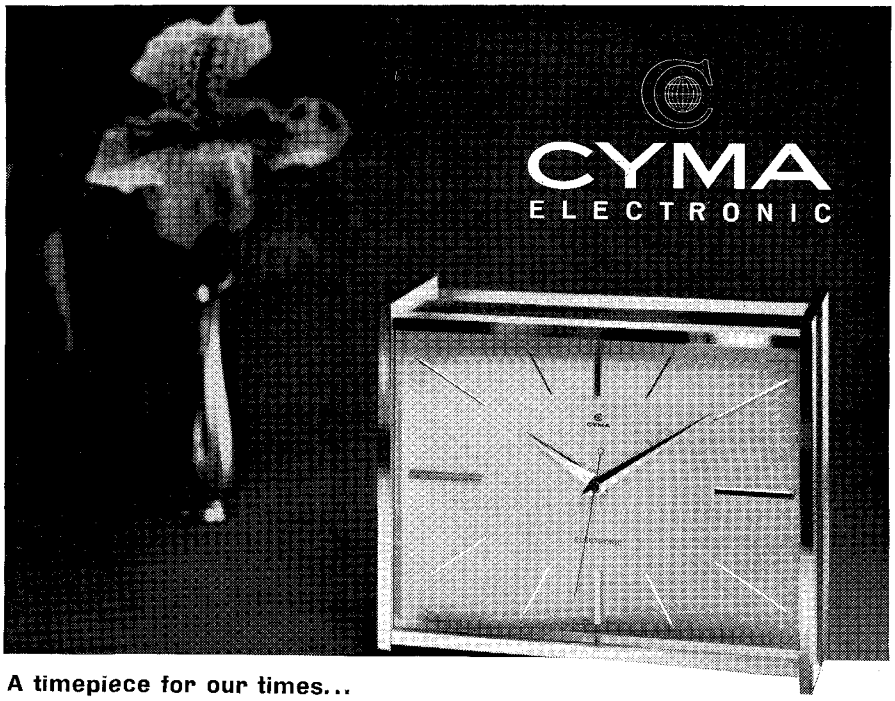
around to her pasting, she'll need a paperweight to hold the clippings down—perhaps a delightful little vermeil mandarin who sits on a small green marble pedestal. The whole monument is less than two inches high, and it's $30 in Cartier's silver department. The Goldsmith Brothers, who keep store at 304 Madison Avenue (42nd), 502 Madison Avenue (52nd), 1407 Broadway (38th), and 77 Nassau Street, have an exceedingly plain but exceedingly useful desk accessory—an open file that looks like six bronze-colored croquet wickets standing in a row on a six-by-ten-inch wooden base. It will keep a multitude of plain manila folders standing up with soldierly precision; $1.19, and it comes in larger sizes at larger prices. At the Brooklyn Museum Gallery Shop, there's a handsome stationery box of oiled teakwood that sits up, slim and impressive, on a desk top or wherever its owner wants it. There are four slots for paper, each big enough for a legal-size letterhead, and at one end a well is subdivided into twenty cubicles, for pencils, scissors, letter openers, and such; $5. No girl's desk is properly equipped without some perfumed paper, and at the Noisy Oyster, 960 Lexington Avenue (70th), you will find a packet (ten square notes and matching envelopes) scented with the potpourri purveyed by the renowned potpourri purveyor Claire Burke, of Charlottesville, Virginia. The paper is pale beige, printed with olive-green pictures of herbs and herb gardens and with herbal prescriptions on the order of "Mint for wisdom." The scent, in case you haven't come across it, is neat but not gaudy, sweet but not naughty—a nice spice. The paper goes for $1.50 a packet.

IT is always pleasant to find an item of stern necessity that has been dressed up without any loss of efficiency. For instance, the humble tin holder for kitchen matchboxes. At Bonniers' All Seasons Shop, such holders appear, their





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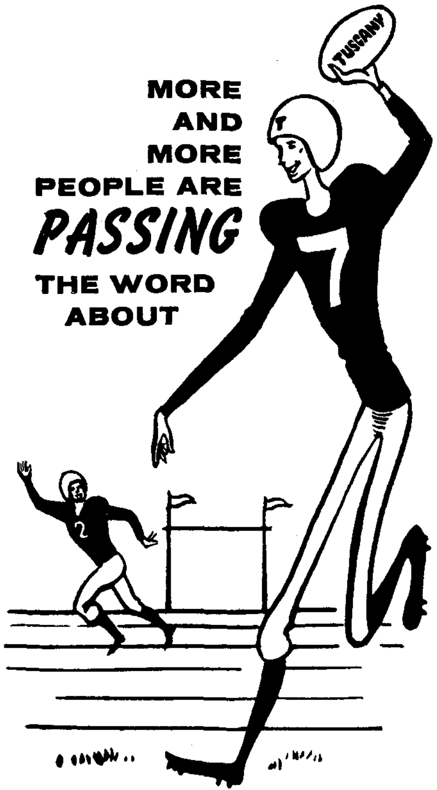

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tops attractively decorated with unkitcheny, salon-type art works (they look hand-painted), like a detail from a Brueghel ice-skating scene; New York's City Hall Park, after an 1830 watercolor; and several old-time balloon-ascension prints. The price is $6.50. At the Patchin Place Emporium, there is a small (three inches high) aluminum pepper mill whose splendor is simply that it functions beautifully. It grinds pepper to exact uniformity, and it costs $6. And while you're here, you might like to buy a charming hostess some genuine British pub mugs made of clear heavy glass, with clear heavy glass handles. They hold a pint, the standard British ration; $1.25 each. Speaking of hostesses, you might consider two party aprons that are at once pretty and efficient. Design Research makes a bib-top apron of a house specialty—a bright, young Finnish cotton print—and edges the top and the hem with demure white eyelet embroidery; $15. Creations 'n Things, 265 West 72nd Street, has a cotton apron that approaches being a smock. (It's an American adaptation of the Japanese cook's apron, if that's any help.) It has three-quarter sleeves; it ties in back, like a surgeon's gown; it reaches almost to the knee; it has a deep pocket all around the hem, bound with a fetching contrasting color (e.g., magenta binding on an orange apron); and it costs $5.

PERHAPS 1966 will go down in history as the Year of the Pillow. At any rate, never before on our Christmas rounds have we seen such enticing piles of them. A Mondrian for Mother? Then see the square pillow, its felt cover blocked off into bright-colored rectangles, for $12.50 at Chequer, 1071-A Third Avenue (63rd). At Woolworks, 783 Madison Avenue (66th), you'll find a series of stylishly conspicuous and conspicuously stylish cotton-appliquéd-to-cotton pillow covers. The solid-color cotton backgrounds are refulgent (like electric blue), and the appliqués—great big flowers—are glowing (the blue sets off a neon-pink-veined yellow tulip). The covers—no two alike—cost $17.50 and fit pillows that measure sixteen by nineteen inches. An uncovered Dacron pillow of that size is $10. Books & Co. sells round or oblong pillows covered with hand-blocked cotton prints of flowers or birds that are embroidered with trapunto work, which raises part of the design. So, in the print of a pair of robins singing on a branch beside a nest filled with eggs, the robins and the

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FULL COURSE DINNERS from $5.25 | SERVED 6:30 P.M.-9:30 P.M.
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3 SHOWS SATS. 8, 11:30 & 2
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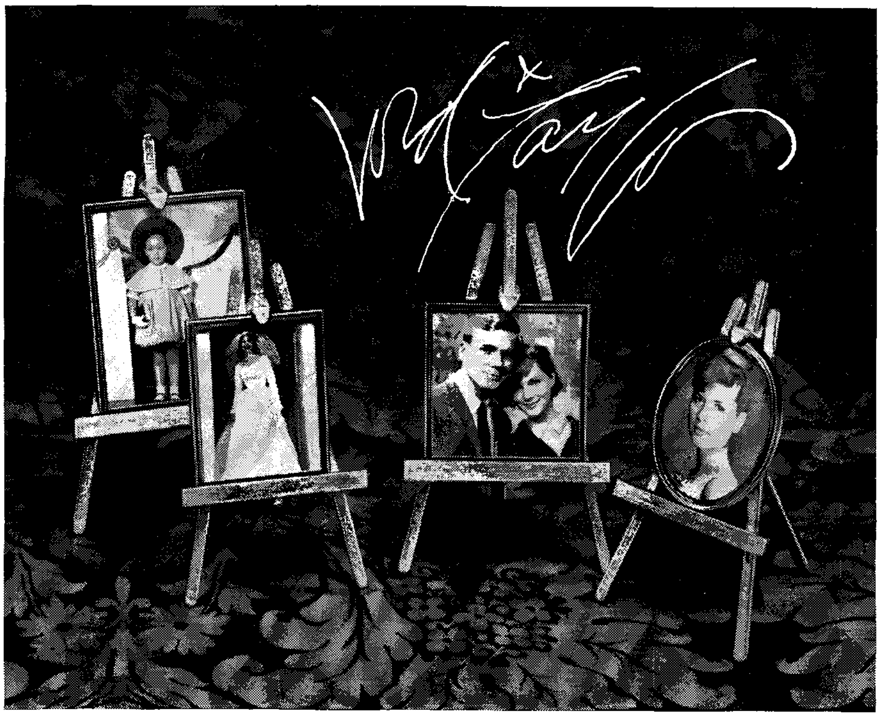
eggs are in 3-D as well as in glorious living color; $25. At Scarabaeus, Ltd., 223 East 60th Street, there's an informative small, square pillow whose multicolored cotton covering is printed with a pattern that involves the twelve signs of the zodiac, among other things; $3.

So much for pillows. Two A No. 1 pillow-shaped sachets follow. The first is a rural-American bouncy, patchy cotton sachet filled with bracing balsam from the Maine woods, which costs $1.59 at The Place on Second Avenue, 175 Second Avenue (11th), and the other is a dainty European white handkerchief-cotton square embroidered with roses and rose-scented, which costs $3 at The Green Box.

WE had an optical present a while back—the contact-lens case—and now we have another; namely, a lorgnette. At Michael Malcé, 35 West 8th Street, there is a lorgnette with a gracefully curving tortoise-shell handle and lens frames of purest brass. The lenses aren't prescription, but they do have a high enough degree of magnification to make a telephone book legible; $12.98. And at Bergdorf Goodman there is a lorgnette that folds like a day bed and disappears into a tiny silver cover adorned with a spray of marcasite flowers. Marcasite used to be set in the frames of dowagers' petit-point handbags until a few years ago, and then it vanished. Perhaps it's just because we've grown older, but as marcasite makes its return it looks younger. At any rate, after the lady has folded up her lorgnette, she has a marcasite-studded silver clip, which she fastens to her dress; $30. If you think your lady would rather wear a radio, so she can keep up with the "Top Ten" or the weather forecasts, proceed to Alfred Dunhill of London, 620 Fifth Avenue (50th), where there's a transistor radio no more than two inches square with a gold cord suitable for hanging around the neck or the wrist. Its black plastic shell is framed with twisted gold metal, and a piece of uncut jade or pink quartz is set in the front, so it looks like a perfectly plausible—not to say handsome—ornament; $40.

ONCE upon a time, when dowagers wore marcasite, there was a Madison Square Garden at Madison Square. In addition to a naked Diana weathervane that New York boys used to goggle at, the old building boasted a big clock flanked by a pair of seated angels. One of these—a dreamy young creature who stares wistfully into the mid-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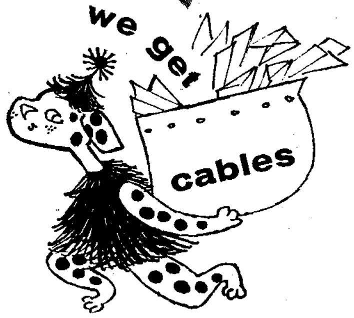
Festive Note for Holiday Partying: This John Meyer Amish dress in tender nosegay colorings. Hopsacking wool... tailored with the infinite care that denotes John Meyer. In bluebell, coralbell, primrose pink, buttercup, old lyme and angel skin. Sizes 6 to 16. About $25. At fine stores.



All the gals want our imported all wool cabled cardigan, great on sportive models and fireside types as well; by Henry Pollak in white, camel, burgundy, or navy, S,M,L. 15.50 postpaid from Casual Corner, 1330 Main Street, Springfield, Mass. Or see it at Casual Corner stores in major cities.

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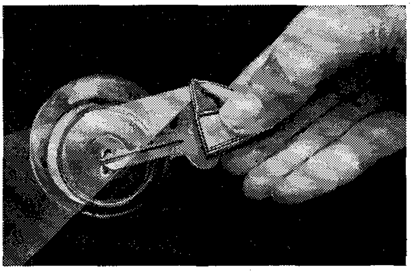

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dle distance—has been reproduced in plaster, and makes an arresting mantelpiece ornament; $6. The shop that sells him, Eugene Lucchesi, 859 Lexington Avenue (65th), calls the replica "Meditation."

HAVE you thought of giving a lady a book? "The Victorian Book of Dreams," by Hugh Evelyn, has been reprinted recently and is on sale at Michael Malcé for $2.35. Its interpretations of dreams might surprise Dr. Freud—or, then again, they might not. Other valuable sections include advice on omens and auguries, instructions for divining by cards, and a guide to reading the character of strangers from the moles on their faces. If you think the lady might prefer the story of her own life in pictures, Gucci has a magnificent photograph album. The outside is black calf with an inset of red-and-green striped canvas webbing, and the inside consists of twenty heavy-duty gray paper pages, each sheathed in clear plastic; $49. Or how about a special breakfast-in-bed napkin? It is a flower-printed cotton bib, twenty-three inches long, and it comes from Porthault; $4.50.

Chequer offers a small, loud gold-plated English police whistle for $3. If anything can get the attention of a cabdriver, it can. A lady too ladylike to stand at the curb whistling might prefer to get around town on a very Mod-looking folding bicycle named Graziella and straight out of "Juliet of the Spirits." It can be unfolded in half a minute, its wheels are small (twelve and a half inches), and the seat and handlebars can be raised or lowered to suit any rider between three and a half feet and seven feet tall; enamelled blue or white, it costs $99.50 at Kico Ski & Sea Boutique, 1190 Third Avenue (69th). A lady who is offended by the drab seat belts in her car might like fur seat-belt covers, and Alice Schweitzer has some. They snap on, like slipcovers, and the fur is not mustang or impala but jaguar; $30.

THOSE house plants most likely to survive the winter in Manhattan are the sturdy varieties with dark-green foliage and, at best, insignificant flowers. You are doubtless acquainted with a charming home gardener whose hardy philodendron could use a brilliant *cachepot*, and there's a stunner at The Nosegay, in the Hotel Carlyle, 985 Madison Avenue, at 77th Street. It's a plastic one, covered with *millefleurs*-printed cotton and bound at the rim with green velvet. The six-inch size is

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Christmas could be just the time to further somebody's education, and, in that case, Mr. Dan Foote, at Zahns Airport, in Amityville, Long Island (516-AM 4-4200), will arrange a course of private flying lessons. Eighteen hours aloft with an instructor and seventeen hours solo, which fulfill the minimum Federal Aviation Authority requirements for a private pilot's license, cost $503. Or, if the person in question prefers horses to planes, you can give her a series of ten half-hour private riding lessons at the Claremont Academy, 175 West 89th Street (SC 4-5100). Some sessions will be held in the Academy's indoor ring and some on the Central Park bridle paths; $65 for the course. And, in a single one-hour lesson, the faculty at Helena Rubinstein guarantees to teach any girl how to apply makeup; $10. So when she's had a Merry Christmas, she can have a pretty New Year.

•

Mr. and Mrs. Phillip H. Payson of New York City have purchased "The Red House" on Upland Road and painted it white.—*Westerly (R.I.) Sun.*

That'll show the natives!

•

The bandit, who had a toboggan pulled over his face, Beecher told police, took the money and ordered him to lie down on the floor for five minutes before moving.—*Raleigh (N.C.) News & Observer.*

The thief who came in from the cold?

•

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LETTER FROM LONDON

NOVEMBER 18

HAIRCUTTING AND SHAVING DOWNSTAIRS
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IN the freezing early hours of Tuesday morning, with the solemn uttering by the Clerk of the Parliaments of the Norman French words of the Queen's assent, "*La Reyne le veult*," the Government's enabling bill giving it teeth to deal with its Rhodesian rebels was passed by both Houses, after a brisk one-day debate, without a single qualifying amendment. Though there had been rumbles of protest from Conservative back-benchers, Mr. Heath, the leader of the Opposition, held his party firmly in line with the Government to send a message of no comfort at all to the outlawed men in Salisbury. It was the outward and highly important closing of the ranks—beneath which, of course, any amount of passionate currents are now seething, inside and outside Westminster, and will continue to do in the dangerous weeks and months to come. Ever since the long dialogue between the Prime Ministers of Britain and Rhodesia on how this final trusteeship of empire should be handed over came to an abrupt end last Thursday—the choice of Armistice Day for the deed seeming to many people here to be a pointed emotional appeal to them not to forget trials staunchly shared in the past—the discussions have been raging between those who fear that the Government will not go far enough to defeat the Rhodesian rebellion and those who think that it has gone too far already. Nobody here could say that it was unexpected when Mr. Ian Smith at last jumped from his ledge in spite of the frenzied efforts of Mr. Wilson's Government to restrain him, yet most people appear to have felt a painful shock when the B.B.C. suddenly broke into its midmorning programs with a short, sombre announcement, as though of a family death. Then followed Mr. Smith's by now familiar voice, with its ugly narrow vowel sounds and curiously finicky diction, roaring and ebbing on the air from the Rhodesian capital in a few sentences of his illegal declaration.

It was in every way a gloomily dark day in this capital. That afternoon, under a gray-flannel sky and in a nipping, mean wind, lines of people stood outside the Houses of Parliament to make their way up into the public galleries and hear what answer Mr. Wilson would return. Those visitors already armed with passes for a seat in the Commons stood in the lobby waiting silently for the little ritual of the Speaker's procession, which seemed that day to have a rather special significance. Preceded by the distant echoing command of "Hats off, strangers!," the new Speaker, Dr. Horace King, a dark, thoughtful-looking man, strode by in wig and robes, an official bearing before him the golden mace of authority at which a few hours earlier such a thoroughly defiant gesture had been made from Salisbury. Stepping as lightly and precisely as Guardsmen, his black-garbed retinue marched expressionless, their pink noses tilted very slightly upward. Rebels come and go, and some of them turn out rather well, but this little procession goes on forever and is formidable—so the pink noses seemed stonily to signal as they passed, and the parties of schoolboys and jolly Women's Institute ladies appeared to feel awe descending for a moment upon them before the babble of voices broke out again.

The exact meaning under the present circumstances, and even the solidity, of this unquestioned authority turned out to be the point that bedevilled many of the speakers in the Commons on Thursday and Friday. As soon as the House had assembled on Thursday, Mr. Wilson rose to make his report on the events leading up to the Rhodesian breakaway, including the polite, fantastic telephone conversation he had had with Mr. Smith early that very morning, when, although Mr. Smith had not said that the towrope was about to be cut, it was already too late. For a man who had been up most of the night, who had finished composing one of the most serious statements made to Parliament since the war only an hour before he was on his feet making it, and who would have to deliver another address to the nation on television that evening, the Prime Minister looked and sounded in fine, vigorous shape. The one thing that has struck observers throughout is that if Mr. Smith is the man in possession in Salisbury, Mr.

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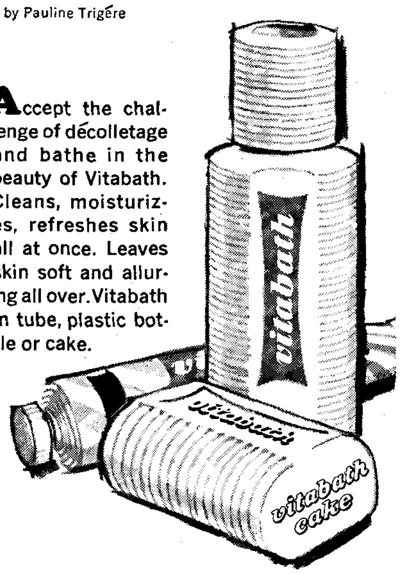

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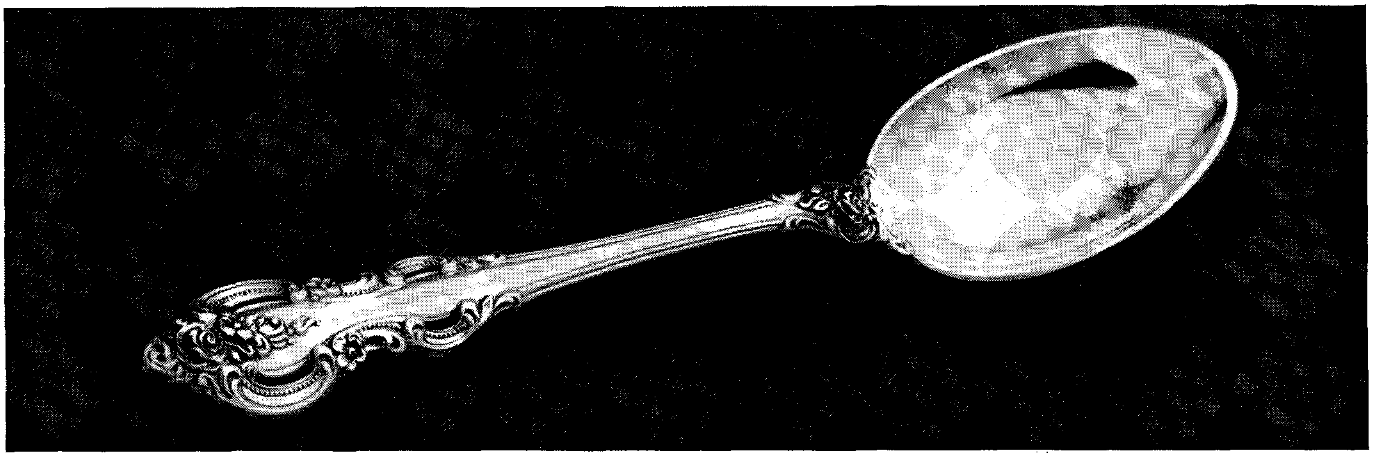
(It's not for sale.)



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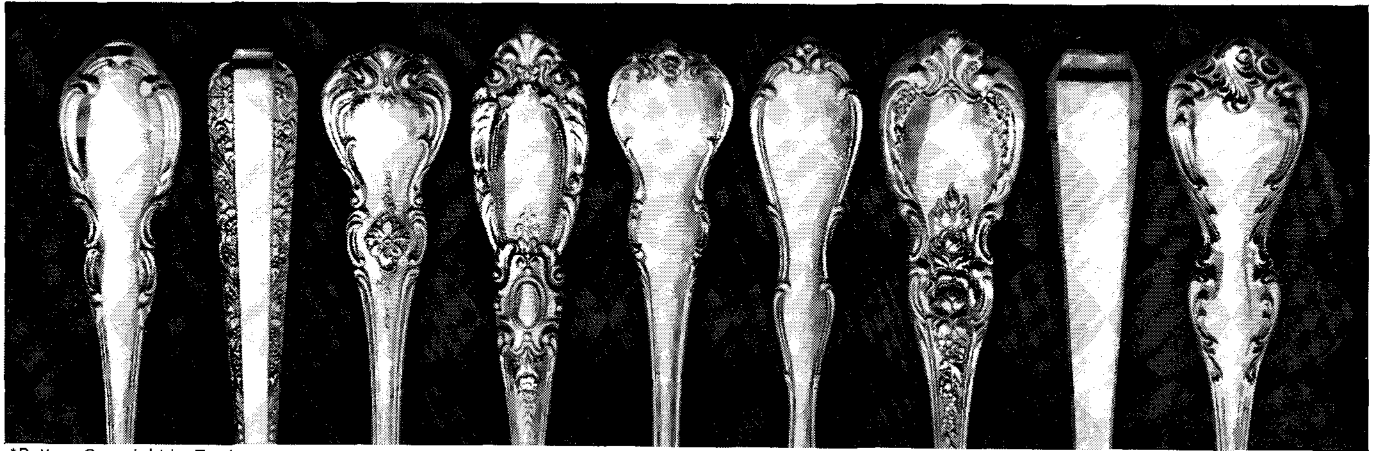

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Prices for 4-piece place setting (teaspoon, fork, knife, salad fork). ©Towle 1964

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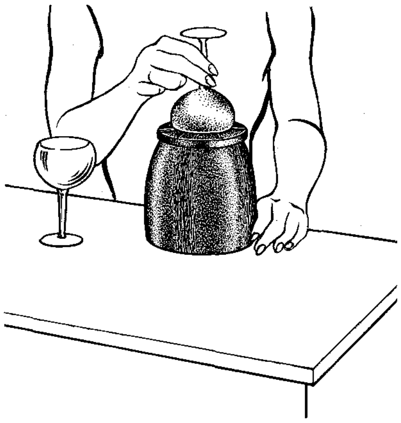

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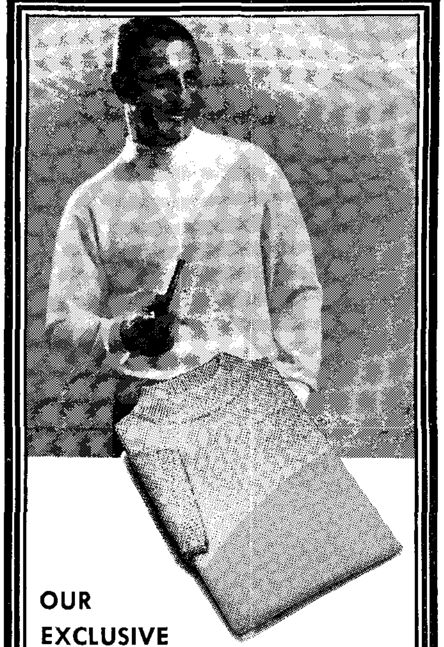
Wilson is in complete and statesmanlike control of the Commons, as was remarked even by the favorite journal on Tory breakfast tables—the often excellently written *Daily Telegraph*, which handsomely described his tireless tour de force as "something of an administrative masterpiece." His handling of the Rhodesian crisis, though it ended in tragedy, has certainly increased Mr. Wilson's prestige. On Thursday, every part of the House and the packed visitors' galleries, from which African faces looked impassively down on the historic scene, listened in grim, absorbed silence to his account of his last desperate tries to find some possible compromise between the British Government's insistence—just as firmly insisted upon, of course, by his predecessor, Sir Alec Douglas-Home—that the four million black Rhodesians must be guaranteed ultimate political advancement, and Mr. Smith's "hellbent" determination to carve out an illegal little white-minority police state on the neighboring South African model. Then followed the rapid, relentless list of the penalties to which the "then" Rhodesian government, as private and lawbreaking men, were immediately to be subject, upon which there were signs of unease from the Conservative backbenchers. Their doubts were apparently aired that evening in a private meeting, which Mr. Heath, in his first real test as Party leader, succeeded in pulling sharply together into at any rate seeming unity, so that Parliament should turn an impressive stone wall without a chink of division in it when the necessary powers were voted on Monday. Next day, some of the doubters spoke in Commons of their anxiety over these economic sanctions, especially over the ban on Rhodesian tobacco, which, it was pointed out, would be likely to hit the African field hands more painfully in the stomach than it hit anyone else. Mr. Wilson had said in his Thursday statement that the British did not intend their measures to be "punitive"—a splitting of hairs, it seemed later to many confused citizens, who had supposed that sanctions were nasty things anyway, intended to hit as hard as possible with the idea of getting a decisive knockout as soon as possible. The worries on the Conservative side appeared to be that they might not knock out the Smith regime but merely send Rhodesia sliding gradually into chaos and bitterness so implacable that the prospects of any future reconciliation would be hopeless.

The debate was opened by the Attorney General, Sir Elwyn Jones, who



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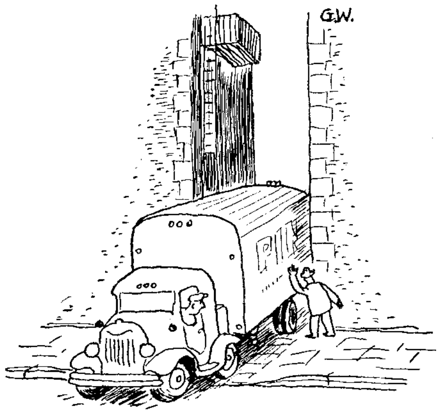
rose and, in his splendidly carrying courtroom voice, roundly outlined the shape of treason and pinned it to the coattails of the men in Salisbury who had illegally granted themselves a "constitution." The discussions that followed, however, seemed to make tacit admission of the awful dilemma of responsibility without power, and the fact that no amount of British Government wakes in London could deny that the legally dead Smith government was only too awkwardly alive and kicking in Salisbury. As the debate went on, there were moments when, like a Cheshire cat with Smith's face, this fact seemed to hover in the air above the Speaker's chair and the mace of authority itself. Mr. Sydney Silverman, another lawyer, inquired of Sir Elwyn what steps the Government was taking to protect loyal Rhodesians. Their protecting arm, Sir Elwyn answered firmly, would be that of the Governor, Sir Humphrey Gibbs, the lonely symbol of *la Reyne qui le veult,* a hitherto unknown personality who has been increasingly and admiringly in British thoughts since Thursday. Mr. Wilson had said the day before that force would be used if asked for, and he explained in answer to a question by Mr. Heath that the responsibility of asking would rest again with the Governor—the Queen's arm and the Queen's voice. Heads nodded approvingly like china mandarins on the Opposition front bench, as though the operation referred to were as easy and obvious as changing the guard at Buckingham Palace. There was some worried discussion of exactly how loyal public servants in Rhodesia (loyal to Her Majesty, that is) were to settle in their own minds when they would be right in sticking to their jobs and when they would be furthering the illegal government of Mr. Smith, who held the cashbox. Several Members stated stoutly, in voices pitched to carry to Turtle Bay and African friends there, that the problem of Rhodesia must be



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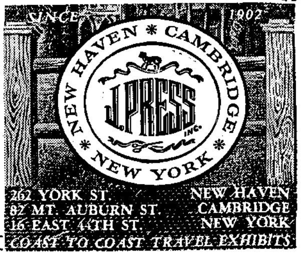
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left to Britain, and they were briefly cheered. When Mr. Wilson came to wind up, he promised that however many windows Smith's men closed in Salisbury, and however large the area of censored blank patches appearing in Rhodesian papers, what was said in these Houses of Parliament would be heard, by one means or another, by the people there. Then what had really been a remarkably restrained debate, considering the feelings behind it and the appalling possibilities that were clearly in the thoughts of all, came to an end.

The Parliamentary and private discussions will obviously get louder and more acrimoniously divided in the near future. Many people who feel strongly that Mr. Smith cannot be allowed to get away with it are yet dubious that hard times will induce Rhodesians to become liberals overnight, since their own experience of pulling in the belt has always been that it stiffens the spine wonderfully. There will certainly be anger over the just announced steps that Mr. Smith is taking to divest the Governor of, as he contemptuously put it, his "trappings." These include cutting off essential services from Government House, as though the Crown's representative were a tenant who had defaulted his rent. From the point of view of appealing to public sympathy in Britain, this may be a clumsy mistake on Mr. Smith's part, even with that section of conservative opinion that is candidly for the white settlers. All that can be said at the moment is that, whichever way people are talking about the Rhodesian troubles, their talk is anxious in the extreme.

—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

•

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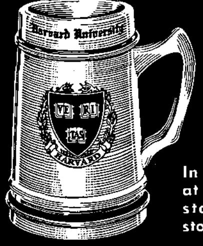

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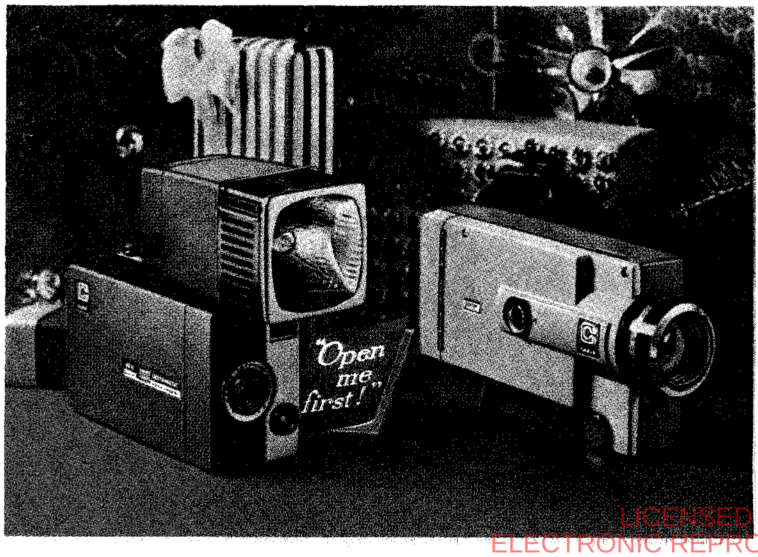

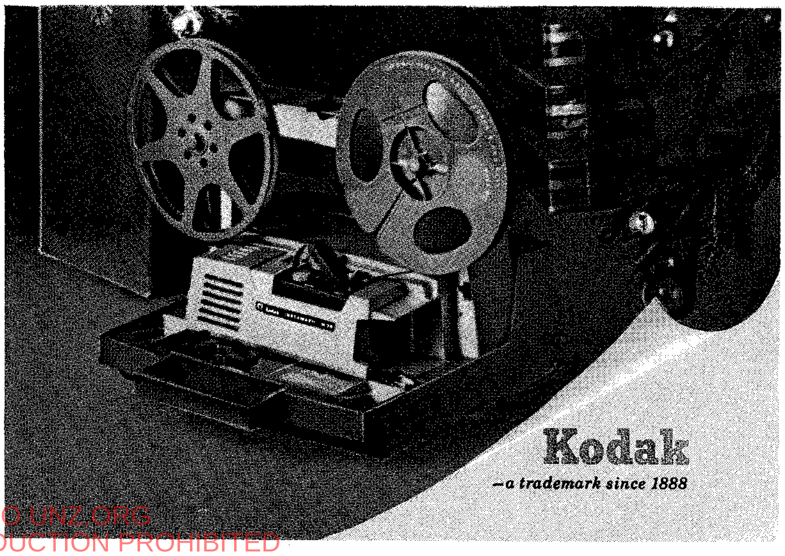

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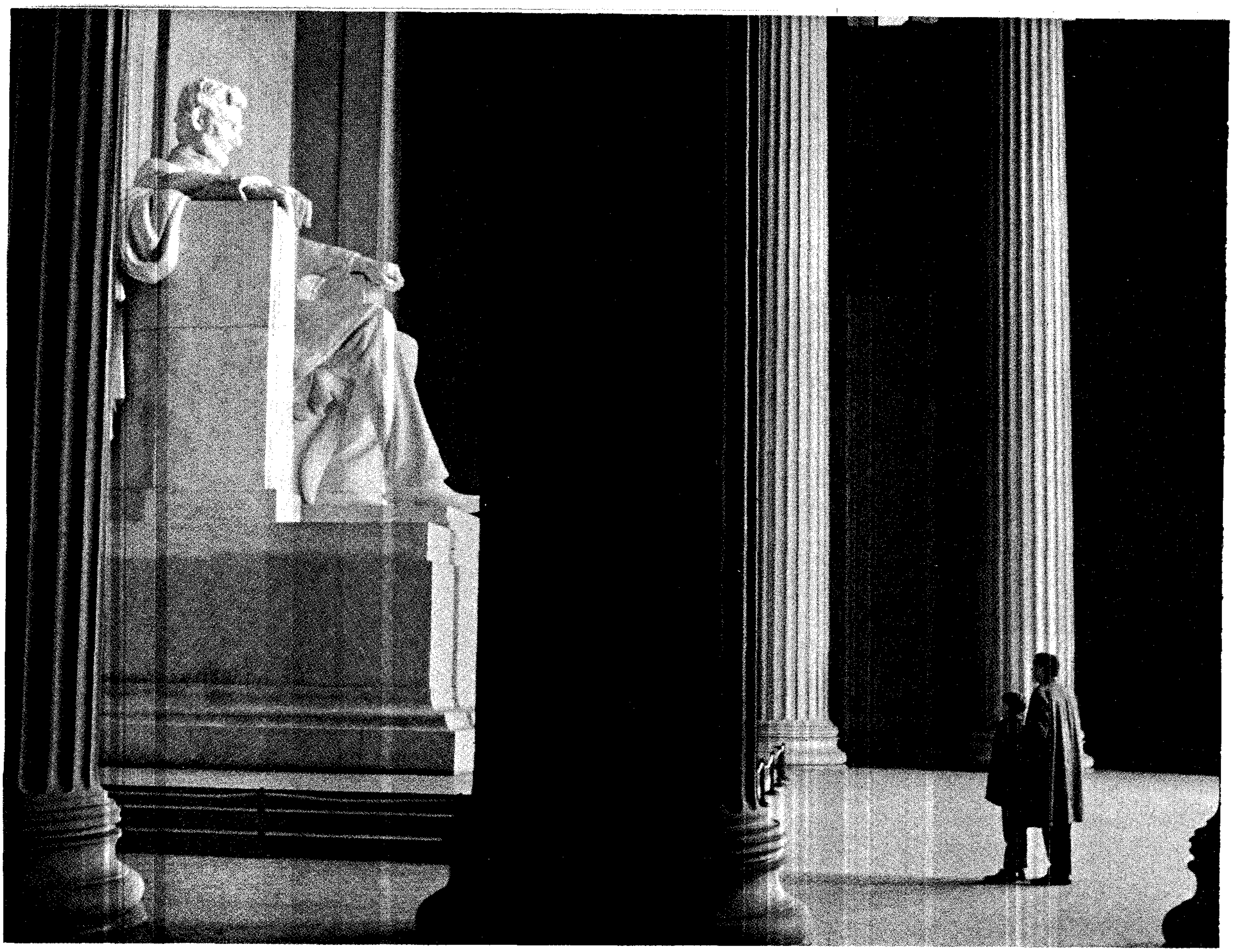

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INTERNATIONAL PAPER

ANNALS OF MEDICINE

IN THE BUGHOUSE

ONE of the continuing perplexities of medicine is the nature of epidemics. The epidemic diseases themselves are no longer much of a mystery. Their causes (microbial, fungal, metazoal), their modes of transmission (by respiration, by ingestion, by insect or animal bite), and the means of controlling their spread (immunization, sanitation, isolation) have all been pretty well established. What still remains to be fathomed is the dynamics of the interplay of pathogenic virulence and human susceptibility that determines their comings and goings. It is not yet known just why certain diseases will suddenly appear, rapidly proliferate, and gradually peter out, and then—two years or three years or five years later—as suddenly reappear. It is also unclear just why, as sometimes happens, a disease will simply vanish.

There are several such disappearances reliably on record. Those of leprosy (which ravaged Europe as a plague of pandemic proportions in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, and then, in the early sixteenth century, spontaneously withdrew to its native Asia and Africa) and a frequently fatal complex of high fever, prostration, and ubiquitous aches and pains called the sweating sickness (which made five epidemic appearances in England between 1485 and 1551, and has never been heard of there, or anywhere, again) are among the most notorious. Others include scarlet fever (which, after several centuries of epidemic vigor and violence, transformed itself in the nineteen-forties into a generally innocuous disease of almost total immobility), von Economo's encephalitis (which was first described in Rumania in 1915, blazed its way around the world for a decade, and vanished in 1926), and the incomparably savage species of influenza whose only documented visitation was the worldwide epidemic of 1918-19. A more recent member of this fugitive company is a cosmopolitan curiosity variously known as Akureyri disease, benign myalgic encephalomyelitis, epidemic vegetative neuritis, Iceland disease, acute infective encephalomyelitis, atypical poliomyelitis, and epidemic neuromyasthenia. The last of these is the name most epidemiologists prefer.

Epidemic neuromyasthenia, as its name proclaims, is an epidemic disease whose more conspicuous clinical manifestations include a derangement of the nervous system (neuro) and muscular (my) weakness (asthenia). It was first recognized as an entity in Iceland in 1948. In the fall of that year, an epidemic of what appeared to be poliomyelitis broke out in Akureyri, Iceland's second-largest city, and when it finally ended, some four months later, a total of four hundred and sixty-five cases had been reported. An inquiry undertaken early in the outbreak by a team of public-health investigators under Björn Sigurdsson, director of the Institute for Experimental Pathology at the University of Iceland, at once eliminated poliomyelitis as the probable cause of the trouble. In fact, Sigurdsson and his associates noted in a report published in the *American Journal of Hygiene* in 1950, "The clinical and epidemiological characteristics of the Akureyri disease . . . do not fit in well with any of the epidemic diseases with which we are familiar." They then described its several peculiarities: "This disease was characterized by pains in the nape and back, accompanied by fever that was usually low. Paresthesias and hyperesthesias [extremes of skin sensitivity] were common, and approximately 28 per cent of the patients showed muscular paresis [an incomplete paralysis] that usually was light, but in a few cases very severe, and could hardly be distinguished from regular poliomyelitis. The disease, in some cases, ran a rather chronic course in that the fever sometimes lasted for several weeks, and relapses of fever, paresis, and sensibility disturbances were noticed in several instances some weeks after the initial attack. Even the slightest physical exertion or exposure to cold during the earlier stages of illness tended to aggravate the symptoms and bring on new manifestations of the disease. . . . Disturbances such as nervousness, sleeplessness, and loss of memory were rather common complaints after this disease in otherwise normal persons many months after the acute attack." In addition, the investigators pointed out, the Akureyri disease, unlike poliomyelitis, which has a predilection for the very young (most adolescents and adults having acquired a certain immunity), took the great majority of its victims from the teens and twenties, and—as a further distinction from poliomyelitis—none of the cases were fatal. A final reason for supposing the exist-

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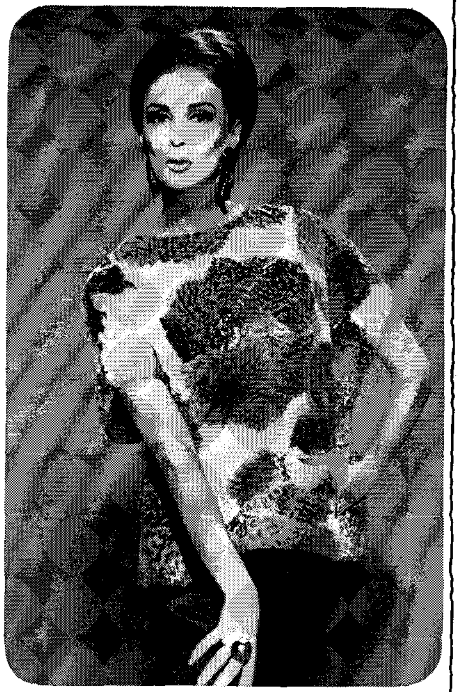

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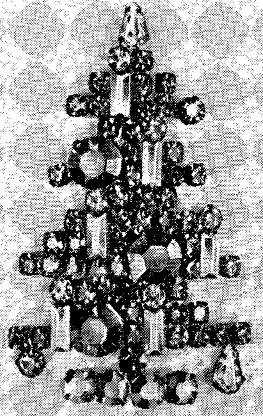

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ence of a new disease was provided by the laboratory. Blood and other material taken from patients at various stages of illness were tested for evidence of poliomyelitis and a number of other possibilities—Coxsackie-virus infection, influenza (three strains), equine encephalomyelitis (two strains), St. Louis encephalitis, Japanese B encephalitis, rabies, choriomeningitis, and Q fever. All the tests were negative.

Sigurdsson's supposition that the disease he and his associates encountered in Akureyri was a new one has been amply confirmed by time. In the fifteen years since their ambiguous find was introduced to medicine in the pages of the *American Journal of Hygiene*, some twenty outbreaks of a disease closely answering its description have been reported in seven widely scattered countries—Australia, Denmark, England, Germany, Greece, the Union of South Africa, and the United States. Time has also shown, however, that the appearance of epidemic neuromyasthenia in Akureyri in 1948 was probably not its first appearance. It was merely the first appearance at which it was confidently recognized as something new and different. Most investigators are now persuaded that its distinctive features can be plainly discerned in at least three earlier epidemic episodes.

The first of these occurred in 1934 in Los Angeles, and affected a hundred and ninety-eight people. All the victims were employees of the Los Angeles County General Hospital, most of them were nurses, and all of them recovered. An investigation of the outbreak was conducted by an assistant surgeon of the United States Public Health Service named A. G. Gilliam, and he recorded his findings in a report somewhat equivocally entitled "Epidemiological Study of an Epidemic, Diagnosed as Poliomyelitis, Occurring Among the Personnel of the Los Angeles County General Hospital During the Summer of 1934." The tone of Gilliam's title reflected that of his report. "Coincidentally with an epidemic of poliomyelitis in the City and County of Los Angeles, Calif., in the summer of 1934, there occurred among the employees of the Los Angeles County General Hospital an epidemic of illness diagnosed at the time as poliomyelitis," he observed in an introductory note. "If this diagnosis may be accepted in any large proportion of the cases, the epidemic is unique in the history of poliomyelitis because of the altogether unusual symptomatology and the extraordinarily high attack rate in an adult population. If the disease was not poliomyelitis, the

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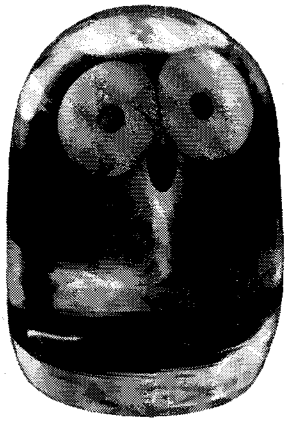

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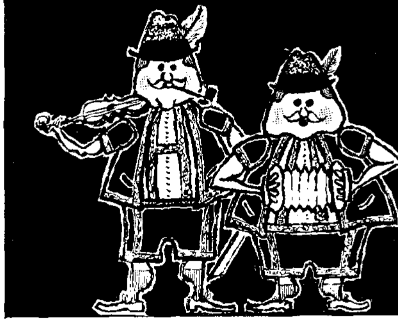

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epidemic is equally extraordinary in presenting a clinical and epidemiological picture which, so far as is known, is without parallel." Gilliam's report included thirty-two detailed clinical portraits, and the reasons for his uncertainty are apparent in any and all of them. Case No. 131 ("W. F., 27, attendant") reads:

> On June 18 [the patient] developed a peculiar, diffuse headache which was not particularly severe, and was nauseated and felt generally "rotten" and extremely restless. There was also moderately severe pain along the ulnar distribution of both arms and in both thumbs. The following day her neck and back were definitely stiff. While working, she found that her arms were generally weak and she could hardly lift a baby or carry a tray, so she was admitted to the hospital. Physical examination confirmed the stiff neck and back and also discovered tenderness in the right deltoid, biceps, and right thigh. The temperature was 99.4° (the highest during this hospitalization).... The patient vomited after admission. On June 20, orthopedic examination revealed "numerous muscle groups weak or tender;" she was placed on a Bradford frame with all extremities immobilized. ... She stated she was delirious during the day.... About June 24, severe muscle twitching, cramps, and pain developed, and lasted 10 days. She also had peculiar position sensations: "the feet felt like they were clear across the room" and she "couldn't wriggle the toes;" "when the eyes were closed, I felt like I was falling." Orthopedic note states on June 29, "muscles of the left arm normal; lower extremities tender; muscles right arm still tender."... Routine physiotherapy muscle tests being completely normal on July 12 and July 19, the patient was discharged on the latter date. Following her discharge, she had repeated episodes of terrific headache, fever, chills, vomiting, general aches and pains, and stiff neck, and she spent most of the time in bed at home. On September 18 she was readmitted, because, in addition to the general symptoms, she developed painful, burning urination. Her temperature had been recorded on the outside as 101° but the highest while hospitalized was 100°. No muscle weakness was detected on careful muscle check, but hospitalization was continued until October 30 because of intermittent headache, pain, general malaise, and nervousness. Following discharge, she had frequent insomnia, headache, and nervousness, and easy fatigue and calf pain after exertion. These symptoms gradually disappeared and she was considered able to return to duty on December 30.

Gilliam was nevertheless inspired to end his report on a somewhat more positive note. "Despite the peculiar clinical character of many of these cases," he wrote, "there appear to be good grounds for assuming that the majority of them resulted from infection with the virus of poliomyelitis."

The other earlier outbreaks that hindsight has identified as epidemic neu-

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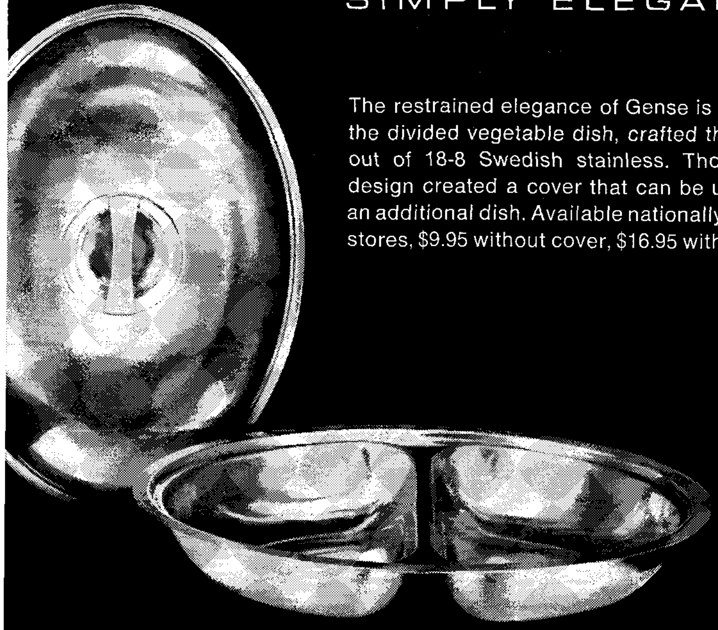

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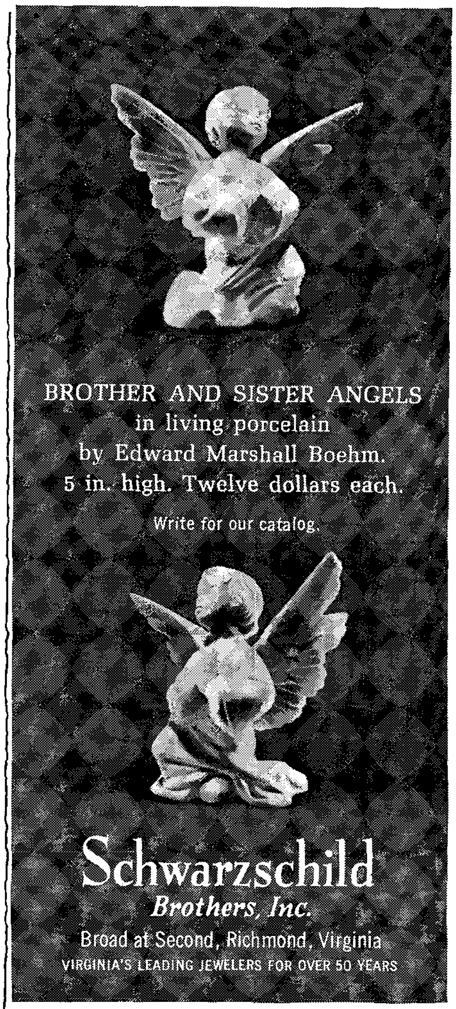
romyasthenia occurred near Fond du Lac, Wisconsin, in 1936, and in Harefield, England, in 1939. The scene of the Fond du Lac outbreak was a Roman Catholic convent, and thirty-five girls between the ages of fourteen and twenty-one were involved, all of them novices or postulants. The cause of the trouble was thought at first to be some form of encephalitis, and the United States Public Health Service was so informed. The symptoms, as reported to the Surgeon General by a Public Health Service investigator named Charles A. Armstrong, were rich and varied—chills and fever, headache, sore throat, pain in the back and chest, sweating of the hands and feet, tingling in the hands and feet, leg pain, difficulty in moving the legs, ringing in the ears, dizziness, confusion, apathy—but the picture they presented was diagnostically opaque. Armstrong could find no convincing evidence of encephalitis or of any other disease he knew, and he frankly acknowledged defeat: "The condition . . . is not explainable on the basis of any infection or intoxication with which I am familiar." The Harefield outbreak occurred in a hospital—the Harefield Sanatorium—and it felled a total of seven. All were women, all were young, all were nurses. Their complaints included fatigue, sore throat, muscular aches and pains, paresis, muscle cramps, nausea, urinary retention, depression, and nervous tension. As usual, they all recovered. In a report to the *Lancet*, entitled "Persistent Myalgia Following Sore Throat," two members of the sanatorium staff attributed the outbreak to "an unidentified virus."

The exhumation of these early outbreaks does more than simply swell the list of the probable appearances of epidemic neuromyasthenia. It serves to further document two singular aspects of the disease. One, of course, is its striking predilection for young women. The other is its almost equally striking predilection for closed, or cloistered, communities. Of twenty-four accepted outbreaks of epidemic neuromyasthenia, ten have occurred in hospitals and among hospital personnel, one (at Fond du Lac) in a convent, and one (in Germany) in an Army barracks, and in many of the others there were doctors and nurses among the victims. Thirty-four of the four hundred and sixty-five victims in Akureyri were students at a boarding school.

Ten epidemics of epidemic neuromyasthenia have been reliably recorded in the United States since its discovery at Akureyri. They have ranged in size



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from an outbreak of seven cases (in Pittsfield and Williamstown, Massachusetts, in 1956) to an explosion (in Tallahassee, Florida, in 1954) that totalled four hundred and fifty. The first of the ten (nineteen cases, fifteen of them young women) occurred in Alexandria Bay, in northern New York; in the late summer of 1950, or only a few weeks after the publication of the Akureyri study. Its resemblance to the disease described by Sigurdsson and his associates was almost immediately apparent, and this prompted two physicians of the area—D. Naldrett White and Robert B. Burtch—to write an account of the visitation. Their paper, entitled "Iceland Disease: A New Infection Simulating Acute Anterior Poliomyelitis," appeared in *Neurology* in 1954, and was the first corroborative celebration of Sigurdsson's discovery. The most recent American outbreak of any considerable size occurred at Punta Gorda, Florida, in 1956. It is also the only one of any considerable size that the United States Public Health Service has had an opportunity to investigate thoroughly.

THE Punta Gorda epidemic came to the attention of the United States Public Health Service by way of a request for help from an epidemiologist on the staff of the Florida State Board of Health named James Bond. His request, as is customary in such cases, was addressed to the chief of the Epidemic Intelligence Service at the Communicable Disease Center of the U.S.P.H.S., in Atlanta. In 1956, that was Donald A. Henderson. Dr. Henderson (now an executive of the Epidemiology Branch at the C.D.C.) found it on his desk on the morning of Wednesday, May 9th.

"Dr. Bond's letter didn't tell us very much," Dr. Henderson says. "It was just a note. He was reporting sixty-four cases of what he called Iceland disease. The term 'epidemic neuromyasthenia' hadn't yet come into general use. The outbreak had begun in the early part of March, and he had been on the scene for about a week. He would be grateful for any advice or assistance we might be able to give him. That was about the gist of it. But it was quite enough to arouse my interest. I'd never seen a case of epidemic neuromyasthenia, but I knew about it. I'd read the literature. And I knew that Bond knew what he was talking about. He'd been in on the big outbreak of epidemic neuromyasthenia down in Tallahassee a couple of years before. So I put in a call to Bond at his office

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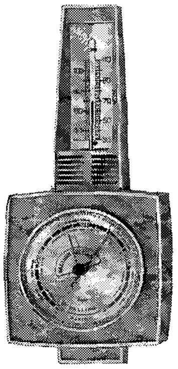

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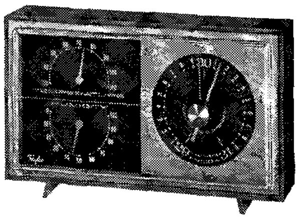

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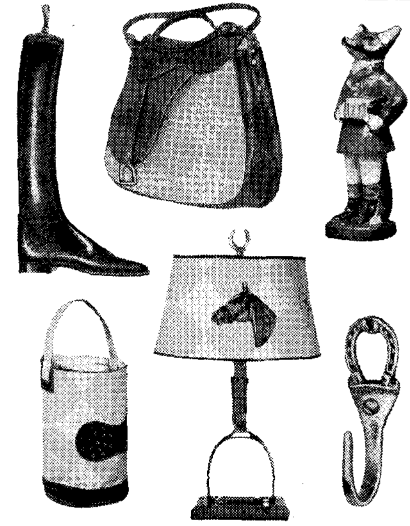
in Jacksonville. We had a little talk, and he told me what he could. All but one of the cases were women—white women—and their ages ranged from thirty to sixty. The other case was a seventy-year-old man—also white. Punta Gorda was a predominantly white community. It had a population of around three thousand, only about five hundred of them Negroes. The town was situated on the southwest coast, on Charlotte Harbor, and was the seat of Charlotte County. It was a shrimp-fishing port, with some farms and cattle ranches inland, and it drew a few vacationers in the winter. It had a twenty-three-bed hospital and three practicing physicians, and it was on their appeal that Bond had come into the case. The clinical picture was almost exactly what he had seen in the Tallahassee outbreak. The principal presenting symptoms were recurrent sharp pains in the muscles of the back and neck, severe headache, disturbances of coördination, and some transient motor and sensory dysfunctions. Plus a strong emotional overlay—tension, anxiety, depression. The physical findings were essentially unimportant, and the results of certain routine laboratory tests had all been within the normal range. At the moment, the situation was stable—no new cases in almost a week. Well, that suggested that maybe the outbreak was waning. If so, there was no particular hurry about our getting down there, since the best time to carry out an investigation is during the acute epidemic phase. When that phase has passed, time is not of critical importance. I was disappointed, of course, but I was also rather relieved. An immediate investigation would have imposed a bit of a strain. We were very shorthanded right then, and our annual Epidemic Intelligence Service conference was coming up in a couple of weeks. So I proposed a visit in June. Bond thought that would do very well. Meanwhile, he said, he would keep me in touch with developments.

"Which he did. And very promptly. I got a call from Bond the following week—the following Wednesday, in fact. The wane had turned out to be only a lull. Five new cases had just been reported. He thought we might want to make a change in our plans. The best I could manage was a compromise. We were still shorthanded, but no longer desperately so. I had an investigator more or less available—a young E.I.S. physician named David C. Poskanzer. I said I would get him off as quickly as possible. I got him off



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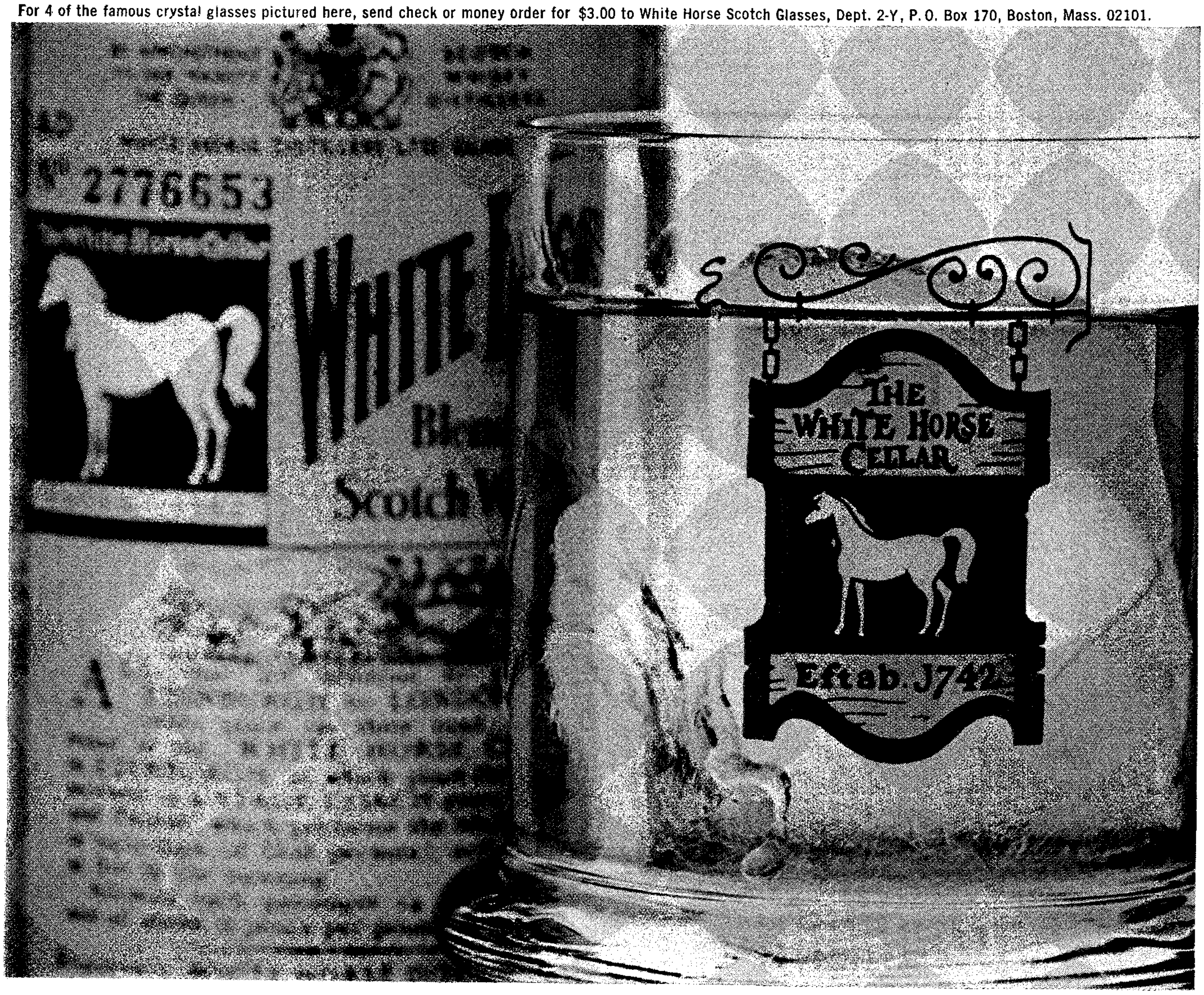
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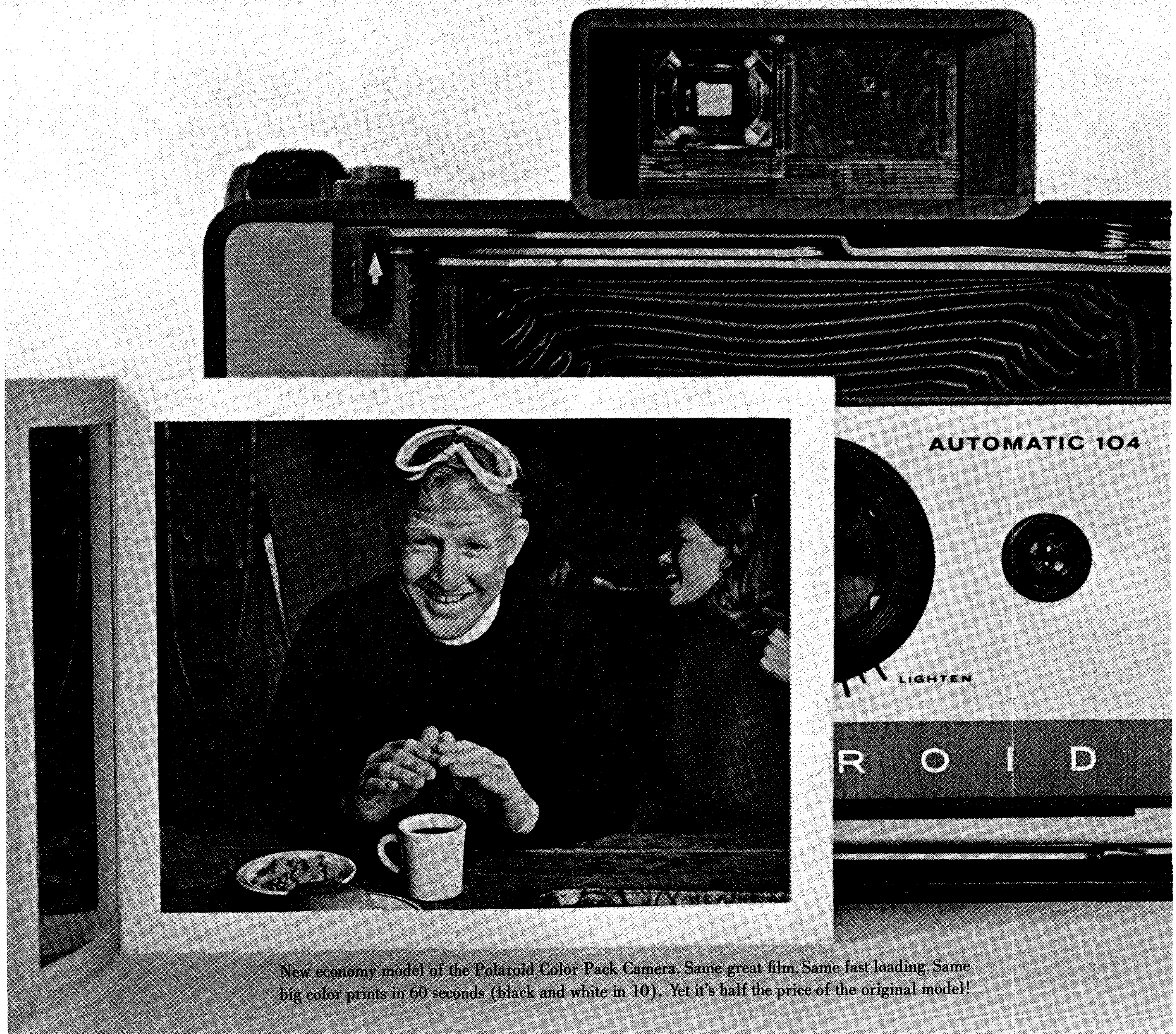
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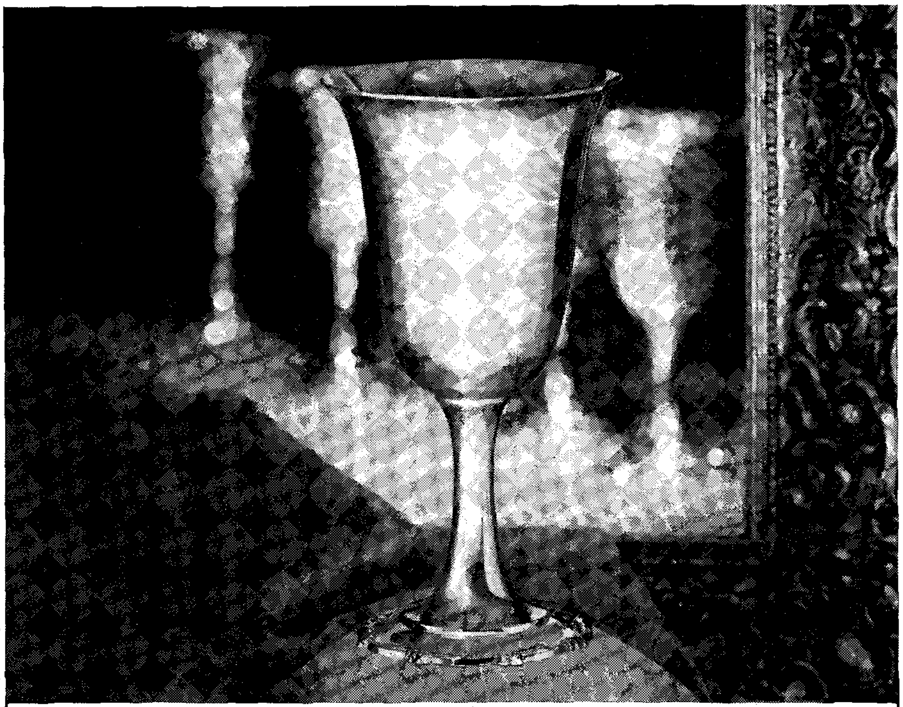
on Sunday, and he was down in Punta Gorda most of the week. That was the week before the E.I.S. conference. Poskanzer returned to Atlanta on Friday, and his report was a feature of the meeting. One thing that particularly struck him about the disease was its enormous and confusing array of symptoms. They were protean—absolutely protean. He stressed that over and over again. I thought I knew what he meant. That is, the point had been emphasized in all the literature I'd read. But I was mistaken. The symptomatology of epidemic neuromyasthenia is extremely hard to picture. You really have to see it for yourself.

"Well, I got to see it a few days later. Once the conference was out of the way, I was free to recruit a team for a real investigation—a comprehensive clinical and epidemiological study. I didn't need an army. I knew from Bond and Poskanzer that we could count on a lot of local help. The team I picked consisted of Poskanzer and me and two others. They were E. Charles Kunkle, a professor of neurology at Duke University School of Medicine who also serves as a Public Health Service consultant, and Seymour S. Kalter, the chief of the diagnostic-methodology unit of the virus-and-rickettsia section of our Laboratory Branch. Kalter, Poskanzer, Kunkle, and I got to Punta Gorda on Sunday, May 27th, and checked into a motel that Poskanzer knew about. Then we had a meeting with Bond and the local physicians, and on Monday morning we got to work. We stayed at Punta Gorda four days—through Thursday. That was our first visit. One of the characteristics of epidemic neuromyasthenia is a prolonged and relapsing course. We learned that early on. A patient seems to shake it off, and then it comes back again. So we made two followup visits to see it through to the end. We returned for two days in October, and again, for another two days, in November of the following year.

"I think, on the whole, the study was worth the time and effort. It was well worth it. All the same, it was a bit maddening. We learned everything, and nothing. The point is, though, we had everything *to* learn. We were up against a new disease, and essentially still a completely mysterious one. The literature—the earlier studies—hadn't done much more than establish it as an entity. That gave our investigation a very special character. Diagnosis is the key in most investigations. Once that is accomplished, the rest is usually only a matter of time. The



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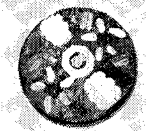

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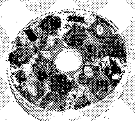

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cause is implicit in the nature of the disease, and the cause suggests the source of the trouble. It tells us what to look for and where. In this case, we had a diagnosis—a kind of diagnosis—but it told us hardly anything. It was only a name—a label. We had to begin at the absolute bottom. First of all, we had to examine the diagnosis. We had to determine whether a specific disease entity was actually present in epidemic form. That involved the phenomenon that Poskanzer had stressed at the conference—the enormous and confusing array of symptoms. The significant symptoms had to be determined and the clinical picture clearly defined. Then we had to determine the scope of the outbreak. The next step was to determine the cause and the source of the trouble.

"Nobody seriously questioned the presence of an epidemic in Punta Gorda. The local medical records showed that, beginning around the end of February, a gradually increasing number of mostly women patients had been observed and hospitalized with a complex of more or less prostrating symptoms that seemed to fit the entity we now call epidemic neuromyasthenia. There was a total of sixty-nine such patients on record at the time of our arrival. About thirty of them were still sick, and from that group we selected twenty-one cases—seventeen women and four men—for definitive clinical analysis. At the same time, with the help of neighborhood volunteers, we organized a house-to-house survey in order to get a clearer notion of the actual incidence and distribution of the illness. Medical records are only an indication of the scope of an epidemic. There are always a number of victims who can't or won't see a doctor. This was particularly true in Punta Gorda. Our interviewers visited nearly four hundred homes and talked to more than a thousand people, and they turned up sixty-two additional cases. They were very definitely cases, too. The interviewers accepted as cases only those that met a fairly rigid set of criteria. These criteria were our own, developed from our preliminary clinical findings, and they established three diagnostic points. A definite change in physical or emotional status, or both, indicating an onset of illness—that was the first criterion. The second was an illness of at least seven days. The third was the presence of at least six out of nine relevant symptoms of recent occurrence or exacerbation. They were fatigue, neck pain, headache, aching-limb pain, loss of appetite, nausea, impairment of memory, depression, and

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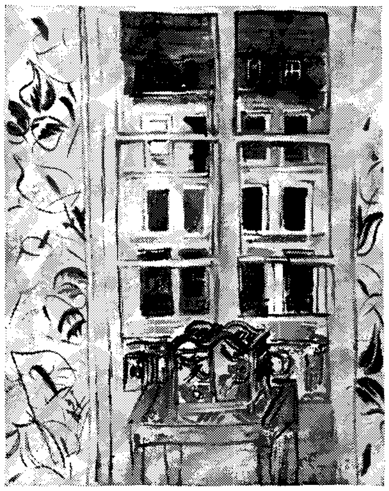

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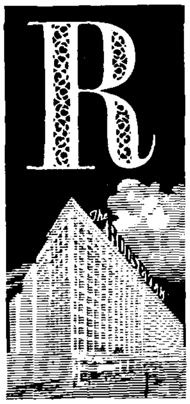

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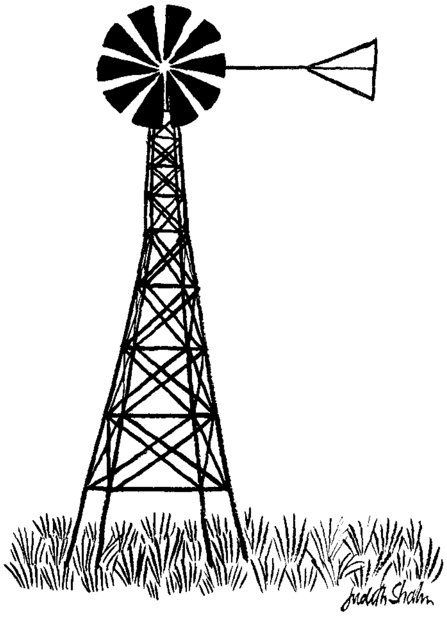
paresthesia. I was in on several of the interviews, and I can testify that we managed to get the facts—one way or another. I remember one case in point. It was a preacher—white, middle-aged, and married. His wife had been eliminated—no significant symptoms—but we weren't quite sure about him. He had been sick, and his symptoms were generally provocative. Except on the emotional side. He insisted that there was nothing wrong with his mind or his memory. As we rose to go, the interviewer asked him if she could have a glass of water. Of course, he said, and left the room. But almost at once he was back. The interviewer had asked him for something—what was it? She told him. Oh, yes. He started out of the room again, and then stopped and called upstairs to his wife. Where did they keep the ice cubes? She told him, and he went on out to the kitchen. But a moment later he called her again. This time he wanted to know just how many cubes should go in the glass. We added him to the case list.

"I called our criteria fairly rigid. That's all they were, I'm afraid. They were as rigid as we could possibly make them, and I think they were reasonably effective, but they fell a bit short of scientific excellence. Epidemic neuromyasthenia is a most ungrateful disease in that respect. Its manifestations are subjective rather than objective. It produces all kinds of symptoms but—to the best of our present knowledge—very few signs. That was the first and possibly the most important thing we learned from our twenty-one detailed clinical studies. There was practically nothing that we could see or touch or measure. I mean, there were no lesions to examine, no big livers or tender



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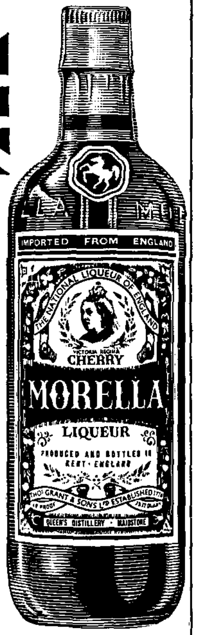
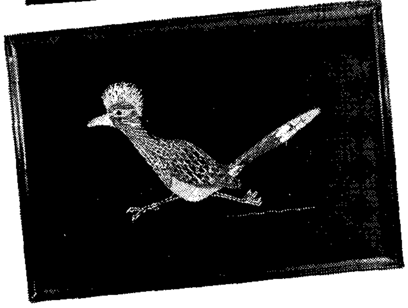


A brace of beauties!



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spleens to feel, no jaundice, no classically paralyzed limbs, no cloudy chest X-rays, no laboratory data to analyze. We used to sit in my room at the motel after dinner and puzzle it over and over. None of us had ever seen anything like it. We just couldn't put it together. It was bizarre. Even the signs that did turn up were fantastic. Most of the patients complained of paresthesia—areas of decreased or increased skin sensitivity. They could generally guide us to the specific patch, and when the patch was on the back—out of the patient's sight—we always marked it in color. The next day, we would question the patient again, and invariably he guided us to a different—an unmarked—area. But the curious thing was that none of the areas encompassed by these paresthesias corresponded to any recognized area innervated by a nerve or nerves. One woman patient complained of nodules on her arms. We looked where she told us to look, but there was nothing there that we could see or feel—no sign of any kind of lump. That's funny, she said, they *were* there. She said she knew because the site was still tender. We humored her. We asked her to let us know if and when another nodule appeared, and we went on to the next examination. She called us the very next day. She had another nodule. We trotted around to her room, and—holy Christmas! She was right. She did have a nodule. In fact, there were two of them—little pea-sized swellings on the underside of her left wrist. There was no discoloration, but they were sensitive to the touch. Or so she said. Well, this was getting interesting. It seemed possible that we were on to something that the laboratory could test and maybe identify. We persuaded her to let us take a sliver of one of the nodules for a biopsy examination, and one of the hospital staff came in and did the job. But, oh dear!—he didn't go deep enough, and nothing showed up. That was a crushing defeat. It was maddening. Because that was the end of her nodules. They never came back. I tell you, we began to feel that we were living in the bughouse.

"The bughouse possibility actually occurred to us. We simply couldn't put together a pathophysiological explanation. We got no help from the laboratory, and the results of our physical examinations were just as useless. That left us with nothing to go on but the histories—what the patients themselves could tell us. And the more of their complaints we heard, the more we began to wonder about a functional ex-

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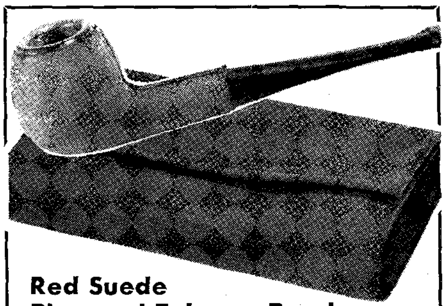

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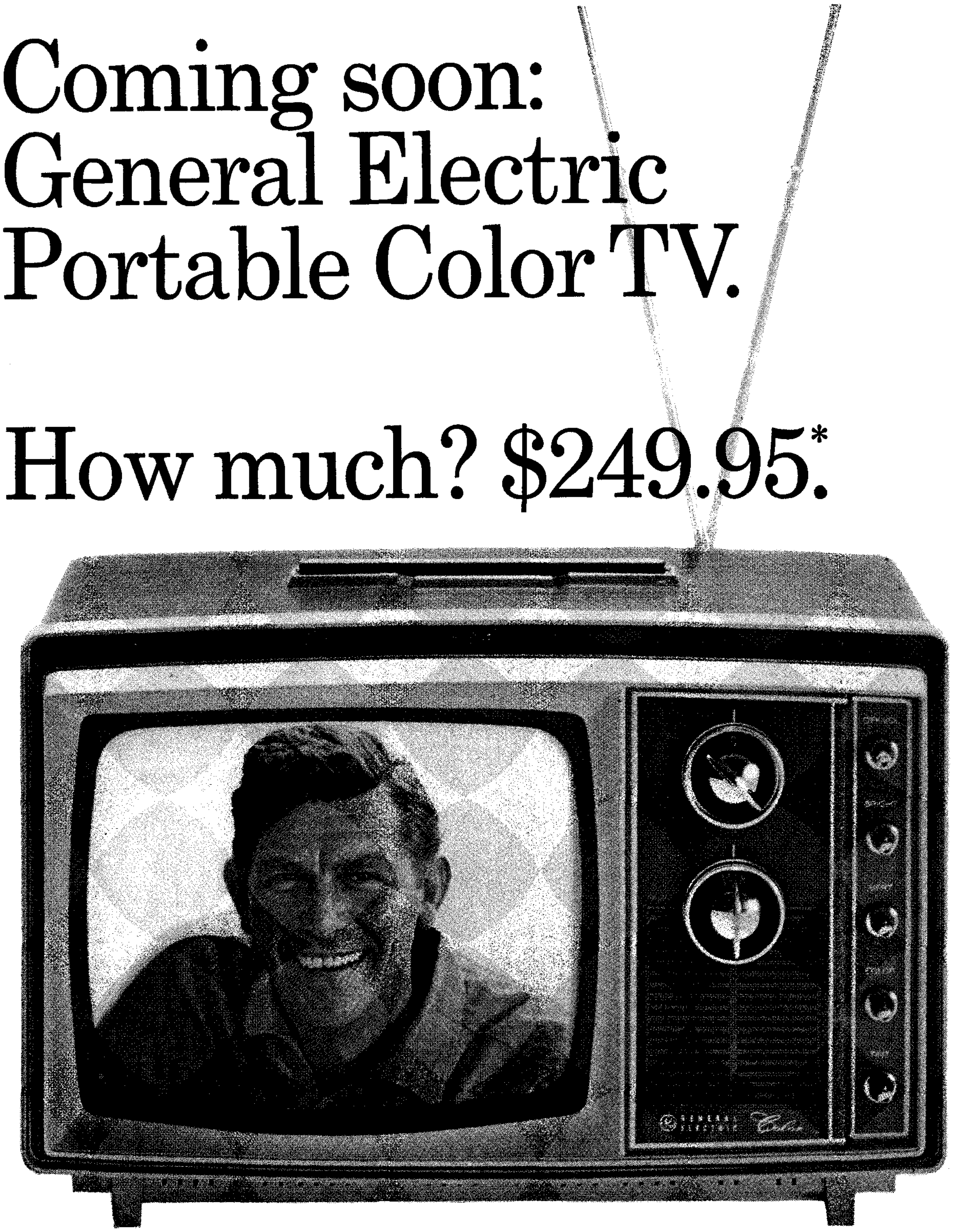

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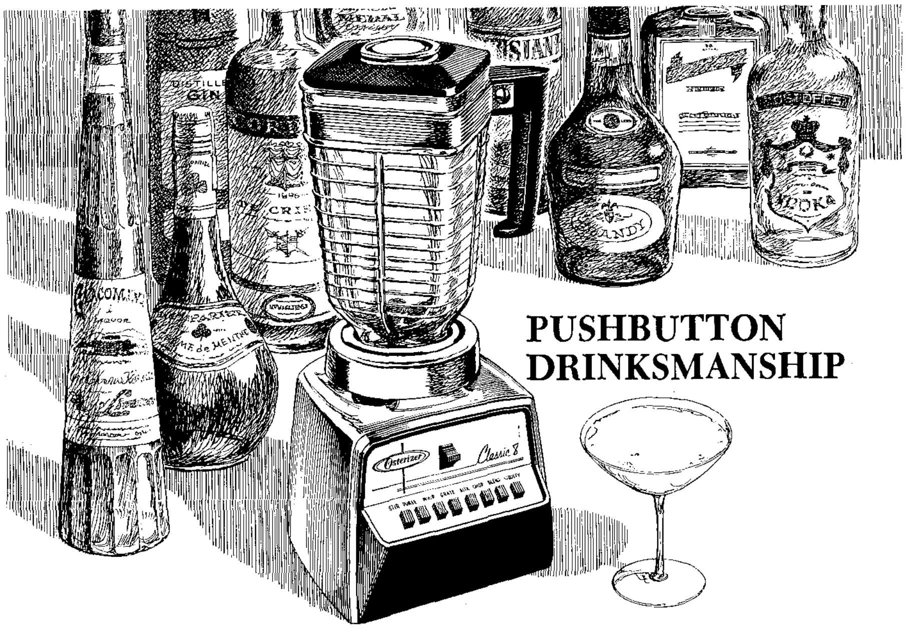
THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY • CHICAGO 6 • MAKERS OF FINE SHOES FOR MEN AND WOMEN • A DIVISION OF INTERNATIONAL SHOE COMPANY planation. So many of the symptoms were psychoneurotic symptoms. I'll give you an example—a more or less typical case. She was a young unmarried woman, a beautician by trade, and one of our twenty-one closely studied cases. The course of her illness was especially characteristic. It came on quite insidiously toward the end of April. There was a gradual onset of fatigue, accompanied by intermittent headache and neck pain. At about the same time, she became aware of a peculiar sensation in her right leg. It felt numb and weak, and every now and then she seemed to stumble. She began to feel clumsy at her work, and her hands began to shake. It got harder and harder for her to write. Then her memory began to fail. She would forget the names of her regular customers, and she couldn't remember what to charge for the various regular services. That went on for about a month. Then, suddenly, her headache and neck pain increased in severity, and she developed a crippling backache. Her headache was practically prostrating. So she went to see a doctor. She described the symptoms I've mentioned, and added that she felt as if she were shaking all over inside. Four days later, she developed diarrhea, nausea and vomiting, and vertigo, and was hospitalized. She remained in the hospital a month. During that time, she complained of a feeling of choking, difficulty in swallowing, and hyperventilation—the feeling of being unable to take a deep breath. She complained of pain around her eyes and intermittent double vision. There were times when it seemed to her that her heart doubled or tripled its beat. She constantly complained of fatigue and depression, and she often cried without provocation. She also complained of swellings in her arms and legs, her abdomen, and her face, but there was no objective evidence of this. Nor was there any apparent explanation of her trouble in swallowing or in taking a deep breath, and there was no electrocardiographic confirmation of her accelerated heartbeat. The only positive physical finding was tenderness in two small areas in her back. She was given aspirin for her headache and other pains, but it didn't seem to do much good. Around the end of June, she began to improve, and she was discharged to convalesce at home. We got the next installment of the story when we saw her again in October. For about a week after her discharge, she seemed to be almost well. And then she had a relapse. All her symptoms recurred, and she was



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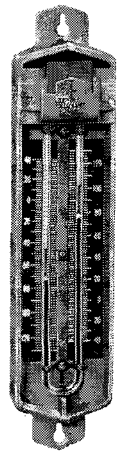
laid up in bed at home for three weeks. In August, she again felt better, and returned to work. Her headaches and neck pains continued intermittently, and the slightest exertion exhausted her. She needed at least ten hours of sleep every night, and she took a nap every afternoon. Her most disabling complaint, however, was depression. She was still depressed when we saw her that October, and her mind was conspicuously slowed. She was unable to perform various simple tests—repeating a set of five numbers in reverse, or subtracting serially from one hundred. There was also still some tenderness in her back, and we noted a slight insensitivity to pain in her lower right leg. Her difficulties in mentation were a bit equivocal. This was true, of course, in most of the other cases, too. We had no basis for comparison. It was quite possible that her memory was normally bad. And maybe she was just naturally a bit thick in the head. But the third visit cleared that up. When we saw her in November of the following year, she was fully herself again. And she was a conspicuously bright young woman.

"You can see why the possibility of a psychoneurotic explanation came so readily to mind. Every symptom that poor woman had was conceivably psychogenic, and the same was true of the symptoms of all the other cases. Depression. Terrifying dreams. Crying without provocation. Nausea and headache and diarrhea. Back and neck pains. Imaginary fever. Problems of memory and mentation. Vertigo. Hyperventilation. Menstrual irregularities. Difficulty in swallowing. Fatigue. Fast heart. Imaginary swellings. Paresthesia. And paresis. But paresis of a very curious sort—an unwillingness, rather than an inability, to move an arm or a leg. Almost a fear of movement. It was like a hysterical paralysis. But there are no waves or epidemics of hysterical paralysis. They simply don't happen. And that was the trouble with a psychoneurotic explanation of the epidemic. There were plenty of psychoneurotic symptoms, but they weren't enough in themselves to support a mass-reaction hypothesis. There was, in fact, every objection to such an explanation. For one thing, so far as we could discover, nothing had happened in Punta Gorda that could have excited a mass reaction. For another, the separate illnesses appeared at scattered intervals. That was clearly spelled out in the histories of both the reported cases and those we turned up in the house-to-house survey. The illnesses were scat-



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tered all the way from February to June. Moreover—and this is most significant—there was hardly a ripple of apprehension among the general population of the town. Nobody even suggested that the schools be closed. Or the movies or the beaches or anything. Nobody seemed in the least alarmed by what was going on. It was just the reverse of a panic situation.

"So we dropped the bughouse theory. But if it wasn't a question of mass-reaction hysteria, what *was* the anatomy of the epidemic? We went to work on the possible sources of trouble. Could it be something transmitted by insects? Most of the recorded outbreaks of epidemic neuromyasthenia had occurred in the insect season. But the answer here was no. There had been few mosquitoes or any other possible insect vectors in Punta Gorda until the second half of April, and the epidemic was well under way by then. We checked the usual urban sources of mass illness—the drinking water, the milk, the general food supply, the beaches. The answer again was negative. There wasn't a hint of contamination anywhere. We considered the possibility of a toxic product of some sort. We searched the case histories for some provocative coincidence—the common use of a certain cosmetic or household chemical. But nothing came of that, either. There weren't any likely links. There was no single factor of any kind uniquely common to the group affected. The only kind of coincidence we found was one for which the literature had rather explicitly prepared us. That was a disproportionately high rate of illness among hospital and medical personnel. The attack rate for the general adult population was around six per cent—which, by the way, is quite high. But it was *forty-two* per cent for the hospital and medical people. Sixteen of a total of thirty-eight doctors, nurses, technicians, and hospital receptionists, cooks, maids, and janitors were on our roll of cases.

"We were left with one possibility. It was also, of course, the likeliest explanation. The pattern of the epidemic, the apparent absence of any common exposure factors, and the high incidence of illness among medical and hospital personnel were consistent only with an infectious disease transmitted from person to person. Just how the micro-organism responsible might travel from one person to another was not at all clear. It is still wide open to conjecture. We were able, however, to postulate the general nature of the micro-organism. It was probably a virus. It almost

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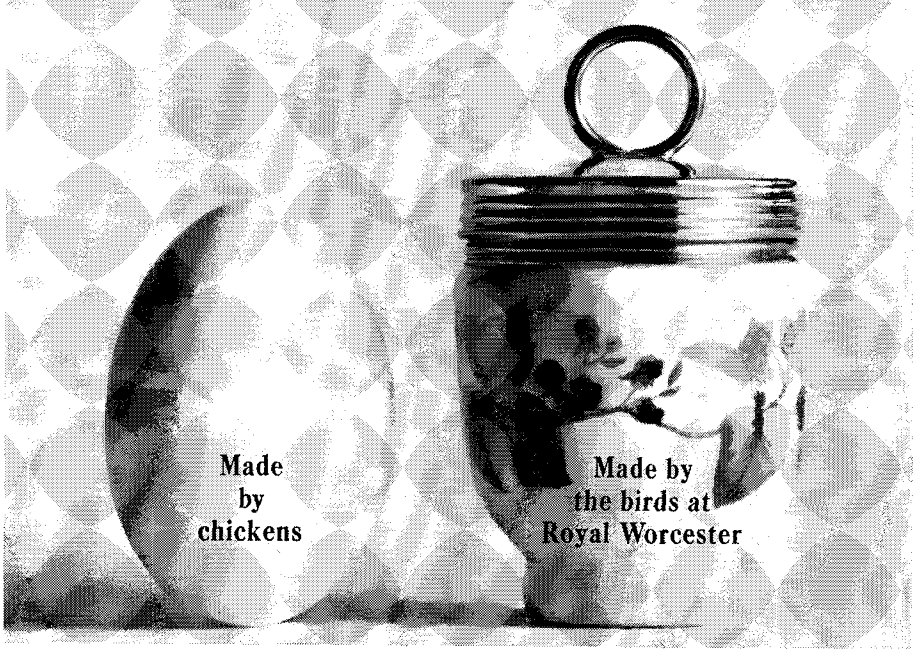

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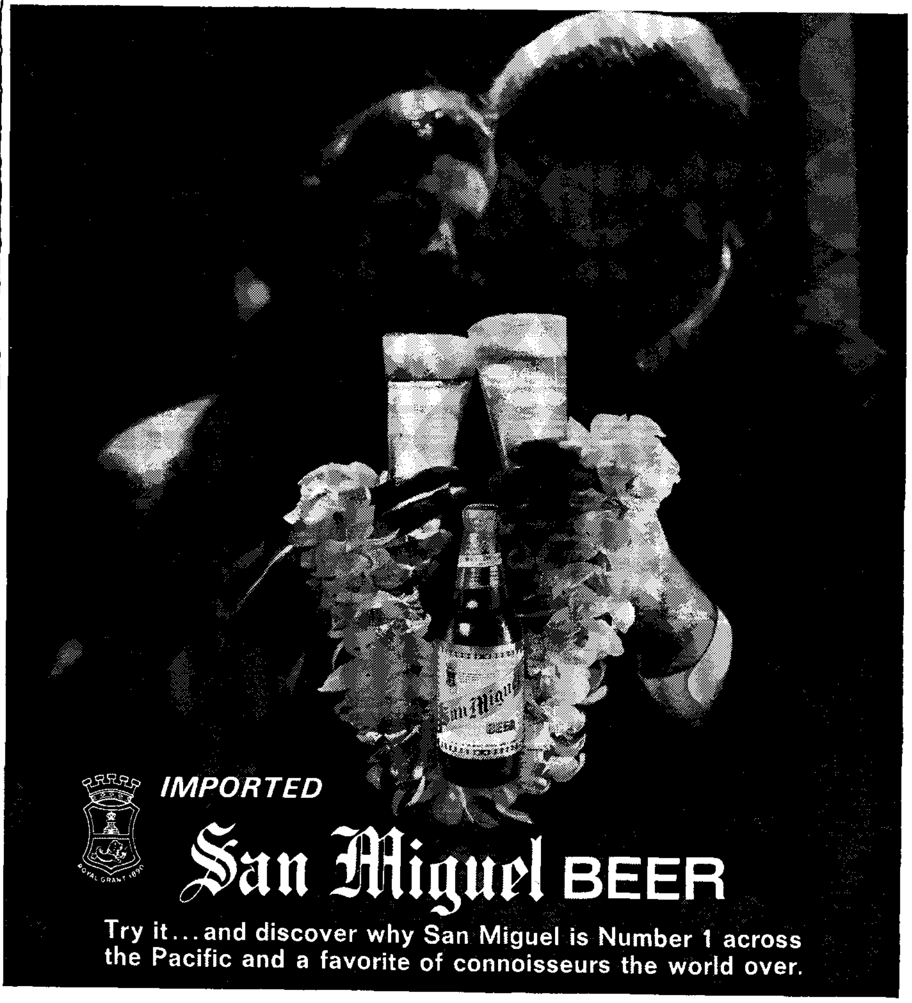
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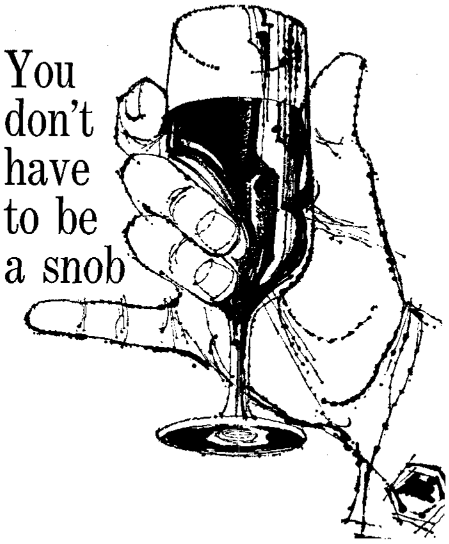
certainly wasn't one of the rickettsia. We did laboratory studies for all known rickettsial agents, and they were negative. Besides, the symptoms were wrong—most rickettsial diseases are characterized by high fever and a rash. Moreover, most of them are insect-borne. And it probably wasn't a bacterium. The laboratory studies were uniformly negative. It's true that they were negative for viruses as well as for bacteria, but the techniques for detecting bacteria are far better than those for detecting viruses. There is, of course, the possibility that the infection in epidemic neuromyasthenia may occur quite early on and that by the time the patient sees a doctor he has stopped excreting the organism. That's not unheard of, you know. It happens in several virus diseases. And rheumatic fever follows a precipitating streptococcal infection by as much as a month. So does acute glomerulonephritis. Nevertheless, if bacteria were involved, the chances are that we would have got something growing in the laboratory. Some hint of something would have sooner or later shown up. But not with a virus. The viruses are different. It's hard enough to find them in the best of circumstances. There are virus diseases in which no detectable change occurs in the white-blood-cell count, and they're extremely hard to cultivate. They're extremely numerous, too. Umpteen new ones are discovered every year.

"There was a certain satisfaction in forming that hypothesis. It's nice to come to even the most tentative conclusion. One gets a sense of accomplishment. But it wasn't much of a comfort. I mean, it didn't really explain a thing. The case was still a mystery. As a matter of fact, it was more than that. It was eerie. There's something a bit unnerving about a new communicable disease—a disease whose cause and means of transmission are essentially unknown. I'll never forget the end of that first visit to Punta Gorda. We were able to relax later on, but we didn't know about that yet. It was the only time I've ever felt uneasy after an investigation about going straight home to my wife. For all I knew, I might have been exposed to epidemic neuromyasthenia, and I was worried about passing it on to her. I actually considered stopping over somewhere for several days and waiting to see what happened. The reason I didn't was that the incubation period was also a total mystery. I didn't know how long it would be advisable to wait.

"And yet, by the end of the in-



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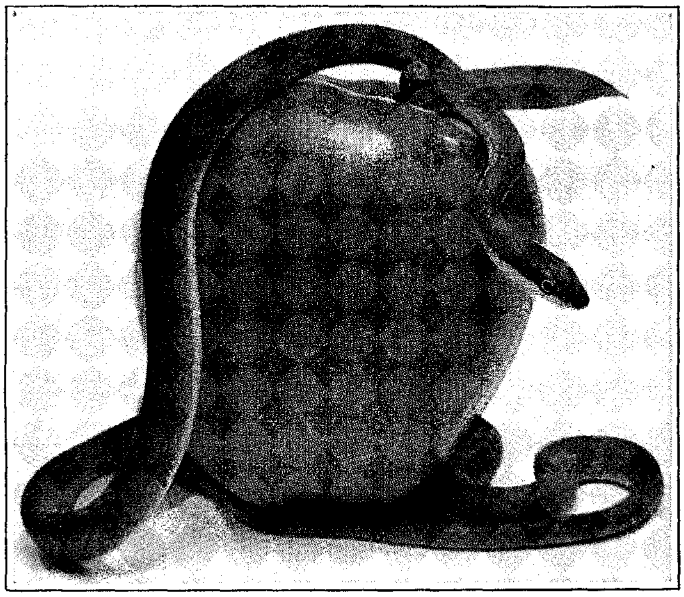

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vestigation—by the end of our third and final visit—we did have a real sense of satisfaction. We could truthfully say that we had accomplished something. Our work here at the C.D.C. is with communicable disease. We want to know all we can about it. And now we had had the experience of studying an outbreak of a new and mysterious communicable disease in detail. Reading about a disease is hardly the same as actually working on it. There's obviously a world of difference. We still know painfully little about epidemic neuromyasthenia, but Punta Gorda gave us at least some sense of what it is and what it isn't. We'll know it the next time we see it. And we'll have some new approaches to employ. It is now perfectly clear that medical and hospital people are especially vulnerable to epidemic neuromyasthenia, so we'll concentrate on them. We'll get to them as early as possible, we'll keep them under the closest possible observation, and we'll recover every possible specimen for laboratory study. In other words, we're ready and waiting. But we have been for quite a few years, and I must say I'm beginning to wonder. I wonder if there will ever be a next time. The last reported outbreaks of epidemic neuromyasthenia occured in 1958 in Athens, and in a convent up in New York State in 1961. Neither of them was recognized for what it was until it had almost run its course. We haven't heard even a decent rumor of it since then. It seems to have disappeared." —Berton Roueché

•

THE LEGAL MIND AT WORK

[*From Smith v. Morgan, 43 Illinois Appellate 2d, 373, page 377*]

We think that we take judicial notice of the fact that the term "bitch" may imply some feeling of endearment when applied to a female of the canine species but that it is seldom, if ever, so used when applied to a female of the human race. Coming as it did, reasonably close on the heels of two revolver shots directed at the person of whom it was probably used, we think it carries every reasonable implication of ill-will toward that person.

•

Washington—Rep. James R. Grover Jr. of Babylon has announced the award of a $2,512,920 fixed price contract to Republic Aviation Corp. for engineering services on the F-105 aircraft. Work on the project will be done at Republic's Farmingdale plant. Music at the party was by Lester Lanin.

—*Northport (N.Y.) Journal.*

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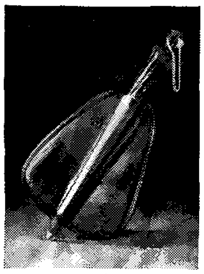

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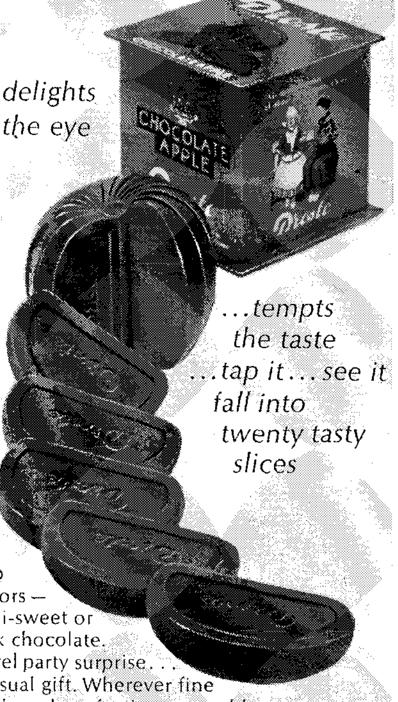

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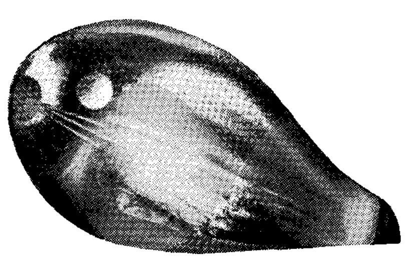

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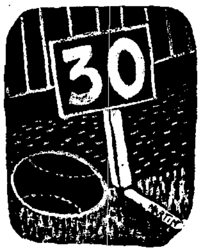
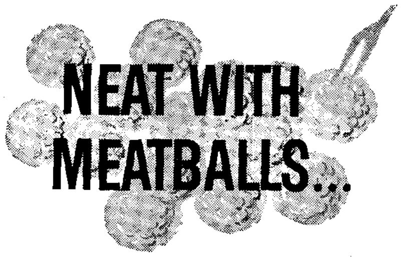
FOOTBALL

Keeping Up One's Strength



CANADIAN professional football lives on what it can import from the United States, even though the college performers it absorbs from us must operate under rather different rules of play, and even though we, in turn, are beginning to abstract young men from Canada; a brief riffle through a notebook of mine discloses Pierre Desjardins, a Montrealer who serves as tackle for Wyoming, and William McKenna, another Montrealer, who arrived this fall, by way of Exeter, on the Yale freshman squad as a back, and Richard Bracken, who came down from Winnipeg to play tailback on the Princeton freshman team. Bracken's special province (aside from Manitoba, that is) is hockey, but at tailback he looks good enough to ascend to the varsity next year in place of the by then graduated Landeck. These are, I suppose, small evidences of how much out of balance demand and supply have become; football is now—in print, on the field, and on camera—almost *the* national sport. Fridays, the television camera even turns to high-school matches; Saturdays, it does not get through with football until it has gone an hour and a quarter into Sunday morning; Sunday afternoons, another five hours of play await the overstrained human eye. And in an office on Madison Avenue a set of buffs who have rallied a collection of slow-motion films from the days of Harmon and Evashevski and Davis and Blanchard are trying to figure out how to get *them* on the evening breeze.

Davis and Blanchard! That was when Army was really Army, and Navy was really Navy—a situation that may never be repeated, for the high-school players who are good businessmen, or are in the hands of good businessmen (there are plenty of both), or who simply consider that life at Clara Bow Academy is a lot easier than life in the armed forces at West Point or Annapolis, turn up today in other establishments. Half the players on a Western university team that toured the East this fall were majoring in physical education, and a couple were majoring in "game management"—with an eye, one has to presume, on a career in Las Vegas. No one at West Point has it quite that



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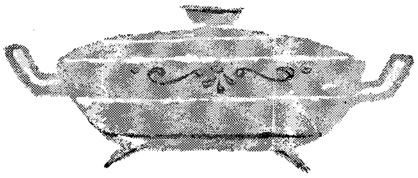

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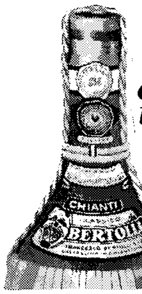

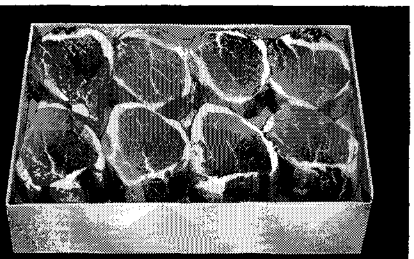

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good. The physical-education men, one can further presume, will become football coaches in the high schools of towns all over the country. I think I saw some of their predecessors at work one afternoon when I was tooling my way home through Arkansas after taking an admiring look at the Reader Railroad, which is Old Guard enough to keep on operating with steam locomotives. Near the stadium in the town of El Dorado, these chaps were supervising the football practice of a hundred or so boys of twelve or maybe fifteen years—a trio of junior-high squads, smartly uniformed and geared. El Dorado was the second home of Schoolboy Rowe (he and his family were transplanted from a smaller town, in Louisiana, so that he could play football for the glory of El Dorado), and I pondered this early circumstance of the boy who became the nearly invincible pitcher for the Detroit Tigers as I watched his successors at practice. Perhaps, I remember thinking, this mass-production effort (which is duplicated in a thousand El Dorados) will be the eventual supply for the current demand; at any rate, it seemed to me that the players looked a great deal better than some of the teams I have seen go up against the Jets this season.

OFFICIALS are only human, though not in the eyes of those who study their sometimes unaccountable activities on the field of play. Let us consider Tom Elliott, an official who lives in Philadelphia and who was ordered to report for the match between the hundred-and-fifty-pound teams of Army and Princeton on a Friday afternoon. The match was to be played at three-thirty in Shea Stadium, the summons said, and after a dallying en-route lunch in New York he arrived at the appointed place in good time. What he saw there terrified him—two-hundred-and-fifty-pound Jets at practice instead of hundred-and-fifty-pound undergraduates. A call to Army put him straight; the real Shea Stadium is (as why should anyone know?) a secluded inglenook on the premises at West Point, and the no longer dallying Elliott got there midway through the second quarter of the game he was to have officiated at.

—J. W. L.

•

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[*From TV Guide*]

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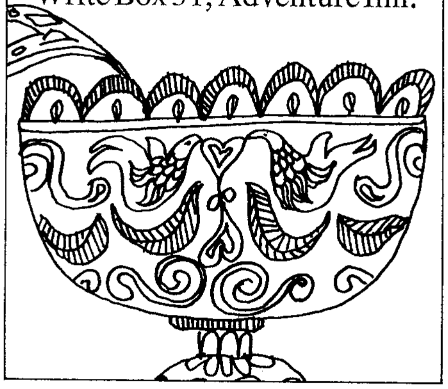

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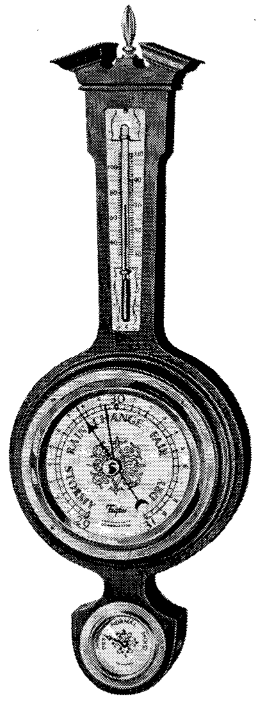

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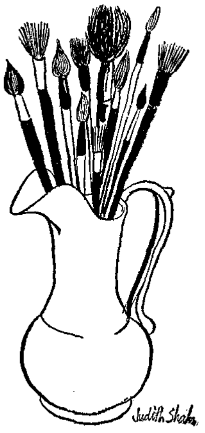

ONE of the benefits of living in a great center of international art is that we are presented, at least recurrently, with a wide selection *of* international art. The present list of offerings is an example, for we have, among other items, an exhibition of Icelandic paintings at the Gallery of the American Federation of Arts, one of works in various media by young American Indians at the Riverside Museum, and one of traditional *Indian* Indian paintings at Asia House. I have not yet got to the showing of works by our Indians. But from what I saw of the reproductions in the catalogue and from what I know of the verve and imaginativeness of traditional Indian art, which underlies even its stylizations, the exhibition must be a good one. The artists, I note, are all students at the Institute of Indian Art, at Santa Fe, and, probably for this reason, are mainly drawn from Plains and Southwest Indian tribes—the ones most notable for the spiritedness and vitality of their art. The showing at Asia House, called "Gods, Thrones, and Peacocks" and devoted to late-period paintings from the northern provinces of India, is, as are almost all Asia House productions, handsomely selected and elegantly presented.

But I prefer to concentrate on the Icelanders—for one thing because this is the first really comprehensive exhibition of works from that country ever to be presented here, which makes it an event historically as well as artistically. This is a situation that becomes understandable when one learns about the background of Icelandic painting, which (as I discovered in the possibly too brisk yet informative foreword to the catalogue) did not even get under way until around the turn of the century. At that time only two men in all the country were practicing artists, and as late as 1912 there were but half a dozen. Gradually, these pioneers ventured abroad—first to Denmark, the mother country, itself at the time a backwater artisti-

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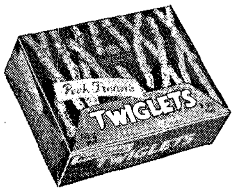

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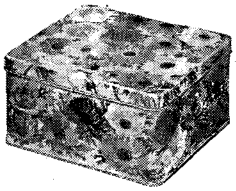

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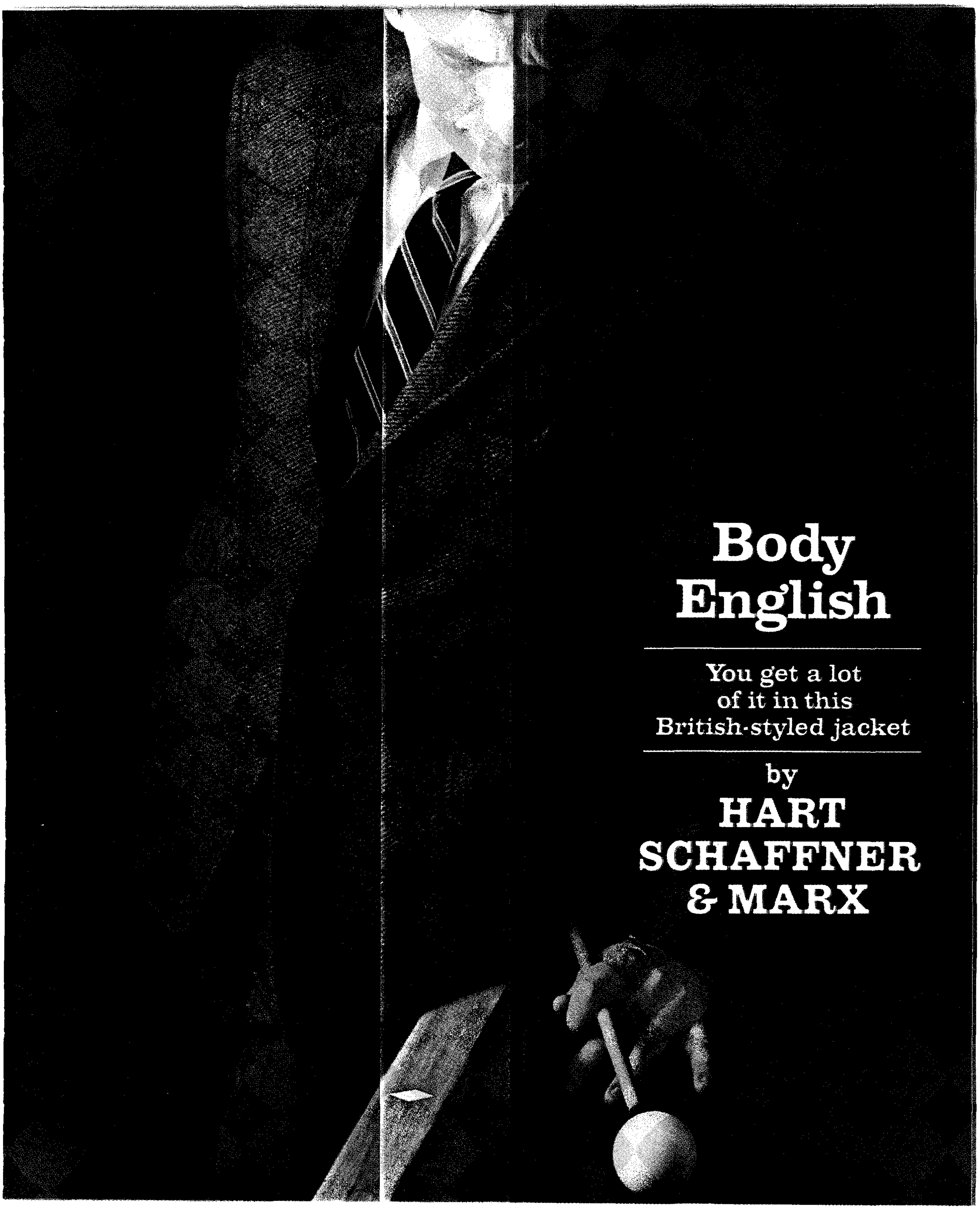

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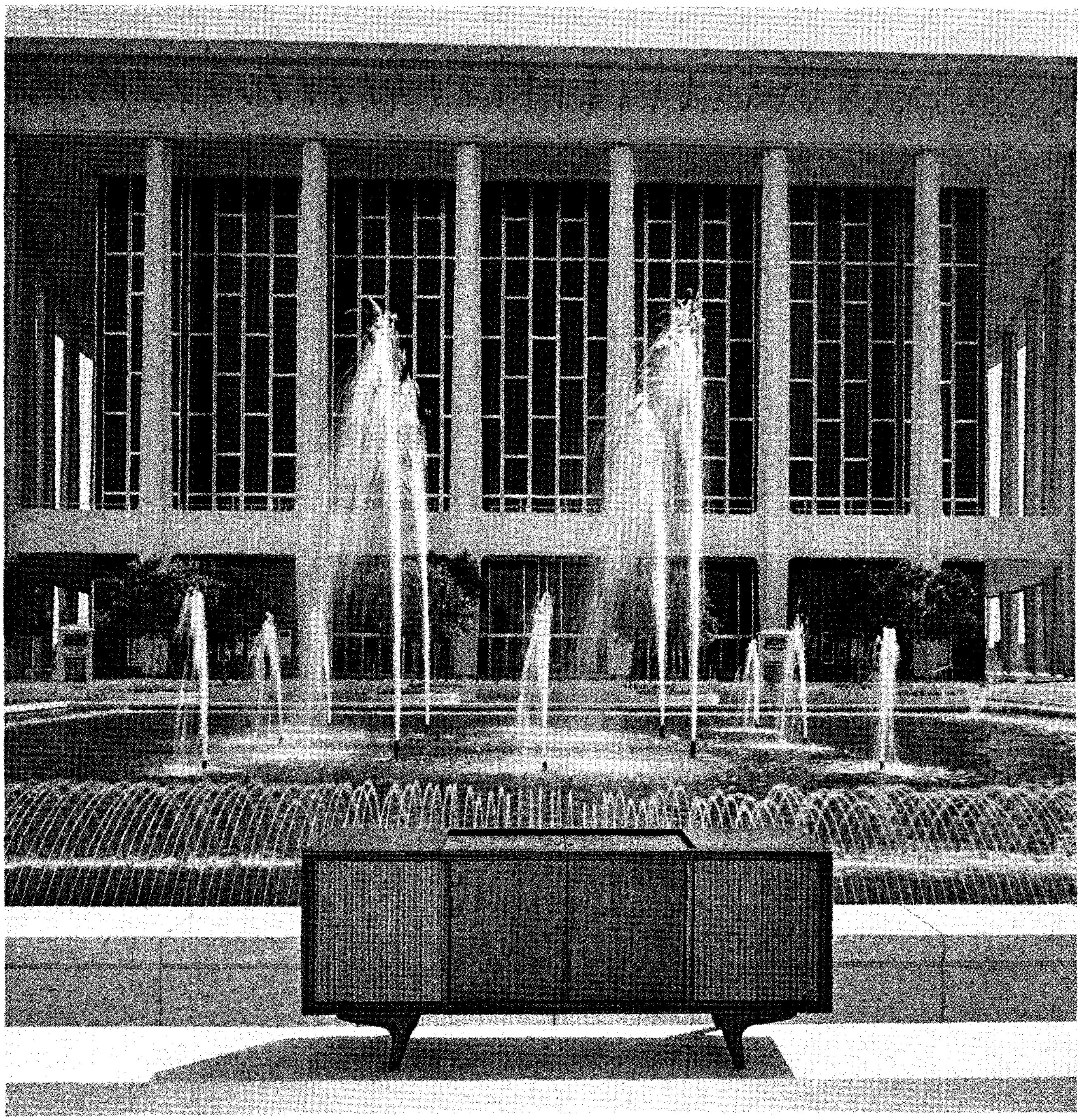

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cally, and then on to Berlin, to study the techniques of the European schools.

In view of the lateness of these beginnings and of the almost complete isolation that preceded it, there is a genuine innocence about the artists' production that is itself engaging. This is paralleled by a certain explosiveness in much of the work, presumably an outcome of the fact that traditionally the Icelandic culture had been turned almost exclusively in the direction of literature—notably the Eddas, the Heimskringla, and other great Nordic sagas—and that the plastic arts had been relegated to such minor fields as wood carving, so that the newcomers had to be aggressive to get their ideas across. The evidence of the exhibition is that they were; when the Icelanders changed course, they came about full helm, like their Viking ancestors, and with the gunwales awash. At any rate, the showing reveals that there is now a truly vigorous if a trifle confused upsurge of activity in Icelandic painting. To be sure, the collection itself, like the catalogue preface, is too compressed for a full understanding of the period surveyed, which is roughly from the beginning of the century to the present. This is quite a lot of ground to cover in such small space, and if the result is fairly kaleidoscopic, we must take into account not only the fact that the Icelanders crossed the threshold of European painting at a time when things were spinning there—with the Impressionists just taking over from the nineteenth-century Realists, to be followed in their turn by the Post-Impressionists, the Fauves, the Cubists, and the rest—but the fact that the times were troubled by two world wars, when the situation of the island was in delicate balance.

Fifteen artists are included, and the span is roughly three generations, from Thórarinn B. Thorláksson (1867-1924), who, in 1900, became the first Icelandic artist to have a one-man exhibition on the island, on down to such flagrant moderns as Thorvaldur Skúlason, Nína Tryggvadóttir, and Jón Engilberts, all of whom are definitely advanced in their outlook. The older men, who used thick impasto and broad structure to convey the ruggedness of the northern landscape, seem a little heavy-handed now, and, in part because some of the canvases, with their crusty paint application, might stand more cleaning, the majority of the works lack sparkle. The painting is honest, though, and many of the pieces—notably "Evening in Reykja-

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vík," with its huddle of boxlike, unornamented cottages along the shore, by Ásgrímur Jónsson, and Jóhannes S. Kjarval's rather labored but engaging "Stapafell Mountain" and "In a Dress of Many Colors," both landscapes—are thoroughly respectable efforts. The younger artists, I think because of the clash of influences, are far more varied in styles, these ranging from the slashingly patterned "A Day in March" and "The Coast," by Eiríkur Smith, both rather Hartungesque in manner, to the lacier, more delicate "Lakes," an abstract landscape by Gudmunda Andrésdóttir—with such highly effective pieces as "Rhythm" and "Gust of Wind," by Jóhannes Jóhannesson, in both of which the artist achieves the real feat of imparting a sense of movement to "hard-edge" painting, spaced out between. The least effective painters, in general, are those of the second, or middle, generation, possibly because they were "in between" the traditional and the new, and so somewhat confused. In this group I liked only the seafaring scenes by Gunnlaugur Scheving ("Morning at Sea" and "The Herring Boat" among them). Clumsily constructed and strained though they are, they still have an authenticity that gives them a certain power.

There are a few conclusions to be made, but these have to be tentative. As in all emergent artistic movements, influences are everywhere evident—of the Munich School among the older men, and of Hartung, van Gogh, and Gauguin among the younger ones. But these are difficult to pin down, for the overpowering effect of the Icelandic climate intervenes, turning what might have been Mediterranean blues to icy sub-Arctic tonalities, southern moods to northern ones, and so on. Finally—and it is one of the most curious aspects of the matter—there is, on the evidence of the work in the show, no intermingling of the various generations: no sign that the older men are adapting to middle influences, or that older or middle is drawing from the younger fellows. Maybe Icelanders, like all Scandinavians, are too stubborn for that; maybe time has been too short for this infiltration of ideas. But it's odd, just the same, to find the pioneer Kjarval painting in 1960 exactly as he did in 1937, and the majority of the others following the same personal pattern. All in all, though, it is a fascinating study, if in capsule form, of the slow and tortuous development of a national art movement.

—ROBERT M. COATES

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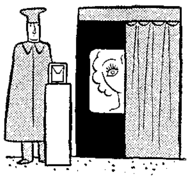
Ghosts



"KWAIDAN" is reputed to be the most expensive picture ever produced in Japan, and far be it from me to say that the money hasn't been well spent—it has simply been spent well on the wrong things, like beautiful sets and beautiful costumes and beautiful glimpses of beautiful Mother Nature (if Nature is a mother in Japan, as I hope she is). To set about deliberately pursuing beauty strikes me as being nearly as foolish as to set about pursuing happiness, and in movies, perhaps more than in the other arts, the pursuit quickly becomes a source of irritation; when an attractive shot is held even a second or two longer than necessary, I can't help feeling that the director has fallen in love with it and is nudging me in the ribs to make me consent to an equal infatuation. "Kwaidan's" beauty is omnipresent, and oppressive to the point where it practically obliterates the action it was intended to adorn, and I was so bored by the picture and so vexed by its director's nudges that—humblest but truest of critical responses—I suffered an attack of pins and needles in my legs and had to cure myself by hurrying out of the theatre and into the mercifully ugly street.

"Kwaidan" consists of three separate episodes, based on ghost stories written by that very odd nineteenth-century expatriate Lafcadio Hearn. Whether Hearn took the stories from traditional folk tales or made them up I don't know; they are perfectly good specimens of the genre, and if they had come to us in the *least* expensive movie ever produced in Japan I might have found them satisfactory. The director of the picture was Masaki Kobayashi, and among the members of the cast are Michiyo Aratama, Rentaro Mikuni, and Katsuo Nakamura—the last playing the role of a blind musician known, none too winningly, as Hoichi the Earless.

"SWEDISH WEDDING NIGHT" has many faults, but a surfeit of beauty isn't one of them. Except for an occasional wholesome shot of the birchy countryside, the prevailing impression conveyed by the picture is that life on the farm is the quintessence of sub-

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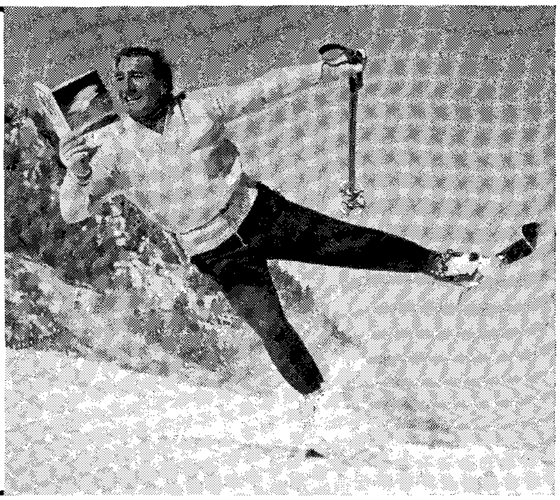

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human squalor. Almost everyone we encounter, no matter how old and ramshackle, quivers with exacerbated lust, and by the time the wedding night of the title has paled into dawn, the couples making love have changed partners so often that the total number of combinations staggers the memory rather than the imagination. As a matter of fact, one's imagination has very little to busy itself with in this explicit, sordid import, which, for the record, was directed by Ake Falck and stars Jarl Kulle and Lena Hansson.

"Return from the Ashes" is a thriller that gets far too complicated for its own good. The author of the screenplay, Julius Epstein, and the director, J. Lee Thompson, have tried to squeeze the last possible drop of surprise and terror out of the basic situation, which is that of a greedy husband bent on murdering both his wealthy wife and his mistress (who happens to be his wife's stepdaughter by an earlier marriage—Swedish scriptwriters don't hold *all* the trumps). The characters, as given, are mere necessary automata, so we mustn't blame Ingrid Thulin, Maximilian Schell, and Samantha Eggar for failing to bring them to life. The setting is Paris, and the time is immediately after the Second World War.

Robert Youngson has put together a scrapbook of scenes out of a host of old Laurel and Hardy comedies; for good measure, he has added a few scenes from comedies starring Charley Chase and from comedies starring a fearsomely bearded and little remembered Jewish comedian named Max Davidson. The picture is marred by Mr. Youngson's atrocious joky script, by a maddening musical accompaniment, and by the use of sound effects that have, of course, no connection whatever with the original comedies and often destroy the effectiveness of the sight gags to which they have been wantonly appended. Still, Laurel and Hardy could be very funny fellows, and I recommend the picture, called "Laurel and Hardy's Laughing 20's," to children and to those elders who happen to have been children, and laughing, in the twenties. —Brendan Gill

•

"Primarily we must avoid fumbles and pass interceptions against a team like Williams," the Wesleyan coach added. "We feel that we must outscore them if we hope to win."—*Hartford Courant.*

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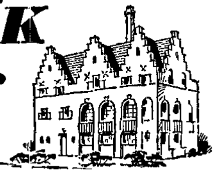

THE RACE TRACK

Pari-Mutuel Blues

THE two aims of racing, I've always believed, are to maintain the standard of our bloodstock and to provide good sport. Well, some idea of the ability of politicians to set them at naught can be gathered from what happened in the New York legislature last spring. In its closing session, in which an effort to legalize off-course betting was defeated, a bill was slipped through increasing the pari-mutuel breakage from five cents on the dollar to ten cents and the minimum payoff from $2.10 to $2.20. The breakage is the pennies left over when the winning bets are paid off—formerly they were paid to the nearest nickel, now they are paid to the nearest dime—and it is divided between the state and the track, the state taking eighty per cent instead of the sixty per cent it used to take. To give you an example of how breaking to the dime runs into a lovely dollar for Albany, on July 7th, the day the law went into effect, $2,721,855 was bet and the breakage was $33,756.39, of which $27,005.11 went into the state treasury and $6,751.28 to the track. Under the old law, the breakage would have been only $15,827.35, and $17,929.04 would have gone back into the pockets of the bettors.

Apparently, the new bite is just a little too much for the horseplayers. Both betting and attendance at the Big A have fallen off steadily since July, and at present they are both three per cent below the 1964 figures. This must disconcert the gentry in Albany, who, in making up their budget, counted on a hundred and forty-six million dollars from racing—ten million more than last year. The effect of the heavier tax is naturally felt most where it can do the worst damage—among the two-, five-, and ten-dollar bettors, who, if they play the double and nine races, as most of them do, run out of money quicker. I cherish a line in a speech that E. P. Taylor, who operates practically all the race tracks and trotting tracks in the Province of Ontario, made last spring: "Is it reasonable that the public should be taxed for the privilege of losing their money?"

The bill doubling the breakage was introduced by State Senator Thomas LaVerne, of Rochester, and since it in-

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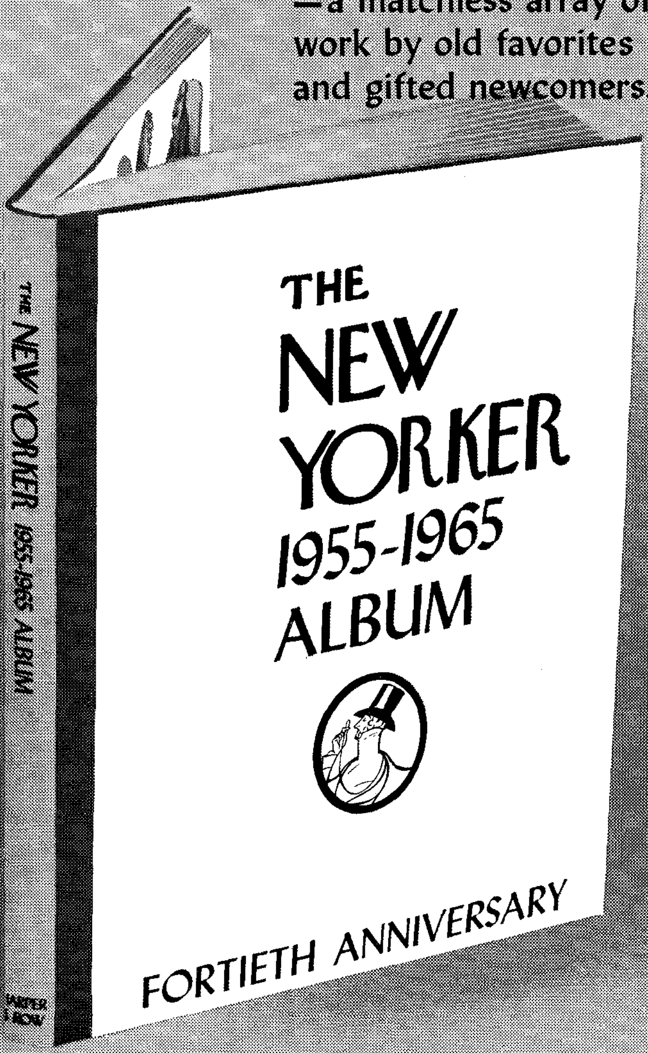
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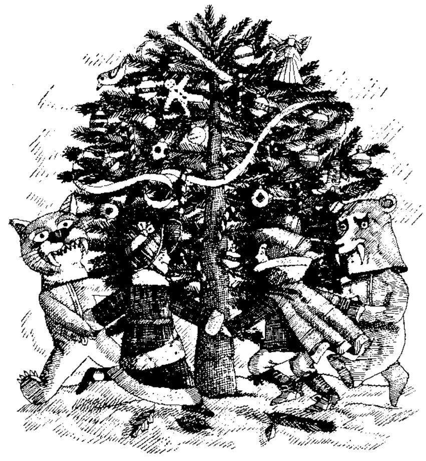

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Illustration from *Please Share That Peanut*

HARCOURT, BRACE & WORLD

cluded a provision for earmarking some of the increased revenue for a New York State agricultural and horse-breeding fund, it was pie for the upstate boys. However, none of the state's race tracks favored the bill, with the exception of Roosevelt Raceway. I have no idea why the Raceway was for it, but I am sure it wishes it hadn't been, because things didn't work out happily for it, either, under the new system. Attendance at the Raceway is below par, and since July the management has paid out $106,813 in minus pools. Three times this season, the fifty- and hundred-dollar show-ticket windows were closed to reduce the play on favorites. There's no limit on ten-dollar tickets, but it takes longer to bet a packet that way.

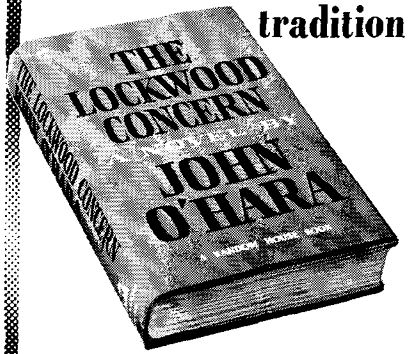
Increasing the minimum payoff to $2.20 is what has caused so many minus place and show pools. The odds on heavy favorites are twice as good as they used to be, and so invite a greater play. And it costs the track that much more to make up the difference on a winning ticket. Aqueduct has certainly had its full share of minus pools; they've run up a tidy total of $187,870.78. And they keep on popping up. The record minus pool at Aqueduct was the one Roman Brother set up in the Jockey Club Gold Cup last month. That totalled $55,012.35. (A mutuel cashier I know cashed eight hundred and fifty hundred-dollar show tickets on Roman Brother, and his fingers ached for hours from tearing off one corner of each ticket, as a cashier has to do.) No doubt an effort will be made to do something about the LaVerne Act when the legislature meets in January, but you know how politicians are about relinquishing taxes. Besides, racing has always been fair game. But if by some small miracle a number of those top-heavy favorites were to finish out of the money next season, there would be fewer minus pools for a while. If a plunger taps out on a 1–10 shot, he has to win his next ten bets just to get even, and to do that, as every horseplayer knows, is an achievement.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

> The acid spilled into the river following a car-truck collision here Friday. Acid from the truck trickled into the St. Lawrence through drainage ditches. . . .
>
> But Mr. South said there was little danger of anyone being poisoned because if water became contaminated it would be it.
>
> —*Ottawa Journal*.

It certainly would.



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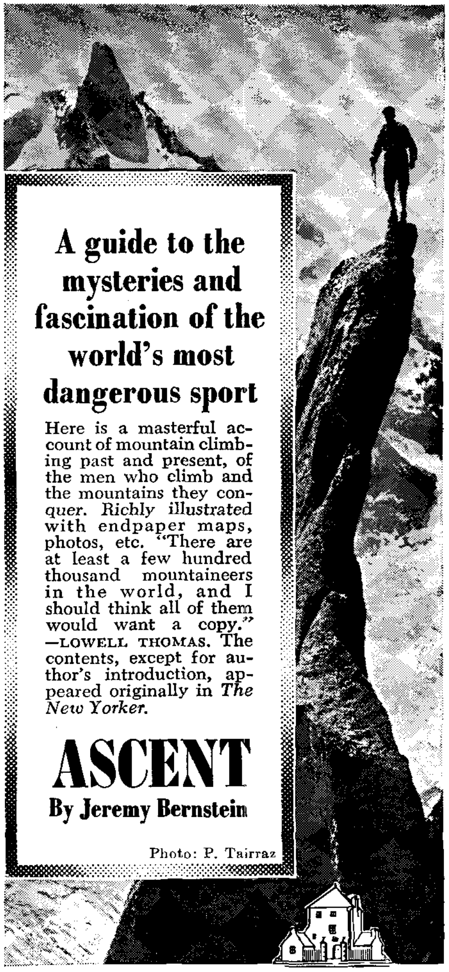

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ASCENT

By Jeremy Bernstein

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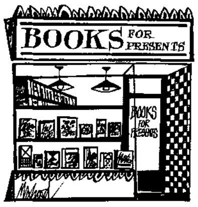
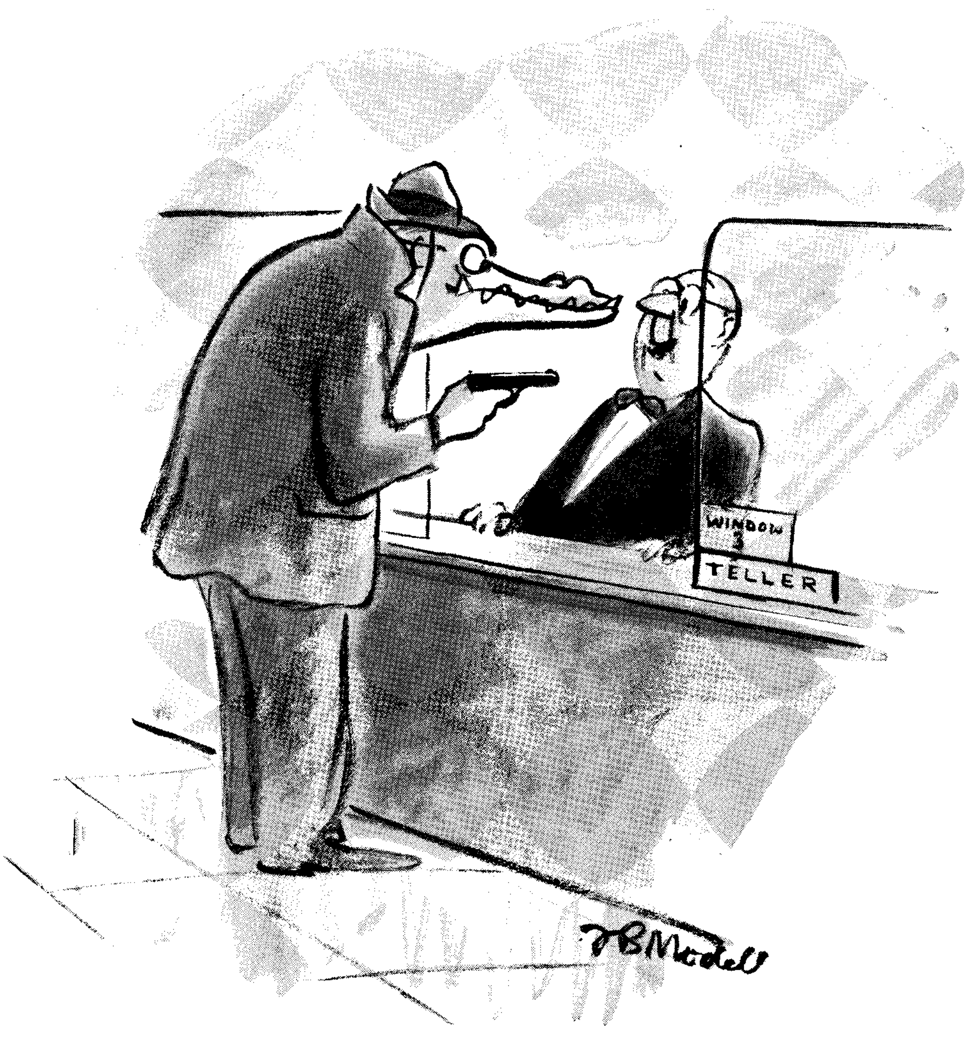


IN his "Diary of a Mad Old Man" (Knopf), the consistently overrated Japanese Galsworthy, Junichiro Tanizaki, combines the theme of voyeurism, which he exploited in "The Key," with that of valetudinarianism, which provided the core to his epic of feminine middle-class anxieties, "The Makioka Sisters." This time he has welded together a jolly little comedy of senile foot fetishism and a tense drama of overmedication. His seventy-seven-year-old hero keeps a diary in which he sets down parallel records of the fun and games he has with the obliging tart who has married his son and the game of Russian roulette he is playing with the pharmacopoeia. Such interest as the story possesses hinges on the question of whether he will succeed in getting his son's wife to agree to something really nasty before his system breaks up under the load of drugs that is being shovelled into it. Serpasil and Adalin taken orally appear in the story, along with an injection of Nobulon, on July 2nd; Sinomin comes in, four tablets at a time, on July 25th, Alinamin on the 26th; Dolosin enters the picture, at the rate of nine tablets a day, on August 19th. On September 29th, his doctor, after cheerily remarking that "there are all sorts of medicines," takes him off Dolosin, which is beginning to make him sweat excessively, and puts him on two shots of Parotin a day. On October 2nd, it's an injection of Salsobrocanon, and on October 4th he starts on Nobulon suppositories. Between then and October 9th, there is a species of pharmaceutical Walpurgisnacht in which Pyrabital, Irgapyrin, Doriden, and Noctan figure. Luminal makes the scene on October 10th, Dolosin comes back on the 12th, and barbital and Bromural are added on the 15th. Irgapyrin is stopped on the 17th, to be replaced by Parotin, and ten days later it's Pyrabital again, plus Opystan. By November 9th, Neogrelan and Sedes have been added to the list. Things are now hastening to a climax. A binge on Adalin and Atraxin on the 17th leads to a collapse on the 20th, a memorable day. A Dr. Sugita gets at the old fellow around noon and slams a massive shot of Vitamin K, Contomin, and Neophylline into his bloodstream, and about three hours later a Dr. Koizumi starts feeding him Salidone and more Adalin (which he has been taking right along, as if it were the medical equivalent of rice). The long day ends when a Dr. Kajiura prescribes Solven and yet more Adalin. The poor old medicine chest of a man is still alive on December 15th, and a Dr. Katsumi then tells us that he has been on a variety of drugs, among them Papaverine, since his admission to a Tokyo hospital with angina pectoris.

Papaverine? Reference to the British Medical Association's compact handbook "Today's Drugs" produces the information that Papaverine was shown by Evans and Hoyle in 1933 to be ineffective in the treatment of angina pectoris, and that their findings of its negative value were confirmed by Simon, Dolgin, Solway, Hirschmann, and Katz in 1949. Turning back to the beginning of the old man's bill of fare, one finds that Serpasil is the proprietary name for reserpine, which is said, in Freeman's "Clinical Features of the Older Patient," to do its work of reducing high blood pressure at the risk of inducing dangerous depressions sometimes leading to suicide, insomnia, nasal stuffiness, Parkinsonism symptoms, diarrhea, and, in association with prostate trouble, water retention. The British handbook curtly says that it should not be given to older patients on any account. Tanizaki's parade of brand names is, in fact, a rigmarole reflecting a knowledge of medicine rather less profound than that which can be acquired by the attentive reader of Dr. X's "Intern." This raises the question of the value of the rest of the novel. What is Tanizaki's view of the kind of obsessional behavior he is describing ultimately worth? There is a growing professional literature dealing with just such material, and while it is not pleasing if read for style, it is precise, and full of genuine insights and illuminations nourished by real knowledge. To turn from Tanizaki's fiction to any



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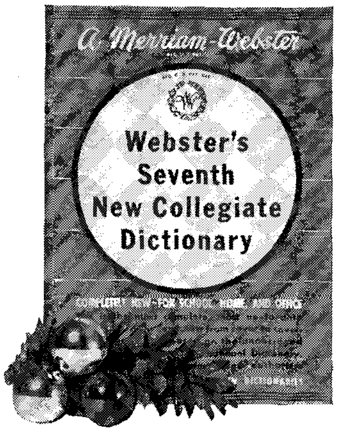

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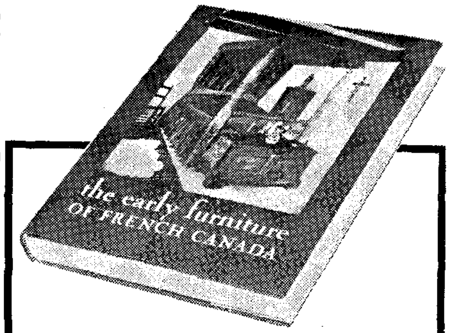
study of the clinical psychiatry of later life is to turn from the realm of guessing to that of intellectual responsibility and seriousness, and to be impressed by Tanizaki's substantial ignorance of the extremely complex processes he has set out to describe. The comparison underlines an essential weakness of the writer in an age of specialization. He may like to think of himself in the traditional literary role of the *spectator ab extra*, with the advantage of a general view, but from within the confines of any given specialty he is bound to seem merely a dilettante, ill-informed and underqualified. The days of Flaubertian arrogance and condescension have gone—forever, one imagines—and a Chekhovian humility is the only saving grace. —ANTHONY WEST

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

ACROSS THE COMMON, by Elizabeth Berridge (Coward-McCann). A London story. Louise Yeovil, thirty-two years old, wants to mend her shaky marriage, or at least to think about it, so she goes home to the three aunts who brought her up and who are still known as the Misses Braithwaite, although one of them enjoyed a brief fling at marriage in her long-distant youth. During her sojourn with her relatives, Louise finds out all about the skeleton in the family closet, and the discovery throws her into an emotional crisis, or storm, that blows her contentedly back into her husband's arms. Miss Berridge has a polished and imaginative style, but there is no avoiding the fact that the Braithwaites' stately Victorian house, with its lookout tower and its crenellations, is more interesting than any of the human beings in the book.

THE SILENT SKY, by Allan W. Eckert (Little, Brown). The melancholy chronicle, very lightly fictionalized, of the extinction of the passenger pigeon. The general lines of this story, which is often told as a conservationist's cautionary tale, are pretty familiar, but its particulars are still a spur to the imagination and a cause for regret. The author evokes some of the wonder felt by John James Audubon as he observed the birds' migrations and recorded the passage, at sixty miles an hour, of flocks a mile wide and fifty miles long containing a billion birds, whose coming was heralded by a booming thunder that shook the earth. Mr. Eckert also evokes some of the



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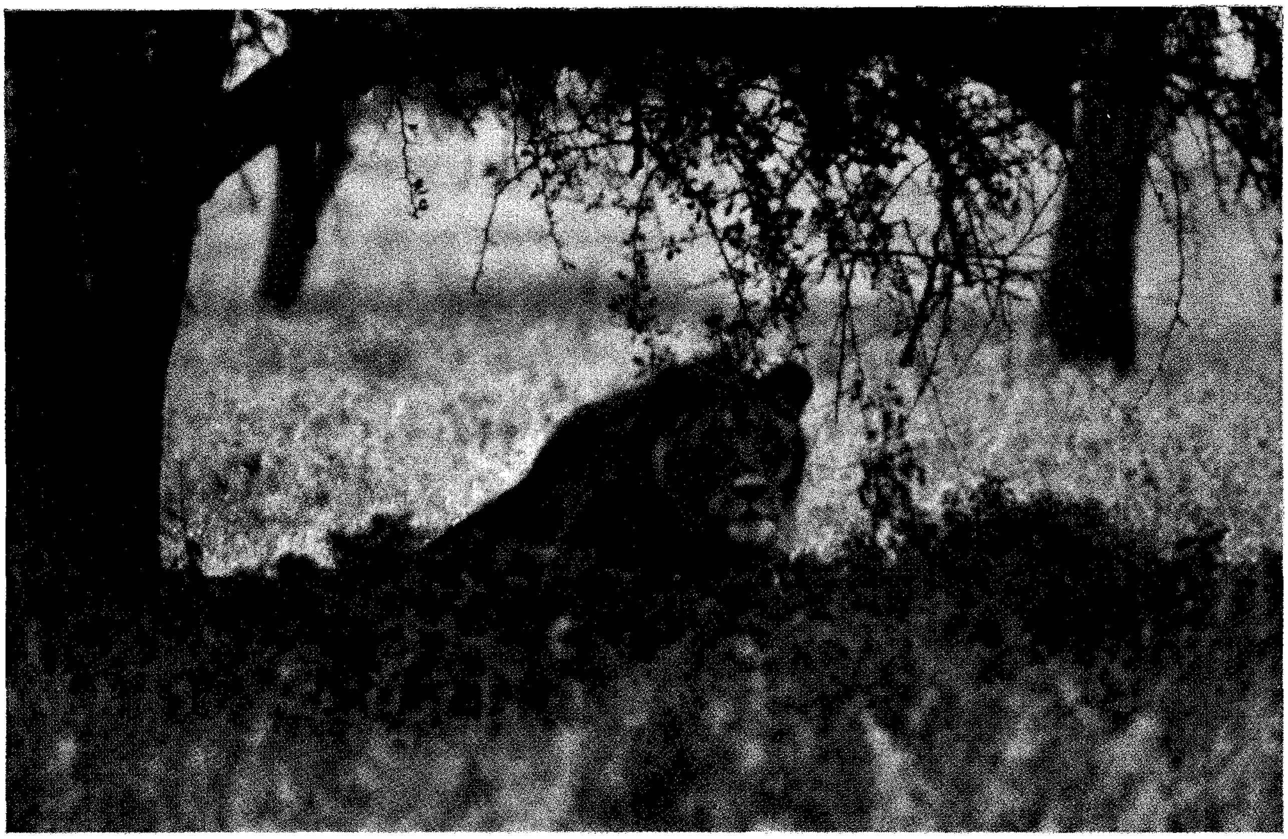

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1966
BUICK'S NEW OPEL KADETT

greedy madness of the human despoilers who, in the short span of one century, reduced this magnificent natural resource to the dingy statistic of one bird, Martha, who died in the Cincinnati Zoo in 1914, the last of her race.

THE PRISONER OF LOVE, by Hubert Monteilhet, translated from the French by Richard Howard (Simon & Schuster). The talents of a really good translator are wasted on this shoddy tale of sexual anxiety masquerading as sexual bondage.

GENERAL

THE HOUSE OF ELRIG, by Gavin Maxwell (Dutton). A recollection by the author of "Ring of Bright Water" of his kilted, bird-and-butterfly-hunting Galloway boyhood, and of his shy, homesick, bottom-of-the-class years at boarding schools in England. It is interesting for more than the usual reasons. Mr. Maxwell is a member of the British aristocracy (his mother was a daughter of the fifth Duke of Northumberland), and the early years he here describes were spent in the high, insulated innocence of his class. He also has an aristocratic sense of place—of birthplace—and this book is permeated with a feeling for his family home, the House of Elrig, that can only be called obsessive. A truly memorable book. Family photographs and drawings by the author.

LIVES AND LETTERS, by Richard D. Altick (Knopf). A history of literary biography in England and America, full of fascinating material, some of it only remotely related to literary biography—for instance, the fact that after the Wilde trial London dockhands addressed each other as "You bloody Oscar." Mr. Altick's sentences are vast coral reefs built up out of tiny verbal skeletons: "Hell hath no fury like that of a people whose current idol turns out to have feet of clay, and England's historic wrath when it realized that Byron was, in his own words, 'a most profligate sinner' has stimulated connoisseurs of mass hypocrisy to mordant commentary ever since."

MY YEARS AND SEASONS, by Pierre Balmain, translated from the French by Edward Lanchberry and Gordon Young (Doubleday). These memoirs of a successful couturier, though quite well written, tell us little about his business; they are instead a self-portrait of—no surprise—an artist by temperament. M. Balmain made up his mind as a lad what he wanted

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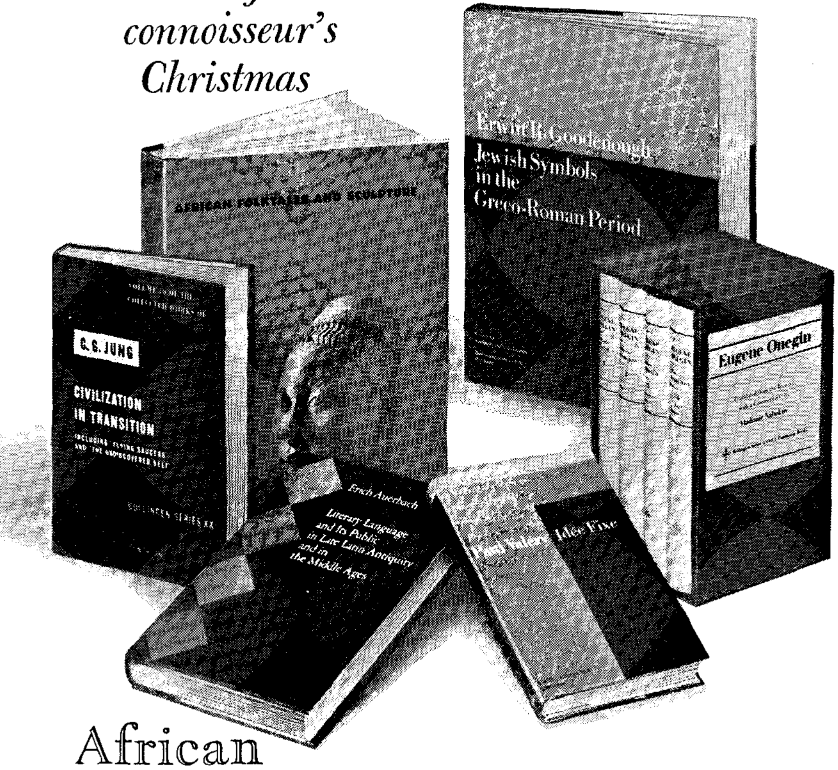
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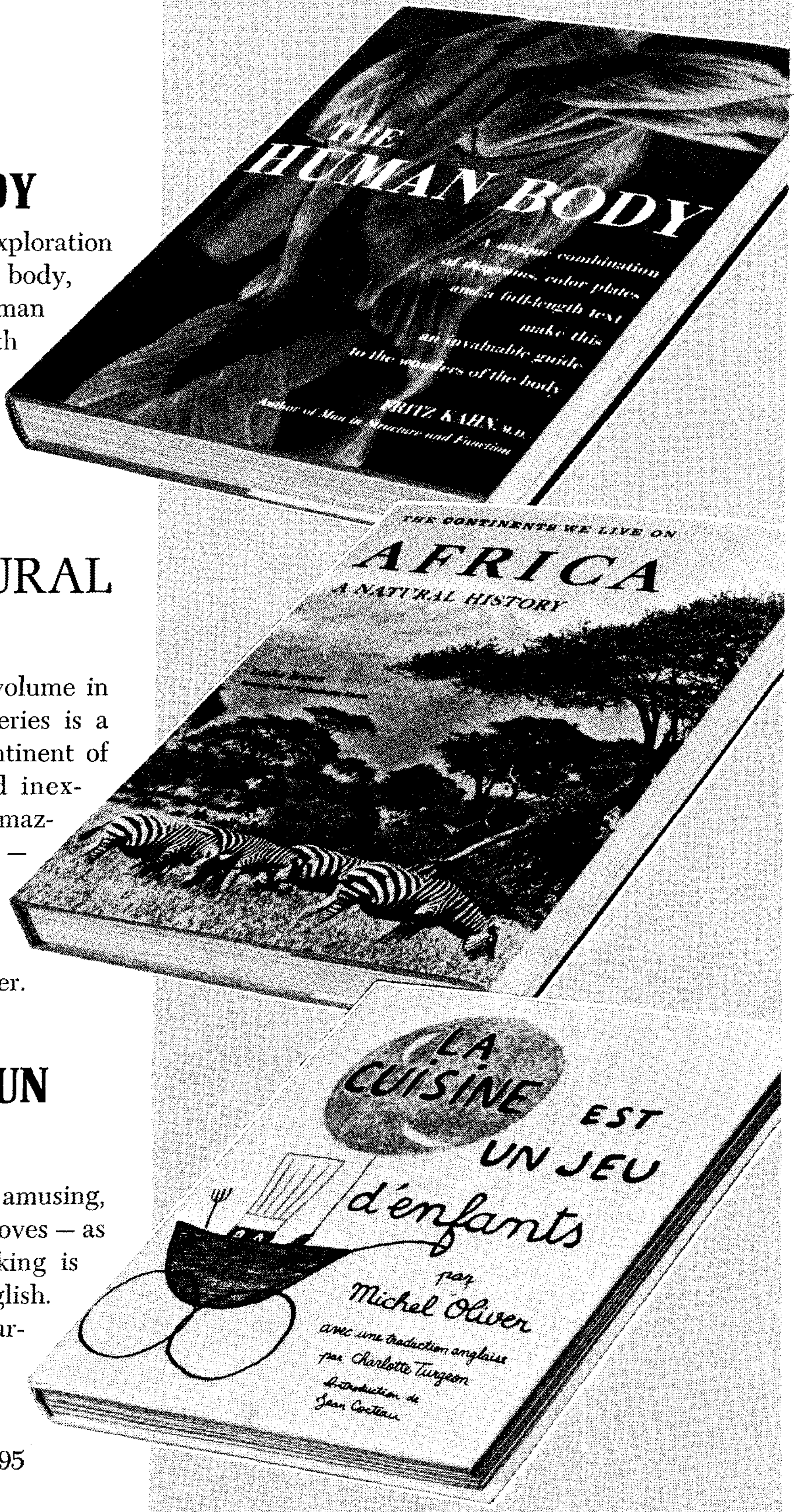
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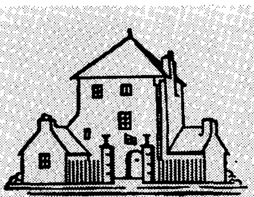

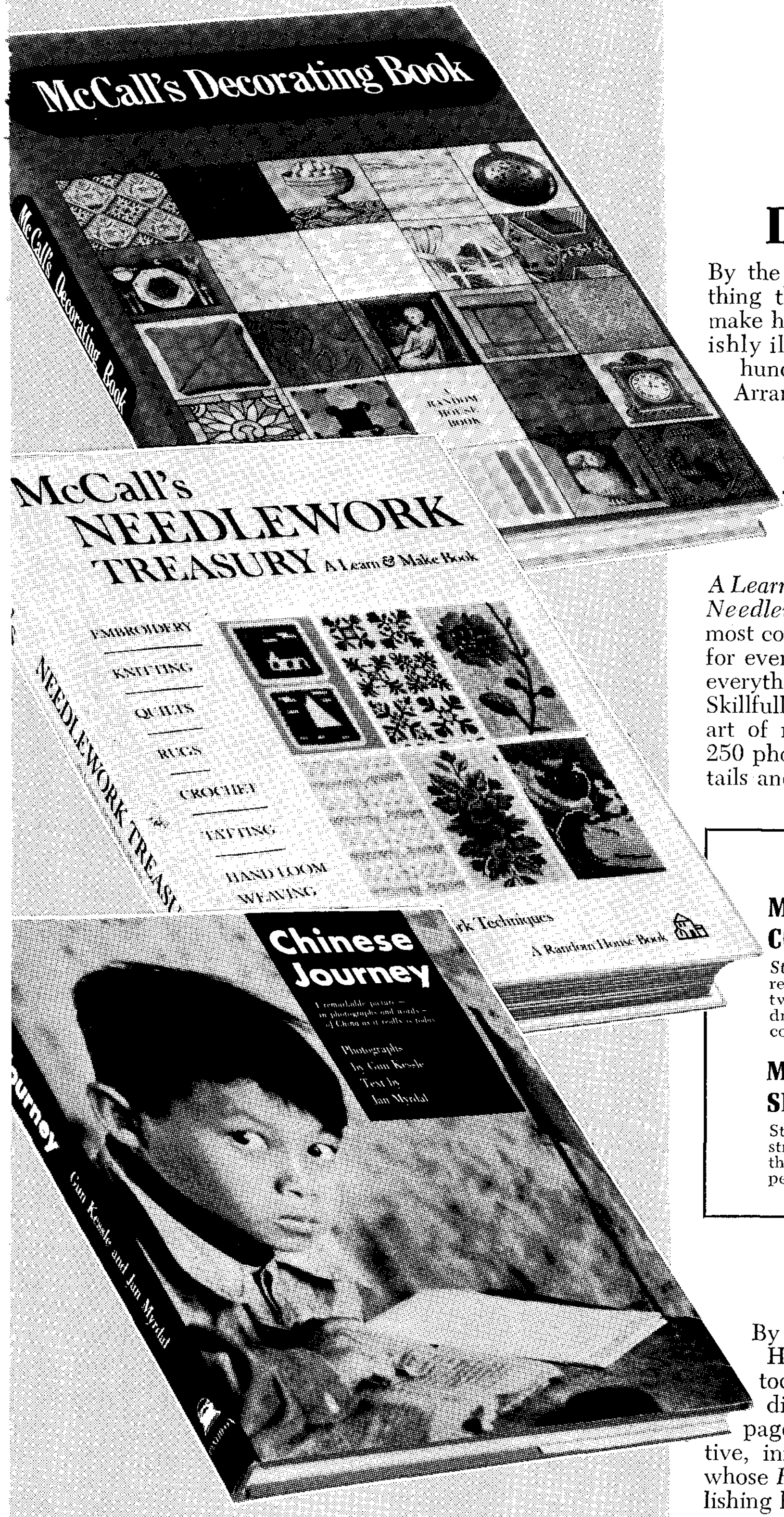
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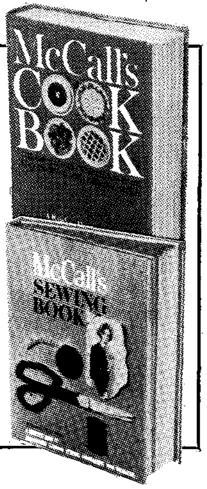
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Flown from France under cover of darkness, 100 copies of LA CUISINE EST UN JEU D'ENFANTS were placed recently without fanfare in Bloomingdale's book shop. *Tout d'un coup: confusion—commotion—désordre!* Actually no one is accountable for what happened that day. (One agitated witness swore that at the height of the rush she saw Eloise and Brillat-Savarin's ghost fighting over a copy.)

All that can be said with any certainty is that 100 books went like—*comment dit-on?*—hot *gateaux.* But—where to get a copy? Aha. It's child's play. Random House has arranged all. And many more planes with many more books have landed. All over the U.S.A.

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to do, and then he did it, by hook (though not by crook), establishing himself and his personal product after a variety of troubles and quarrels, and maintaining his faith in himself and his work against all competitors. Along the way, M. Balmain describes some interesting sights, none more entertaining than the salon and apartment of Captain Molyneux—both pinnacles of chic nineteen-thirties décor.

A PERIL AND A HOPE, by Alice Kimball Smith (University of Chicago Press). Mrs. Smith, whose husband was director of metallurgy at Los Alamos during the war, has written an affectionate and detailed study of the efforts of the scientists and engineers who worked on wartime military projects—especially the atomic bomb—to organize themselves into an effective political and educational force. Until the war, atomic physics was the private property of pure science, and the scientists who worked in the field had no special responsibilities other than to their profession. Suddenly, with the bomb, they found themselves, like Prometheus, in possession of fire, but a fire produced by a technology that only they understood. Mrs. Smith describes the almost frantic effort of the physicists to educate the public to the meaning of atomic energy. The greatest misconception they had to fight was the idea that we could maintain our monopoly of nuclear technology simply by building a wall around what we knew. The only thing such fanatic attempts at secrecy could do would be to stifle our own work, since, as subsequent events have shown, any country willing to invest the money can have its own nuclear technology. It was in no small part due to the continued efforts of groups like the Federation of Atomic Scientists that our government adopted a generally enlightened attitude toward science. There is no country in the world where pure science is so generously and freely supported as it is here, and there is no country that has gathered such dividends from science.

BREAK-UP: THE CORE OF MODERN ART, by Katharine Kuh (New York Graphic Society). The basic premise here is that each school represents a "break-up" of older academic values—the break-up of color under Impressionism, the break-up of pigment under Expressionism, the break-up of form under Cubism,

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the break-up of content under Surrealism. It doesn't quite come off, though Mrs. Kuh, the art critic of the *Saturday Review*, makes a gallant try; art just cannot be crammed into such generalizations. Otherwise, the commentary, kept carefully brief—Mrs. Kuh, in her introduction, says that she would prefer to let the paintings and other works speak for themselves—is neatly ordered and informative, and the illustrations (ninety-five, including eight color plates) are unvaryingly aptly chosen and more than well tied in with the text.

HENRY MILLER LETTERS TO ANAÏS NIN, edited by Gunther Stuhlmann (Putnam). Almost two hundred letters, written between 1931 and 1946, without the replies. To Miss Nin, his closest friend, Miller fully bares his soul, and it is the gushing soul of a high-school girl: "I was thrilled. More than that, deeply moved," he writes after seeing Sylvia Sidney in the movie "Madame Butterfly." "Typical of the communist-minded youngsters," he comments indulgently when the *New Republic* reviews him unfavorably. Altogether, one of the silliest books of the year.

MAYAKOVSKY, translated and edited by Herbert Marshall (Hill & Wang). A reworking of Mr. Marshall's 1942 volume, double in size, with a great deal more poetry and prose, including some work never before printed in English and reproductions of a wide range of original typography and illustrations, such as the fine photomontages by A. M. Rodchenko that illustrated the first edition of "About This." Despite all this labor of love, the translations are not much as English poems, mainly because Mr. Marshall wrenches word order to get rhymes, and the Mayakovsky who shows through seems, alas, less like a Soviet Walt Whitman than like a Soviet Allen Ginsberg.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

DOUBLE BARREL, by Nicolas Freeling (Harper & Row). Inspector Van der Valk, of the Amsterdam police, must certainly be one of the most boring detectives in the history of crime, but his beat—the cities and small towns of Holland—is so fascinating that the reader's interest remains excited even through the hero-sleuth's dull, sneering commentary on the scene he surveys. This case, in a remote town in the province of

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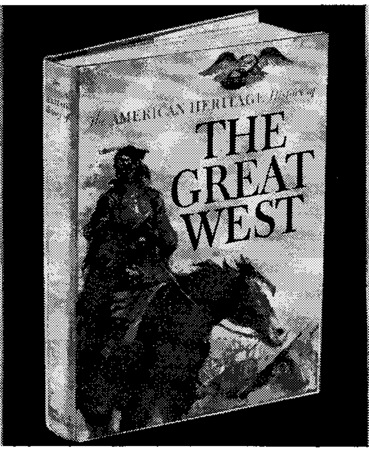
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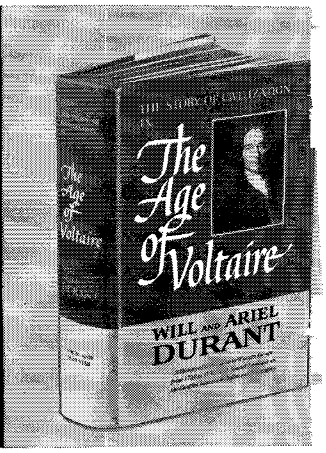
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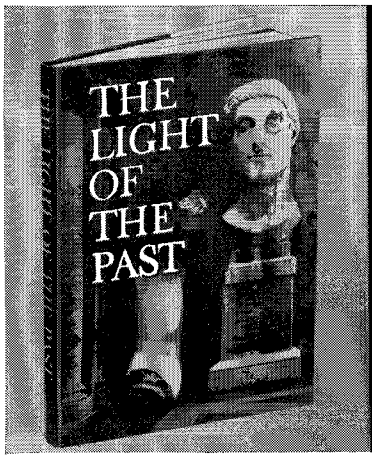
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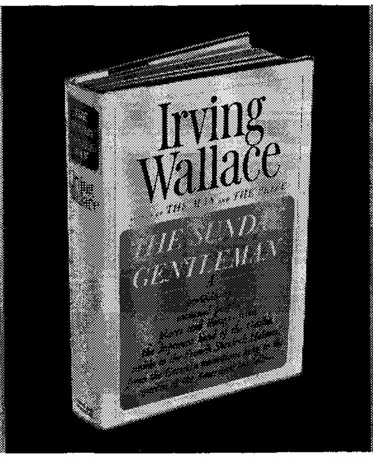
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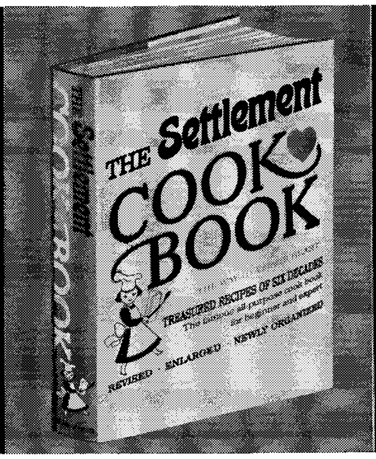
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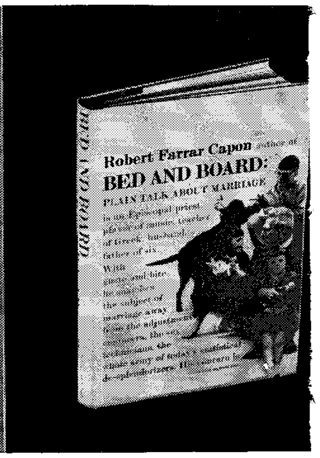
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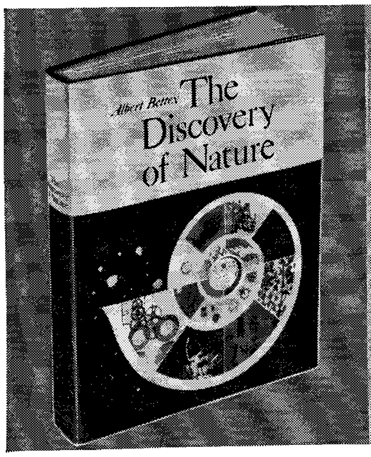
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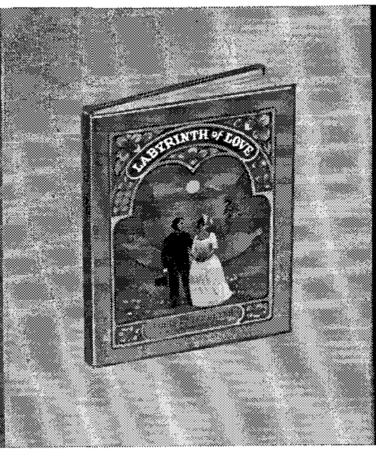
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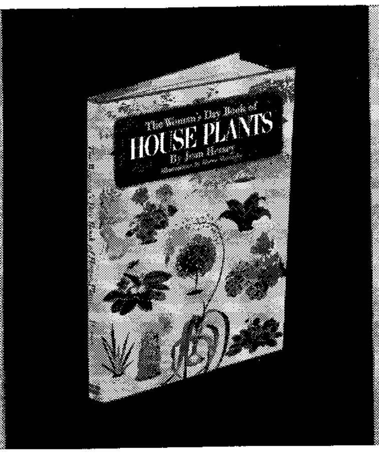
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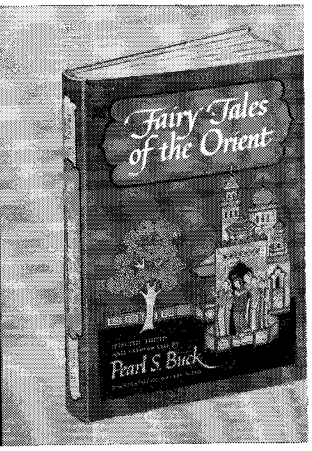
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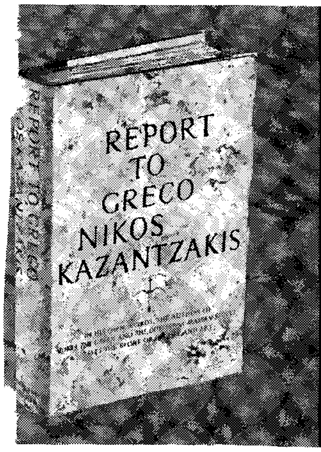
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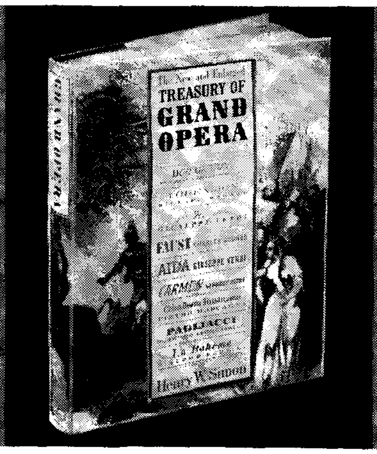
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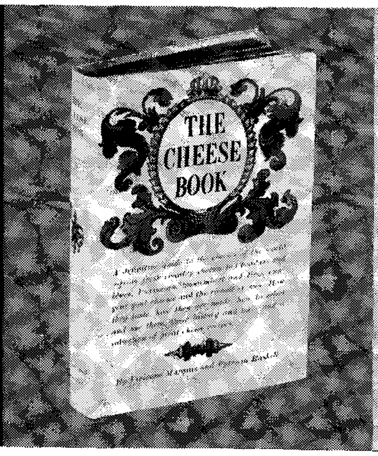
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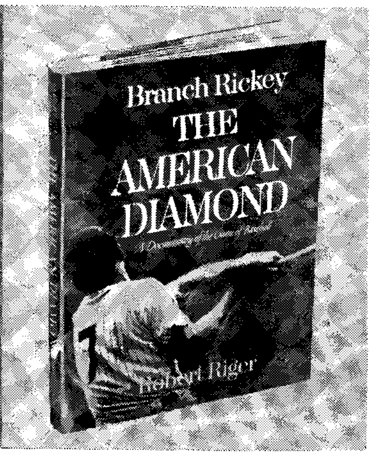
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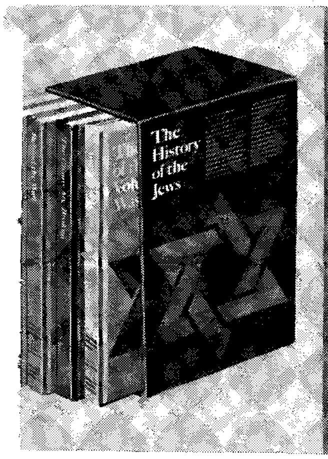
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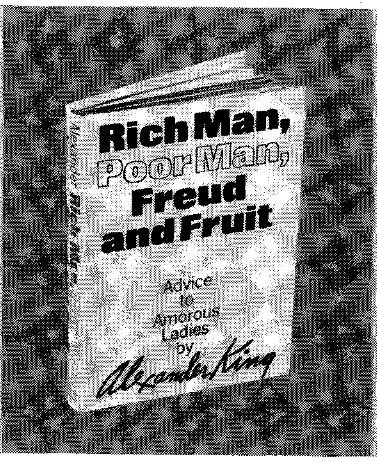
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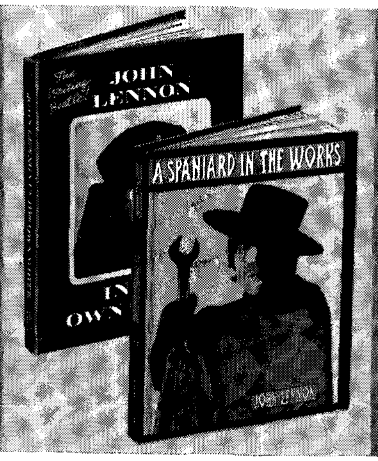
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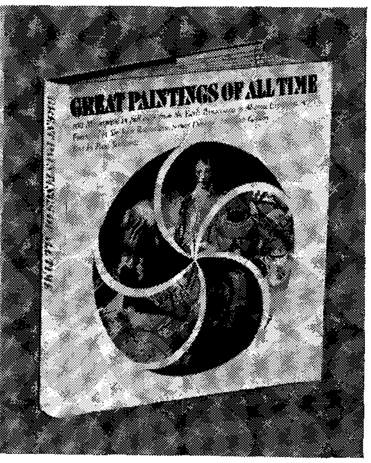
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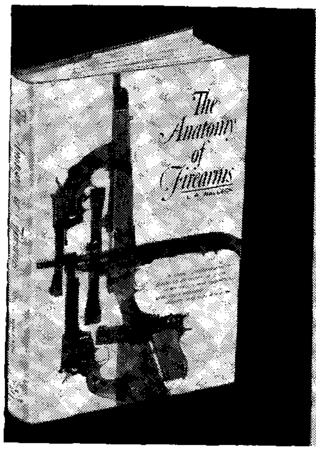
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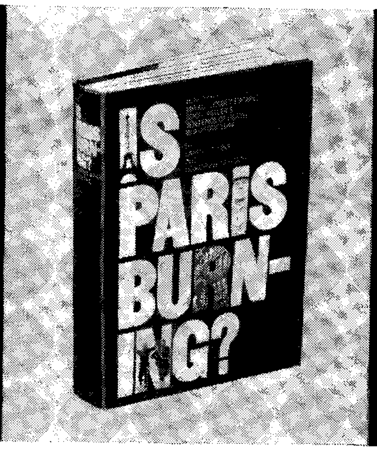
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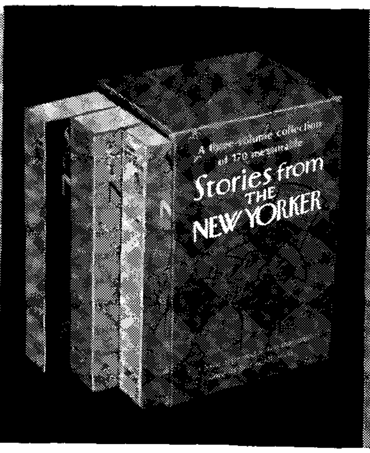
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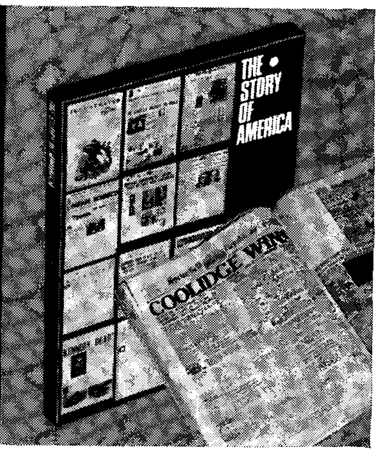
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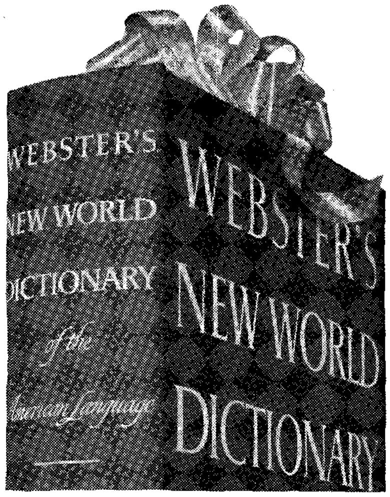
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